Spirit of the Times

A Chronicle of the Turf, Field Sports, Literature and the Stage.

OFFICE { CORNER OF BROADWAY AND BARCLAY-ST. IN THE AMERICAN HOTEL BASEMENT. } NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 29, 1839. VOL. IX.—No. 17.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The offer of G. G. F. is accepted, with pleasure. If you have a taste for shooting and fishing, pray enlighten us about the sport on the "Looking-glass Prairie," and in the Missouri.

The "Taste of the Forbidden Fruit" is to our taste decidedly. The message shall be sent, and the printed sheet returned per mail.

Col. JOHNSON had his pocket picked of $1680, not $5000, as J. L. asserts; the larger sum was in the opposite pocket to that which was rifled. Of course he bore his loss like a man—how else could he?

It *is* the husband of Mrs. DUFF, the actress (JOEL G. SEAVER, Esq.), that has lately been appointed an Alderman of New Orleans.

We cannot undertake to say what "people abroad" think of the attacks made upon the "Spirit of the Times" and "The Corsair;" they have been very generally noticed by our contemporaries, and as a specimen we give the following from the "Boston Morning Post" of the 20th instant:—

"*An Opinion.*—We think the personal attack upon the Messrs. PORTER—the editor of the "Spirit of the Times" and the editor of the "Corsair"—by several of the New York papers, a disgrace to the Press of that city—and like the poltroon deserter at Trenton, they should be stripped of their uniform (editorial), have their heads shaved, and be drummed out of the camp to the tune of the Rogue's march."

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 29, 1839.

NEWS BY THE CAMBRIDGE.

The packet ship *Cambridge*, Capt. BURSLEY, arrived on Monday last from Liverpool, whence she sailed on the 21st ult. The Cambridge brings us files of London and Liverpool papers to the latest dates; among them the London Sunday papers of the 19th, including Bell's Life in London, the Sunday Times, the Weekly Dispatch, the Examiner, the Age, the Era, the Satirist, Bell's Weekly Messenger, the Sunbeam, the Court Journal, the Town, and several others. The sporting papers are filled with the reports of the Epsom Races, which came off on the week the Great Western sailed; she left Bristol on Saturday, the 18th of May, so that until the arrival of the Cambridge, we have been without a single sporting journal containing a full report of the races. The dates brought by this arrival, are of course but three days later in fact, though they contain intelligence of as much interest as if three months later.

The main feature in our paper to-day, as it is in the packages before us, is the report of the races for the Derby and the Oaks. We have transferred to our columns, with the exception of two or three paragraphs, the entire report of the Epsom Meeting, as given in Bell's Life in London, and have also had accurately engraved a sketch of *Bloomsbury*, the winner of the Derby, from one published in that spirited and widely circulated sporting chronicle. By-the-bye, ("talking of guns!")—we are gratified, though not surprised, to see that the circulation of Bell's Life in London is *twenty-two thousand per week!* If the "Spirit" does not tread pretty close upon its heels one of these days, we intend to show at any rate, a specimen of pretty tall walking! It is not in mortals to command success, some one has said, but we are determined to deserve it.

Among the many mems of the Derby day, the following *morceau* occurs:—

"A sporting butcher, who manages the business of Mrs. Wells, in St. Albans-place, St. James's, has won £25,000 by the Derby!"

We wish he may get it! 2000 to 20, however, was the current odds against Bloomsbury, the winner, four days previous to the race! On the following day 1000 to 15 was bet against him over and over again. Half a dozen stable boys are said to have won hatsful of bank notes.

It will be seen that the annual prophecy of "*Vates*" in Bell's Life, a week previous to the race, was a most remarkable one. He once "got the saddle on the right horse," and has frequently placed the 2d and 3d horses. The late Derby was carried off by an outsider, but the horses he placed 1st, 2d, and 3d, were placed 2d, 3d, and 4th, and the winner of the Oaks he named! If this does not display consummate judgment in estimating the comparative speed and endurance of horses by their public performances, we are no judges.

The Epsom Races mean the Derby and Oaks, just as Doncaster races imply the Leger and Cup. It is perfectly true that jockies are weighed, and horses start for Ashstead, Shirley, Ewell, and Walton Stakes, but nobody cares about them. The Oaks and Derby are the life and soul of Epsom. The betting is chiefly confined to these events, and the betting and the interest of races mean in this case precisely the same. We have seldom known a Derby in which the betting was more *fanciful* than that of this year. Public running appears to have ceased to be a criterion, and a *liking* for a particular horse, a particular stable, or a particular jockey, to be all in all. But in England, out of the hundreds who bet, how many have ever seen the horses? How many out of the few who have even seen the horses have ever seen them in action? And how many out of the latter lot ever saw, or had an honest report of, their trials? Men almost everywhere bet as they bid at an auction, on the assumed judgment of others, and in this case the blind truly lead the blind. The exceptions to this rule are, with regard to small betters, few indeed, and it applies more or less even to regular book-men, on the English Turf, and our heavy betting men here. Let a crowd, for instance, hear L——g "shape his tools" on "the Old White-nose" or Rocker, and offer $1000 to $300 on either against the field, no matter what or how many start, and offer to "go it nineteen times and once more!" and just remark the effect. A smart kick from a three year old would not make nine men in ten open their eyes quicker.

The editor of the Sunday Times, who describes the Epsom races at great length gives some interesting particulars which we quote. He speaks in the following facetious strain of "The Derby Day":—

Gentlemen going the Epsom road ought to have a relay, not of horses, but of legs and arms, the upsetting and down-breaking being continuous. In vain do those respectable individuals, the shareholders of railroads, open their cast-iron conveniences to the public, the masses will "go the road." Far be it from us to attempt to describe the nondescripts who showed on Wednesday—horses that couldn't go if they would, and others that wouldn't if they could, were to be seen from Kennington to Ewell. We recognised the revered features of ancient animals, who, in our boyish days, some *forty* years since, we remember to have seen sold to dealers as past curricle work. If it be true that Cain in the Land of Nod began shoeing horses, we have little doubt that we saw two or three upon whom he "tried his 'prentice hand." The dear creatures who keep taverns upon the road were as reasonable as ever, the pike-men as slow in taking her Majesty's picture, and, in fact, the affair in general was but a ditto-repeated of last year, with the trifling exception of great coats, great sufferings, great colds, and great complaints. A lot of dulcimer and organ players contrived to render the way most musical, and the weather rendered it most melancholy. Such were the doings by land and horseflesh. Meanwhile myriads got into the "groat-a-piece convenience" to Nine Elms, where the railroaders had, "for the first time," provided suffieient accommodation; there is no return of killed or wounded. The three hundred there, or thereabouts, who were steamed to Kingston, walked or rode across the dull road through Ewell to Epsom; it was strange to observe these parties straggling in at the back of the Grand Stand, wearied, footsore, and melancholy.

Hear what he says of "The Ground" on the day of the race, from the fact that, as Tom Hood says, "first it blew, then it snew, then it thew, and then it friz horrid:"—

When the fifteenth of May takes it into its head (if days have heads, and we know sôme DAYS have) to imitate the twenty-fifth of December, it is really astonishing how well it does it; Mathews (*the* Mathews we mean) never achieved so great a mimetic triumph as the Wednesday past did in its imitation of Christmas day; the thing—bar the roast beef and plum-pudding—was perfect. Of course the start did not take place at two o'clock. People stood shivering and shaking, hoping and waiting, until a little after three, and then one of the most interesting snow-storms that one does not expect to see in May, descended obliquely, so as to catch all those whose necks were stretched out towards Tattenham Corner; this, as a contemporary has remarked, was a compliment paid at the instance of Mr. Murphy to the Russian Prince, who exhibited his "chilly-ness" on this occasion.

The appearance of the horses as they came out of the Warren, with their jockies mounted,

"All saddled, all bridled, all ready to start,"

is thus described:—

The first that caught our attention after the beil had rung for saddling was Clarion—a short-legged, bony, lengthy animal. His canter induced us to think that he would be tolerably forward in the race. The Dey of Algiers appeared full of fire, and did infinite credit to his trainer; but it struck us that his action was very false, and we were a little surprised at finding him so well up at the finish. Euclid looked uncommonly well, much cleaner, and better able to stay his course than when we saw him previously to the Riddlesworth. The great event had been well considered (and was "actually predicated") by his trainer—as Euclid's position, he being third at the finish, and far in advance of Cæsar, clearly testified. Cæsar appeared more fleshy than when he achieved his first conquest at Newmarket; his action had considerably altered since that event; he was in the same form, in fact, in which he ran when he was defeated by The Corsair, for the 2,000. Scott kept his horses back until the last moment, fearing the rain and snow should "visit their faces too roughly." The King of Kelton was the first of his lot that cantered forth—a great inactive horse, who was started to make the running for Scott's lot. Next came the "two cracks," Sleight of Hand and Dragsman, looking as if they had been *rapidly* tutored for the day's work, and although light in the belly, somewhat fleshy—an evidence of business having been done in a hurry. Bloomsbury did infinite credit to his trainer. Although a horse of high action at setting off, as he mends his pace it becomes true and level, and nearer to his work. The Duke of Grafton's lot looked particularly well, but they did not appear to us to go like *speedy* animals. The Corsair, like Æther and his companion Cæsar, reminded us of his appearance and style of running when he won the 2,000. Deception and Dart showed very well, and promised at starting to be in good places at the finish, as indeed they were, Deception being second and Dart sixth. Excepting Bloomsbury, the field, though strong in number, appeared to be uncommonly weak in ability.

The description of Bloomsbury, as given in the "Sunday Times," varies slightly from that in "Bell's Life," given in another page, therefore we subjoin it:—

DESCRIPTION OF BLOOMSBURY.—Full three months back we told our sporting friends in our notice of the "Doings at Newmarket," that Bloomsbury would show the way to *St. Giles's* point (alluding to Mr. Robert Ridsdale's St. Giles that won the Derby in 1832), although much pains had been taken in attempting to disqualify *him*. On visiting Headley on Thursday morning, we had an opportunity of seeing Bloomsbury in his stable, and through the kindness of his owner and trainer, Mr. William Ridsdale, we are able to give the following description of him:—He is a bay colt, by Mulatto out of St. Giles's dam. He has a long lean head, that exhibits the best traits of a thorough-bred one, a light neck for a horse of his size, fine long shoulders, very long arms, rather short legs, with long springy pasterns; fine fore-ribs, back ribs rather short (a good fault in a large horse), good *ragged* hips, lean quarters, great thighs, and *highish* in the hocks—in short, a light-fleshed horse altogether. He appeared perfectly ready for another bout. He was bred by Mr. William Cattle of Sheriff Hutton, near York, and purchased when a foal with his dam, by Mr. Robert Ridsdale, brother to Mr. William Ridsdale, his trainer and nominator.

On the last page will be found a great variety of Green Room and Musical Intelligence, from the papers brought by the Cambridge.

The steam-ship *Liverpool* is hourly expected, having sailed from that port on the 13th inst. Our agent will forward by her all the English Magazines of the current month, and our files of papers.

SALE OF YEARLINGS.—The annual sale of the Bretby Yearlings took place on Monday, when the following lots found purchasers:—

	gs.
A bay filly, by Ishmael, out of Charity by Tramp (the dam of Valiant, &c.) Engaged in the Column Stakes 1841 (horse untried)	37
A bay filly, by Colwick, out of sister to Ainderby by Velocipede, out of Kate by Catton, &c.—No engagements	43
A bay filly, by Colwick, out of Malibran by Rubens, out of Bolter's dam by Trumpator, Highflyer. &c.—No engagements	70
A chesnut filly, by Ishmael, out of Circe by Partizan, out of Antiope.—No engagments	33
A bay filly, by The Colonel, out of Peri (the dam of Sir Hercules.)—Engaged in the Column	45

Two or three half-bred yearlings fetched bad prices. Bell's Life.

The intelligence of the result of the Derby reached Birmingham at ten o'clock on Wednesday night, by the arrival of the Sun newspaper of that evening, at the office of Messrs. Mansell & Co.

Dragsman, late the property of Mr. Clarke, has, we understand, been sold to Mr. Theobald for 1,200 guineas, and is to remain with Mr. Scott till after the St. Leger.

The Express from Epsom, on the Derby day, reached the White Hart, Newmarket, at five minutes before ten.

Brother to Dragsman.—Mr. W. Scott has purchased Mr. Briskham's yearling colt Bro. to Dragsman.

TROTTING CHALLENGE.—*Sir*—I will feel obliged if you will inform your Glasgow correspondent, who challenges to trot the Glasgow mare against anything, that I have a trotting horse I will back against her for any amount not less than £200, if he will go any reasonable distance, say not over five miles, or three miles, best of heats. "To go anything like an hour I consider abusive and wrong to so noble and useful an animal as the horse."

Respectfully yours, WILLIAM SMITH.

Manchester, May 15, 1839.

Address box 493, post-office, Manchester.

P.S. If he will bring her here and start her for the Manchester Purse, 25th inst., I will give him £10 for expenses, and bet him £400 to £100 she does not win it. [Bell's Life.] WILLIAM SMITH.

Mr. Collins, of Warwick, had "Bloomsbury" in the Great Leamington Sweepstakes of five guineas, by which he nets £640, barring mistakes.

Messrs. Fuller have in hand a portrait of Bloomsbury, from the talented pencil of Mr. J. F. Herring, to be added to their series of the winners of the Leger and Derby.

Latest Betting at Manchester—Friday Night, May 17.

The race for the Derby has drawn away the principal sporting characters of our town, and we must be excused for insinuating that they have seldom travelled so far to witness—to them—so unsatisfactory a race; for it is a long time since so *bad* a horse (*bad* as far as regards the *book-making* department,) has won the Derby. Sleight-of-Hand has completely "done them" with his tricks, for he has "juggled" them of an immense quantity of loose cash. There were offers to back Bloomsbury at 8 to 1 for the Doncaster St. Leger, but nothing was done. For the Manchester Cup, which comes off on this day week, Gasparoni is the favorite, it being suspected that he is to turn out a regular clipper. He is nearly at evens versus the ruck, and 6 to 1 is readily offered against anything else.

12 to 10 agst Gasparoni | Higher odds against any other.
6 to 1 —— Maid of Monton | Bell's Life, 19th May.

TROTTING MATCH AT DONCASTER, FOR FIFTY POUNDS ASIDE.—This long talked-of, long-disputed, long-unsettled time-after-time match, between Mr. Saul's bay mare, *Hit-or-Miss*, (late The Terror of the West Riding,) and Mr. Aldred's grey poney, *Miss Fanny*, was decided on Thursday. Great interest was excited on this occasion; and an immense number of persons assembled, as numerous indeed as has been witnessed on some days during the Doncaster races. The ground from the first mile post to the whole length of the road which skirts the course was crowded to an unprecedented degree—amounting indeed in number to several thousands, and many of the spectators from a considerable distance. At starting the poney took the lead for about the first mile, and was then headed by The Terror, who only maintained it for a short distance, the former regaining her position on ascending the next hill. Miss Fanny then kept gradually advancing, and The Terror losing ground. When the pony had turned at Austerfield Lane-end, the five mile post, she met The Terror, who was coming up about a quarter of a mile from the place, so that she had then gained half a mile. Miss Fanny, notwithstanding this, maintained her pace in consequence of several bets having been laid as to time. She came in in gallant style, followed closely by some hundreds of persons on horseback, and the sight was then one of the most beautiful description. She trotted the ten miles in thirty-six minutes and three quarters, and on arriving at home was in the most beautiful condition, exhibiting not even the least symptoms of distress beyond the mere saddle mark. The Terror was ridden by her owner, Mr. Saul; and Miss Fanny by Mr. Thomas Pears.

Bell's Life.

RUNNING MATCH.—On Tuesday morning last, on Plumstead common, a match came off, for a sovereign, between six knights of the sleeve-board, to prove they were not, as "Billy Shakspeare" says it, "things of mere shreds and patches," but modern Atalantas, as they had determined to run a mile, and whoever first reached the goal was to have the golden prize. The competitors were near "a-kin" in *measure*, and were placed *a yard* apart, waiting in breathless anxiety for the word "go." There was a strong muster of the "Flints," and by the betting the Bank was in danger of being drawn to a stop; but there were two decided favorites in the field, and the "odds" were even against the field in their favor; and some who fancied there would be a "break down" in the "cracks," termed "the Running Snips" in the town, took as much as was offered; but they were bit; and as one of the competitors declared, with a pride which evinced he had a "soul above buttons"—"Honor's honor, and fair's fair, and blow my *tights* I'll win if I can." The master of the ceremonies declared time was precious (at least to them, for *half a day was lost*), and the gents being ready, the word was given without a *feint*, and away they went in gallant style, without an attempt to jostle, and for the first half-mile "you might have covered them with my lady's petticoat," so even were their course. But Nature's a slippery jade; "wind and limb" will not serve us all alike, and at the winning post thus stood the *innings*:—

Burch	1	Donelly	4
Smith	2	Grant	5
Richardson	3	White	6

Such was the nearness of the running home of the two first, that it was considered as a "needle's point" to choose; but Burch was ultimately declared the victor. However, to prove that *satisfaction* is not always *satisfied*, Mr. Smith, the second on the list, challenged Mr. Burch, for the same stakes, and the same distance, to show his "pluck," if he was a MAN, and not the *ninth* part of one. It was at once accepted, and Mr. Smith was *Burched* again, although it must be confessed length of limb did much to *compass* the ground against the loser.

Sunday Times.

The "JOURNAL OF THE AMERICAN SILK SOCIETY *and Rural Economist*," is the name of a very capital monthly publication, in the pamphlet form, issued at Baltimore by GIDEON B. SMITH, Esq., the corresponding Secretary of the Society, the proceeds of which are devoted to the advancement of the Silk Cause in the United States. Mr. Smith is widely known as a gentleman of talent and of indefatigable application; his taste for agricultural pursuits generally has made him thoroughly acquainted, both theoretically and practically, with all the details connected with farming and gardening, and few writers display more tact in imparting information on these interesting subjects than himself. For many years Mr. Smith was engaged with J. S. SKINNER, Esq., in conducting the "Turf Register," and the "American Farmer," and when the latter gentleman gave up those periodicals, their editorial management devolved upon himself. A great many individuals connected with the press, with half the talent, and less of the industry of Mr. Smith, would have acquired a great name long ere this, while he has quietly kept on in the even tenor of his way, trusting to time and the result of his arduous labors to place his manifold deservings before his countrymen in a proper and broader light. Mr. S. for a long time has devoted much of his attention to the culture of Silk in this country, and when the "American Silk Society" resolved upon the publication of a monthly journal, his information, talent, and experience, at once pointed him out as the very man, of all others, to superintend it. The Society could not have made a happier selection—their choice was a graceful compliment to a most worthy man. And we have been gratified to hear, that in view of his unwearied exertions in favor of the Silk cause, and as a memento of the Society's regard for him as one of the earliest friends and most faithful supporters of the patriotic objects contemplated by the Society, it has resolved to present him with a handsome and substantial token of public consideration. Mr. Skinner, we believe, was connected with the work at its commencement, but his onerous public duties prevented his giving that degree of attention to it which an enterprize of the kind so imperiously demands; he has more recently assumed the editorship of the "Farmer," so that the conduct of the "Journal" devolves entirely upon Mr. Smith, whose original contributions, we have frequently remarked, are the most valuable articles in its well-filled pages.

Messrs. LEA & BLANCHARD, of Philadelphia, have sent us a new edition of "*Precaution*," one of the earliest productions of Mr. COOPER, in two vols. Also "*The Pocket Lacon*," a compilation by JOHN TAYLOR, Esq., comprising nearly one thousand extracts from the best authors. Also a collection of tales, sketches, and legends of Prof. INGRAHAM'S, under the title of "*The American Lounger*." Most of the articles in the last two works are old acquaintances, and very pleasant ones they are, too. We shall take the "precaution" to read Cooper's novel once more before we venture to express an opinion of its merits, though the fact of a new edition would seem to imply its having met with a favorable reception at the hand of the novel reading public.

A large bear was discovered a few days since prowling about in the vicinity of Bridgeton, New Jersey. A general turn out of men took place, with dog and gun, and bruin, being hunted through the swamps, was at last treed and shot. The Bridgeton Chronicle says that he was of very large size, about six feet in length, with monstrous head and limbs, but quite poor.

LONDON MINOR THEATRES,

TWENTY MONTHS AGO AND NOW.

BY OLD HINKSPILLER.

It is all very well to dabble in the great waters of aristocracy, and to endeavor by a certain speciousness and plausibility, to fill the reading world with a belief that the London Stage,—such as is occasionally described by the correspondent of "the Spirit of the Times,"—is and was the great mark of attraction for *every* grade of society in the Metropolis. The writer of those articles is, without doubt, convinced of the correctness of his position, and probably never entered a London Theatre without paying seven shillings sterling, for a seat in the dress circle; a sum which once bought for us a free admission for the season, at a *Minor*. It is true, we allow, that Kemble was *not* in the stock company, Macready could *not* be persuaded to perform for three nights *only*, it would have been labor in vain, to attempt a negotiation with young Kean; still there was a *theatre*, with boxes, pit, and gallery, orchestra, *musician*, two stage lights, and a green curtain. It was situated near Lisson Grove, and patronised by all the shopkeepers, traders, and mechanics in the neighborhood. We shall follow our aristocratic friend in the "*Spirit*," and describe a particular night.

It was not a *farewell*—quite the contrary—it was what the *upper* part of the audience called a *dee-but*, a female *dee-but*.—Some excitement existed in the street, several apple-stalls were surrounded by *patrons* of the *drama*, members of the *Ragocracy*, who discussed earnestly, and somewhat fiercely, the merits of the fair candidate for their favor.

"I say Bill," remarked an *individual*, with a very ragged coat, to another *individual*, who had no coat at all, "vot in the name o' hard luck could ha' put this freak into Soaph's head, to leave op'ning hoysters and spout in a barn?"

"Vy," replied Coatless, "she says as how the soda water makers gi's next to nothing for the shells, and them's her only parkisites—*thrippence* a hundred is too small, considerin as how they pumps 'em out to the public at *tuppence* a glass."

"Well," said Rags, "I think Soaph 'ell do, she can come it strong if she likes, and if she only tips 'em two or three of her bang up tragedy looks, it's all right, but we must pull her through; how does them butcher boys mean to go her?"

"They're all right," quoth he without an upper garment; "Jim milk'd the till last night out of jist enough to push eight into the gallery, and three into the pit, then there's the knife grinder and five omnibus cads, who'll lick any on 'em vot dares to come opposition—it's a dead sartinty."

Thus ran the edifying dialogue, which had undoubtedly its counterpart in different streets leading to the scene of action. The *posters* were on all the dead walls in Paddington, the *coal and tatur* shops displayed the bill, and the bar maids of all the gin palaces in the vicinity, called the attention of the customers to the important announcement, of which the following is a literal copy—

THEATRE, PADDINGTON.
This evening will be performed Shakspear's tragedy of

FAZO!

The part of BYANCA.....by a YOUNG LADY,
(*her first appearance on any stage!*)
FAZO,.....Mr. EFFINGUM | ALDABELLI.....Miss RIDGWAY.
End of the first act a
HIGHLAND FLING,
by the YOUNG LADY and Mr. EFFINGUM.
To conclude with the grand drama of
THE INJURED PIG,
OR
THE TRIUMPH OF INNOCENCE,
With a new catastrophe, written expressly for this Theatre.
For characters see small bills.
Doors to be open at six, and begin at seven.
Boxes, four pence—Pit, two pence—Gallery, one penny—no half-price in the Gallery.
No Segars allowed in the Boxes—*Gentlemen* who smokes in the Gallery are requested not to spit into the Pit.

A few minutes before seven we were at the pay-place and tendered our money; the treasurer (a female) looked sneeringly, as much as to say "do you expect to get a seat on such a night as *this*, coming so late?"

We asked if the house was full?

"Full! Full!" screeched the money-taker—"I think you said full, sir; I don't know what you might call *full*, but here I've took two and twenty shillings in copper and eight in silver, besides a queer sixpence or two, and I'm blowed if I think you can scrouge *in* any where; but you may try, sir, you may try!"

We took the pass-check, and being pretty respectably dressed the boxkeeper thought we should make a decent *audience-show* and put us into a side box near the orchestra, the only unoccupied seat in the *theatre*. Two lamps, one at each end of the stage, were flaring at an awful rate, to say nothing of the delightful effluvia which a compound of pig's fat and kitchen-grease diffused through the arena. It was a bumper—decidedly a bumper, without the assistance of a single newspaper puff—it was a *thirty shilling house!*

The weather was exceedingly hot and the lady treasurer not coming within the meaning of the Plurality Bill, held two offices, viz. money-taker for admission, and money-taker for cigars, apples and ginger-beer, more generally known by the martial title of Wellington Pop. Dorothy Chubbs (her name) sometimes shortened to *Dolly*, or snipped into *Doll*, was a most industrious person for her size (250lbs. just); she kept a fruit and greens shop in Church street, Paddington, placed her eldest daughter with a wheelbarrow of apples and oranges in Edgeware Road, sent four of her boys to hawk and peddle the same commodities through various streets of the Metropolis, and in the evening she was occupied *in persona*, as we have above stated. Dolly had an extraordinary memory, she kept no book or memorandum, but she knew every debtor, and the amount he owed. She never opened a new account till the old one was squared, and it was therefore difficult to get into her debt more than sixpence. On the night in question we saw her carry out a little of her system of finance. A young urchin about 15 years old sidled up to the counter saying "Doll, can't you trust us a cigar?"

"No!"

"I owes you nothing."

"Perhaps you don't!"

"What?"

"This night three weeks, my covey, two Haywanners and a Pop."

The applicant sneaked off, and by the time he had resumed his seat in the pit, the Paddington clock was striking seven. This was a broad hint to the audience—seven o'clock and nothing done—then commenced a clapping of hands, stamping of feet, cries of "music," "tip us the cat-gut," "let's have scrape," accompanied by whistles and penny trumpets—at length the sound of a violin in a state of *tune-ation* was heard, and presently the *music* made its appearance. What a sight! A *half*-starved ragged blind fiddler, led by a *quite* starved, squalid child, was placed on a stool in the orchestra. He commenced an overture of his own, an *ad libitum Fantasia*, but it was too deep for *that* public, and they called out for a *lively* tune; at length, every one named an air of his own fancy, and had the unfortunate *violinist* complied with all the demands upon his talents, he would have had to continue playing for three weeks. All we could catch in the din was a duetto (with *variations* of course) between Der Freischutz and Donnybrook Fair; the confusion was ended by the sudden ringing of a bell, and up went the curtain. "Fazio and Bianca discovered"—so runs the text book. A burst of vociferation greeted the new aspirant; she (a great little person) swaggered to the front, put herself in a fencing attitude, drew back her left foot and right arm, became perpendicular, and bobbed a something between a bow and a courtesy. The *swell* manner in which this manœuvre was perpetrated put her supporters upon their metal. Shouts of "go it Soaph," "tip it 'em," "well done oysters," were mingled in delicious harmony. When quiet was restored the dialogue commenced—the dialogue! the dialogue between Fazio and Bianca!! Shade of Milman!—(is he dead?)—Genius of Kemble and O'Neil!! It was a common place jabber, *a l'Improvasatori*, betwixt the two—not a word of the original, not a syllable. After a little byeplay she looked savagely at some one in the pit, and in an under tone said, "Bill, if you don't keep still o' winking at me you'll put me out." "Turn him out," cried a box voice,—"Slit his windpipe," pit ditto. "chuck him over," gallery idem. followed by twenty "silences" and twelve "shames" promiscuous. The scene closed—Enter Aldabella, followed by Fazio—she said nothing, and walked off, Fazio after her. End of Act 1st—Fidler.—Curtain rose, Bianca in her night-cap waiting for Fazio, who entered and rolled his *eyes* about and *himself* into a chair. She sprang up, caught him by the throat, and screamed out, "You vagabond, you've—you've—you've *seen* Aldabelli,"—she dragged him to the front, he fell on one knee, she raised her arm and struck the astonished Fazio with such violence that he lost his balance, rolled into the orchestra, carrying the *music* with him in his downward course. This was a *Medea* touch—it was *unwithstandable*, the audience rose *en masse*, and gave *Soaph* three tremendous cheers, which she acknowledged by as many thumps on her left side, meaning thereby, everlasting gratitude. Exit Bianca—End of Act 2d.

The dance as *per bill* was demanded—Mr. Effingum limped forward and declared that in consequence of the fall he had suffered, it would not be performed, but if the audience would permit, he would substitute a song. Innumerable *Bravos* proclaimed the general acquiesence, and he achieved that delightful caratina, "If I 'ad a donkey vot vould'nt go," to a double *encore*, which was received in full payment for the Highland Fling.

The third and fourth acts did not seem to come off at all, for the curtain rose and we saw Bianca and Fazio in prison. She cried—screamed—tore her hair, and said something about love and madness—a bell toll'd—Fazio started, looked at Bianca, and stalked off. She of course followed.

Scene the last, a churchyard, with tombstones, &c. Enter Bianca, and, she fell upon one of the graves, a groan was heard—she started, a tomb opened—the ghost of Fazio rose—she rushed upon him, fell in his arms, and they both sunk together, amidst the deafening shouts of an admiring auditory.

Thus was the celebrated Tragedy enacted by *three* performers, there was no Bartolo—no Duke—no nothing else. We did not wait for the "*Injured Pig*," considering we had had a pretty good *fourpen'orth*. This, as we have described, is one stage of *minors*, there are three others which shall be noticed in a future paper.

The Corsair.

"TRICKS UPON TRAVELLERS."

BY LORD WILLIAM LENNOX.

London is proverbial all the world over for its "tricks upon travellers;" the ingenuity of the begging-letter fraternity, has been graphically described by Mr. Grant, in his new work, "Sketches in London." The most recent practices in the trade have been carried on with so much industry, natural cleverness, and shrewdness, and executed in so skilful a manner, that they deserve to be recorded. Among many cases out of hundreds, illustrative of the ingenious expedients and singular adroitness of the "artful dodger" community, may be mentioned the following FACTS. In the present state of the law of libel, with the fear of the chief justice of the Common Pleas before our eyes, we think it wiser to withhold the real names of the professors of the swindling community, giving them only their *sobriquets* and *aliases*; and, not to wound the feelings of the humane and benevolent who have been daily plundered by their impositions, we also give to them fictitious names.

The Yorkshire Dodger and the M.P.

Lord Francis Ryston, M.P., was a London exquisite of the first water; one of the *élite*, who come out at three, P.M.; get into their curricle, or tilbury; dash through St. James's Street, Bond Street, and Pall Mall; enter the Park; mount their thorough-bred horse; sit in a lounging attitude, half on and half off,

"Witching the world with noble horsemanship."

"His heel insidiously at the side,
Provokes the canter which it seems to chide—"

ensconce themselves into a carriage-window of some fair friend; smile with an air of mystery at divers pretty women; recount the latest scandal of the day; dine at "Crocky's;" drop into the opera; and finish their night at a place which we cannot "mention, at least, to ears polite;" but where the pavement is supposed to be formed of good intentions, and to which, unfortunately, Lord Francis has not even yet contributed the smallest particle.

It was about half-past seven o'clock on a Tuesday evening, in July, that Lord Francis, having promised to dine *early* with a friend, to go to the opera, was standing before his looking-glass, admiring an unimpeachable satin waistcoat, that was "neat as imported" from Paris, and adjusting his diamond pins in a black neckcloth, spotted with silver stars like night in a pantomime, when his valet knocked at the door. "My lord, *there is a Mr. Wharton, from* ——*bury* (the borough his lordship had the honor of representing, or rather *mis*representing), very anxious to see your lordship."—"SHEW HIM IN."

Mr. Wharton was announced. He was a short, thick-set man, dressed in a green coat, corduroy unmentionables, and mahogany-colored top boots, belcher handkerchief, white hat, with a prodigious black crape band round it. His character will soon develope itself; in the meantime we will merely say, "he was spry as a fox, supple as an eel, and cute as a *weasel*."

"Ax pardon, my lord, for intruding," said our friend York.—Lord Franics met his advances with a saccharine smile, and a condescending shake of the hand: "No intrusion, I assure you; always happy to see any of my ——bury friends."—"Bless me, my lord, you're looking better than you did last election. Father and brother both ploomped for you. They live in Tower Street; I lives at Pontefract. Mayhap you don't recollect me: I carried a banner, 'Ryston, the cottager's friend.' I've just been down to Kent, where wife's family live, to bury my poor child, who was brought up by his grandfather; died last Tuesday, poor boy, only six years of age."—"Poor fellow!" said his lordship, with a sigh.—"Well, my lord, to the point; I've a favor to ax: ('It required no ghost to tell me that,' thought his lordship) could ye give me a frank to father?"—"Certainly," replied Lord Francis, delighted as he thought to get off so cheap; "as many as you please." Mr. Wharton now took out of his hat a dirty, greasy, misshapen, queerly folded letter, bearing the royal arms, the application of a sixpence, and with the following address accompanying it: "Mr. Daniel Wartin—Markis of Granbe's hed—Towher Street near Beste Markit, ——bury .... Hauckesvutshire." The reader will scarcely make out Mr. Wharton's orthography; for, by great ingenuity, he had spelt Oxfordshire according to his own pronunciation, and without ONE SINGLE LETTER right. Lord Francis, not wishing to hurt his constituent's feelings, was some time making out the hieroglyphics; during which period Mr. Wharton was administering a pretty strong dose of "soft sawder." "Oh, my lord, your speech on the malt tax has been printed in gold letters, framed and glazed, all over the town." This said speech, *en passant*, be it remarked, had been mentioned in the daily papers as follows: "Lord Francis Ryston presented a petition for a repeal of the malt tax; his lordship's remarks were inaudible in the gallery." His London agent had, however, sent down what his client ought to have said, and had ordered one thousand copies to be struck off on a beautiful embossed card. But we have digressed—to return to Mr. Wharton, who continued: "Why, my lord, the blues will never show again, its all *U.P.* with them; your lordship is absolutely adored at ——bury."

Lord Francis began to get a little impatient. "Well, Wharton, my friend, whenever you want franks, send at all times, you are most welcome."—"One other favor, my lord." His lordship gave a slight "hem." "Would you allow the answer from father to come through you; I've written to father for ten pounds, which he owes me for a beast he sold last Wednesday?"—"Oh, certainly," replied his lordship: "where shall I send it to you?"—"I'll call, my lord, on Thursday morning. Good day, my lord."—"Good day, Wharton; remember me to all my pink and purple friends."—"I will, my lord. And now I think on it, my lord, you could do me a little favor—(a place in the Customs, Excise, Post-office, flitted across his lordship's mind). Could you advance me three pounds out of the ten? I'm staying at the Blue Boar, Holborn, and it's plaguy expensive."—At this moment, Captain Calthorpe and the dinner were announced. "Put back the dinner half an hour," said my lord. "Ah, Calthorpe, how are you?"—"Why, Frank, old fellow, we shan't hear a word of the "Cenerentola.'"—"One moment. Well, Wharton, could you call to-morrow?"—"Really, my lord, I've got to be at Smithfield."—"Well, the day after?" "Obligated to go to Croydon fair." "Well, then, here's the money," said the senator, impatiently; "but, remember, I act only as your banker, till Thursday. No bribery is my motto: my constituents, like Cæsar's wife, must not be suspected." "I'd scorn the action, my lord," said Wharton, at the same time pocketing the money and the affront. "You may always depend upon father and brother; they votes conscientiously." Mr. Wharton bowed and retired.

"Why, who on earth is your friend, Frank? The waiter told me a gentleman on business. I fancied it might be your stiff merchant."*

"On the contrary, the fellow's been drawing me; he's a constituent, one of the 'free and independent.'" "More *free* than independent, *I guess*," said Calthorpe. "But as you seem so full of money, perhaps you can cash a bill for £500." "'Don't happen to have the shum by me,' as my Jew told me yesterday," replied his lordship. "The poor devil only wanted three pounds till Thursday; so I advanced it."

"What, trust that Yorkshire-looking rascal with three pounds?"

"Respect my feelings, Calthorpe; he's one of my staunchest supporters—a little blunt in his manners."

"'Lots of blunt,' as Sam Slick says, 'but not of both kinds; though he has a mouthful of one, he hasn't got a pocket full of t'other.' Why, he's done you."

"Nonsense, I know the fellow well."

"Better known than trusted. I ll bet you a rouleau you will never see your three pounds again."

"Done!" cried my lord.

"Done!" echoed the Captain.

The entrance of the waiter to say the dinner was on the table put an end to this interesting conversation. Thursday arrived, no letter from Wharton *pere*. The following week, an official communication from the Postmaster-General's office announced, "that as no person of the name of Wharton being known at ——, the accompanying letter, franked by Lord Francis Ryston, was returned to his lordship." On tearing it open, to ascertain the address of the writer, he found it contained the following laconic remark: "You bought our borough—you're SOLD now yourself—or, and now I've *sold you*." On the following morning Calthorpe was agreeably surprised at receiving the following note, enclosing a cheque for £50; for Lord Francis, with all his follies, was so far unfashionable as to pay his debts:—

"Dear Charley,—A Yorkshireman's a match for the d—l; he has certainly proved too much for
"Your's ever,
"Mivart's—Thursday morning." "FRANCIS RYSTON.

* The most modern and approved fashionable phrase for a money-lender.

"Wide Awake," alias, "The Sailor Boy," and the Philanthropist.

It was about one o'clock on a fine bright May morning, that an unobtrusive knock was heard at the door of the Earl of Mordaunt's, in Carlton Terrace. The knock was repeated; and in a few minutes a drowsy, powder-headed, pampered footman, who, like his prototype, Sir Harry, in "High Life below Stairs," had "had a devil of a debauch on the previous night, grilled bones, and *ponche à la Romaine*," left his comfortable arm-chair, in which he had been poring over the columns of the *Morning Post*, and which he had assured his lordship had not yet come, to see who "the early intruder was." "I must positively give warning if we don't change our house; for these steep stair-cases are only fit for Bath chairmen. They wear one out before the day begins; quite a first lesson for the treadmill,"—soliloquised the knight of the shoulder-knot, as he approached the entrance hall. "Well, young man, what's your business?" addressing himself to a man dressed in a sailor's garb, and carrying a huge gilt cage with a parrot.—"My name's John Transom; his lordship knows me; I was in Captain Mordaunt's brig, the *Coral*. I've brought a letter and this parrot for my lord, which I am to deliver in person."—"His lordship is engaged," said the overpaid lackey. John Transom knew his man. "I've a few bandanas here that I brought home from the Indies; perhaps you'd accept one." "Why, as I snuff a good deal, they are useful. What do you ask for half-a-dozen?" "We'll talk about that another time; I must see his lordship to-day if possible. I'll bring you the other five handkerchiefs to-morrow; I'll make it all right."—"Well, young man, as I don't like giving you more trouble than is necessary, I'll have your name mentioned to my lord; perhaps he'll see you." The footman retired; rang for the steward's-room boy; desired him to tell Mr. Harris, my lord's own man, that a *gentleman* of the name of Transom, with a letter and a paroquet, wished to see him.

"Who's there?" cried Lord Mordaunt, who was sitting alone in his study, reading a pamphlet on the emancipation of the negroes—"Only me, my lord: Harris." "Come in." "A gentleman of the name of Transom, who has a letter and a present for your lordship." "Shew him in." Lord Mordaunt, we must observe, *en passant*, was a most universal philanthropist, with a heart full of the milk of human kindness, and a member of every charitable society and association in the metropolis. Mr. Transom was announced. "I beg your pardon my lord, for intruding. I fear your lordship has forgot one Jack Transom: I once took a cruise with the Hon Captain Mordaunt, in the *Coral*; she was a gallant craft. I was then a mere foremast man; perhaps rather green, seeing as how it was my first tack, and only the second time I had smelt salt water. After that I was sadly hard up; the rheumatics caught hold of my arm, which was wounded on board Admiral Sartorius's ship, (I've got the admiral's certificate) and laid me up on my beam-ends. Without a shilling in the locker I called on your lordship. I hadn't spliced the main-brace for two blessed days. There was a ship going to the West Indies, in which I offered to work my passage out; during my illness she had gone round to Portsmouth. I hadn't the means of getting there. Your lordship felt for a sailor in distress; you advanced me a pound; its been the means of making my fortune. I reached Portsmouth; the blue Peter was flying on board the *Araxas*, lying at Spithead. Nothing happened on our voyage out; the old barky took us safe to the West Indies. It was a dark stormy night, with a strong north-wester, blowing at the rate of ten knots an hour, a regular sneezer and snorter, when we were on our way to the mouth of the Amazon. We had left Port Royal on the south side of Jamaica the day afore, and were passing between the Islands of Mont Errat and Guadaloupe. Well, we were beating across the channel under a heavy press, with the hopes of clearing the shoals afore morning; all hands were on deck, clearing off, and taking in our light canvas, for the gale kept increasing, and our main-mast creaked heavily, when the watch a-head sang out, 'Helm a-lee, sail a-head.' Before the words were scarcely out, we were upon the vessel: we struck her about midships and sunk her, carrying away our bowsprit. At this moment a heavy sea struck our ship, and washed the captain overboard. I lowered the life-buoy; and, in the twinkling of a handspike, manned the barge. I steered to where I had heard his cries; we found our captain clinging to part of the wreck, nearly exhausted; we soon brought him to. The jolly-boat fared worse: she had tried to save part of the schooner's crew, and was swamped; the master's mate and eight fine fellows were lost in her. I was promoted; and, with a pension allowed me by the captain for life; and here I am come to thank your lordship, and pay back the sum you were kind enough to lend me."

His lordship was touched by this narrative; and after assuring the tar that he was delighted at having been the means of doing him so much service, declined the proffered sum. Lord Mordaunt was now racking his brains for an excuse to offer the honest seaman some token in approbation of his honesty; the "son of the ocean" soon furnished him with an opportunity. "And, my lord, I've one favor to ask; which is, that your lordship will kindly accept this bird. I brought it all the way from Jamaica; it belonged to an old lady that died there—talks like a Christian. Come, poll, pretty poll! talk to his lordship;" (the parrot attended to its master's bidding; though we are bound to say, that a person, with very sensitive ears, might have fancied that its education had been somewhat neglected, for certainly the words uttered sounded rather like an execration against his lordship's eyes.) "Now, if your lordship would please to accept the bird, I shall feel greatly obliged." "I could not think of robbing you of that beautiful bird," replied his lordship, in the most bland and courteous manner. "No *robbery*, I assure you, my lord," responded the sailor. "Well, Transom, you are an honest fellow; and if you will accept the enclosed trifle (his lordship had put a £5 note in a very neat envelope,) you will confer a great obligation upon me; and, on the score of the present, we shall be even." "You hurt my feelings, my lord, (his lordship bowed, and Itried 'to explain'); but since you are so PRESSING, why I won't offend your ordship; and here's good luck to you," said the honest tar, as he deposited the five pounds in a leather pouch. "I've a comrade waiting for me round the corner; I'll just change the bird's cage, get some seed, and leave instructions with your lordship's servant how to feed him." "Thank you, my fine fellow." His lordship rang the bell, and wished the young sailor good morning; but not before he had shaken his hand cordially, exclaiming, "You are an honest fellow." Mr. Transom retired; and left the house, assuring the servant, who we have before alluded to, that, although he couldn't do any business with my lord, who was a bit of a screw, he would not forget the bandana handkerchiefs. Lord Mordaunt, left alone, apostrophised the honesty of the low-born tar; wished that he had a son that might emulate so bright an example of gratitude and honesty; and concluded with the oft quoted saying, "An honest man's the noblest work of God."

This soliloquy was put an end to by the entrance of Louisa Mordaunt, the earl's only daughter. She was, to use the fashionable epithets of the day, a lovely, fascinating, divine, charming, beautiful, bewitching creature; and was, moreover, a prodigious pet of her father's.

"Come in, dear," said the good tempered earl; "I've got a surprise."

"What is it, papa?"

"A bird! Yes, my dear, a parrot. An honest sailor, that I once befriended, brought it to me as a token of gratitude; it will say anything you teach it. Transom must have returned by this time; he only went to change its cage. Ring the bell, Louisa."

The bell-rope was nearly sacrificed in the young lady's haste to see the pretty poll. "Harris," said his lordship, "you may bring the parrot in when the young man returns." "Returns, your lordship?" replied Mr. Harris, in a tone of surprise. "The sailor boy told John——but I shall offend your lordship." "Speak on, speak on, Harris." "Well, he told John that he couldn't not do business with your lordship." "Well, well." "As your lordship was a bit of a *screw*."

Lord Mordaunt thought of his £5 note. "Harris! send off to the Mendicity Society; tell them of the imposture; describe the boy's appearance! I'll bring the fellow to punishment, if it costs me a hundred pounds."

But his lordship's threats were unavailing. In less than an hour Mr. Transom had doffed his sailor's garb for a suit of "sables;" had assumed the form of a distressed artizan, who "had seen better days," with a wife and six children; had gained admission to the presence of a most excellent, humane, charitable, devout, elderly lady; and had moved her compassion (and, what he thought more to the purpose, opened her purse-strings), by the peculiarly affecting recital of his wife's uncomplaining mildness and patience under severe trials, of his children's helplessness, and his own abject poverty. In the meantime, Lady Louisa had, by a flood of tears—"pure messengers from the heart"—so won upon her kind parent, that he had presented her with five guineas to replace the promised bird.

Lord Mordaunt was, to use a Scottism, "somewhat fashed;" he determined to proceed himself to the Mendicity Society, to investigate the trick that had been played upon him. He had not gone far before his good-natured gullibility was again practised upon. On crossing Regent Street, a little ragged urchin, stooping down, and picking up a shilling (which, *en passant*, we must inform our readers the young imp had himself dropped.) exclaimed, "Sir, sir, you've lost a shilling; here it is." "Thank you, my honest boy," said the philanthropist, "such conduct shall not go unrewarded; here is half-a-crown for you." "Thank you sir," replied the boy; "father always told me 'honesty was the best policy.'" The good-tempered lord reached Red Lion Square, and made every enquiry. The "Wide awake" had, for a long time, escaped the vigilance of the society. But his lordship bought his experience cheap: he became a member of the Mendicity Society; all his claimants are referred to that admirable board, and their cases looked into; and "food, raiment, and lodging, given to the worthy."

London Sporting Review for May, 1839.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE EXTRA!

SPORTING EPISTLE FROM WASHINGTON.

Something about "the Spirit"—John Bascombe, his History "and *Picter* to match"—Long's purchase of Boston—New Proprietors of the National Course—Col. Thompson and his stable—Battle, the trainer—National Stakes—Mr. Balie Peyton—Argyle. Notes by the Editor, etc.

WASHINGTON CITY, June 24, 1839.

Dear Sir,—The intention to drop you a few lines has been upon my mind for a spell past, but the crookedness of the ways and things of this lower world has prevented it till now. My first desire is to know how your "Spirit" is getting on in your own parts. By the light of the "Star," and the reflection of the "Mirror," you will be able to know your own face after a while. Them were plaguy hard licks which you threw in right and left in that last number of your's. Why, I thought all along that you were an unresisting, quakerish sort of a man, whose equanimity could not be perturbed no way you could fix it. Now I wish to see peace among you all, but if you will fight, go on as you have begun, and let powder and ball alone; nor would I pester myself much with cold steel, neither. I hope you will follow my advice, and train on.—(1.)

I was just going to ask you what has become of *John Bascombe's* history, and his "picter" to match?—(2) We have been looking for it till we have stopped looking altogether. Bascombe was a smart little horse, but he has been so bespattered with praise, that it is hard to recognise him at all. He beat *Argyle*, who was in a dead fix;—Argyle could not on that day have beaten a respectable race horse a heat of no distance whatever. How was it in the match with *Post Boy*? That was Bascombe's best race, making his first heat in 7:44, over one of the quickest tracks in the Union, being, too, under the best manager of a race in the whole world, with that nonpareil, Willis, upon his back. A horse that could not go along under such circumstances is no horse at all. If Post Boy could have changed managers with Bascombe, even after they were brought to the stand, what would have been the result? Why, he would have beaten the race! I think I have given you in chalk-marks the real merits of the horse. His Bertrand blood, however, makes him invaluable as a stallion, and when he has good mares in his harem, you may look out for as good colts as may do honor to any other stallion.—(3)

James Long is a lucky fellow; his purchase of *Boston* is the best speck I have heard of for years. That horse will be to him a mine of wealth for a spell to come. He may even yet win his cost in purses, and treble it in matches, when, if he lives, the harvest of gold will hardly have been begun before he enters upon his brilliant career as a stallion. Major Long knows his own business best, but I am going to give him a word of advice, without charging him one cent for it. It is this, that when he turns Boston out as a stallion, he should himself purchase at least half a dozen of the *best* brood mares in the Union, or those which may promise to prove the *best*, and breed them to his horse. By the best, I mean such as Isabella, Polly Peachem, Black Maria, Hector's dam, Mary Blunt, Nancy Norwood, and Atalanta herself, if to be had Foals by Boston, from either of these, if at all in good form, would command from two to three thousand dollars when six months old. If he be put to other mares, make the price for the service $200. He would then be sure of the *best* mares in the Union, giving his stock the best chance of being winners, and avoid that grossest of all earthly errors in the management of horseflesh, that of breaking down the powers of a horse by wasting his life upon a multitude of mares, year after year, until his get are hardly able to canter when five years old.—(4)

Since my return to this place I have learned that our Course is hereafter to be under the management of Messrs PUCKETT & HALMEAD. Puckett is the real Isham of the Old Dominion, and who has one or more Clubs under his management there. Halmead is a son of the late owner of the Course—a gentlemanly young man, who does not yet know anything about racing, but is likely to train on and do well. He is the sole owner of the estate upon which the track is located, and will, no doubt, do all he can to make it "a number one" concern. We shall have here two training stables the next season, besides several in the neighborhood.

It is reported that Col. THOMPSON, of Maryland, is about to do the right thing. He intends to purchase a farm, to be used exclusively as a breeding and training establishment, and will hereafter train and run crowds of the best bloods of the land. The Colonel knows what to do as well as most people. He began in the small way, and went on gradually until he has become the very terror of Old Virginia herself. If he attends a race meeting, you may swear at once that he will be a *winner*, and no mistake. He it was who trained *Omega* to fly to the tune of 7:40, and *Mediator*, her competitor, has not long been sold out of his stable. *Isaac of York*, in his hands, put *Lady Clifden* up to the briskest reel she ever danced. *Rowena*, *Antipater*, and *Reliance* have been opening people's eyes to their widest stretch under the Colonel's care. In a sweepstake he is to be dreaded as much as any turfite in the country. By the way, Antipater, after winning his race here in May, without being once lapped, in a large field, and making time in both heats among the "forties," died suddenly as soon as he reached his stable, on the Kendall Course. BATTLE, his trainer, told me that he had never seen the horse that could beat him, when in fix, two mile heats. You never were more certain of eating your breakfast than Battle seemed to be upon that point. It would have done you good to have seen his manner in making the declaration: it was a clear specimen of the conviction of certainty personified. You have seen Battle, perhaps, on the Kendall Course. Though a mulatto, he is a case number one. He has as much politeness as any *other* gentleman, with the evidence of honesty broad cast over his whole countenance, while every look betokens the warmest kind of benevolence. I once heard some one tell him that a certain person got the advantage of him in starting a field of colts in a stake. "Got the *advantage* of *who*?" was the reply. The manner of its delivery was what a good-natured friend of mine, who is always worming through his dictionary, calls "*inimicable*." The outright impossibility of such an achievement over *him* was the sole idea to be gathered from the exclamation, unless it was a slight and flashing glimpse of the uncompounded absurdity of the insinuation itself.

I was going to touch upon a few matters upon which my mind was working hard yesterday, but, as you now see, my paper is out, and I must quit. I wanted to tell you that if we are to have heavy National Stakes, they ought to be run for over our course, any how. All national matters are settled here. Besides, our track cannot be excelled; it is conveniently accessible from all quarters, and it is as much a middle ground as any other. Our President, Mr. Van Buren, and Henry Clay, *who is to be*, ought to see how the matter is settled.—(5)

I am truly sorry to see Mr. PEYTON advertise his stable for sale. He is an honor to the turf, and can help it mightily. Can't you dissuade him from his purpose?—(6) What do you think of old Argyle's 5:40 heat?—(7)

NOTES BY THE EDITOR.

1. As Sir Lucius O'Trigger says, "it is a mighty pretty quarrel as it stands." As to "the plaguy hard licks," they are all to come yet—mere child's play thus far. The "Spirit" is going ahead "like a house a-fire"—seriously, though, we never had greater occasion to express our acknowledgments for the steady support of the public; the friends of the "Spirit" and of its Editor may not be unconcerned to hear, that we have not only more subscribers at this moment than at the close of the last volume, but that the subscription list is receiving accessions daily.

2. Our country subscribers are supplied with the "picter" this week, and no mistake. And a beautiful Engraving it is, too, besides being a capital likeness. The History will appear in our next.

3. It is remarkable what singular ideas a sensible man will sometimes entertain. Our correspondent now thinks "Bascombe a smart little horse," and we recollect a year ago he thought *Decatur* the best horse in America, and spoke confidently of his beating such horses as Boston, Lady Cliffden, Mingo, Duane, and others, into fits! Many of our readers will recollect the discussion between us, and if our correspondent backs his opinion, he will not forget in a hurry the good advice we gave him. John Bascombe started but three times before he came into Col. CROWELL's hands, who ran him two races at three mile heats, and three races at four mile heats, against the best horses in the Union, *without losing even a heat!* His race with Post Boy was, undoubtedly, his best, but the first heat of that match was not run in 7:44, but 7:49. Were Bascombe on the turf at this day, he would very soon *wipe out* the "chalk marks" against his hardly earned and enviable reputation.

4. We entirely agree with our correspondent, that if Boston's terms are fixed at $200, his number of mares will be "limited." The fact is, the terms of stallions are unreasonably high all over the country, and the consequence is, that their profits, like those of newspaper people, look well on paper, while no debts in the world realize less. We know of no less than three horses that have stood for several seasons, in different States, at sums varying from $50 to $80, and though they have done a good business, their owners have not realized $500 for any one season. For three seasons one of them stood at about $75—$100 in two States; his owner paid something like $10,000 for him—has owned him several years, and told the writer of this that for the last three seasons he has not received the horse's expenses! No untried stallion should command over $35 to $50 for his services, and of the majority of those now standing at these prices, their owners ought to consider themselves lucky at getting $15, while many should be thankful at getting thorough-bred mares at all! Tried stallions, like Priam, Leviathan, Eclipse, and others, may charge what they please; their owners, however, would find it for their interest to name a much less sum for their services, and really *receive* payment, not the *promise* of it, when the mares are taken away.

5. If you wish a National Stake to be run at Washington, suppose you have one opened, and see how many subscribers can be obtained? Or, suppose you have two—one a VAN BUREN, and the other a CLAY Stake? We promise to procure a subscriber to each, and if the two winners were obliged afterwards to run a match upon the result of which depended the Presidential election, we certainly should not greatly care. By the bye, we have been obliged to run our pen through two or three political paragraphs in our correspondent's letter—as we stand pledged that nothing of the kind shall appear in our columns, it is soiling paper to no purpose to introduce the subject.

6. "He would not be persuaded though one rose from the dead," probably, until the $50,000 per annum himself and partners are realizing render him "hunk;"—if we thought he might be, we would turn "resurrectionist" at once, "for one night only!"

7. Why, that the old veteran's feet have not been right before since his race at Charleston, against Rattlesnake, in 1835, when at 4 yrs. old, with 102 lbs. on his back, he won the three mile purse in 5:46—5:51. He merely demonstrated the sound judgment of his Carolina friends; they considered him the speediest and best son of Mons. Tonson, and so he has proved himself at last.

VELASCO (Texas) SPRING RACES.

We are indebted to the courtesy of Gen. T. J. GREEN, for a copy of the "Brazos Courier," containing an official report of the recent Jockey Club races at Velasco, which is annexed:—

MONDAY, April 29, 1839—Purse $200, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Mile heats.

Col. W. Alston's (Thos. F. McKinney's) ch. c. *Oscola*, by Wild Bill, dam by Timoleon, 4 yrs	1	1
Maj. D. Randon's gr. f. *Black Eyed White Girl*, by Pacolet, dam by Sir Archy, 4 yrs.	2	2

Time, 1:57—1:57. Won with ease.

TUESDAY, April 30—Purse $400, free for all ages, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

Maj. D. Randon's (General Greene's) ch. g. *Colorado*, by Talleyrand, dam by Virginius, 3 yrs	1	1
Col. W. Alston's (Col. Tod Robinson's) b. c. *Kleber*, by Bertrand, dam by Oscaria, 4 yrs	2	2

Time, 3:55—3:56.

This day was one of great interest to the sporting public of our young nation. Colorado, who had won golden opinions for himself by bearing off three purses in one week at Houston, against the cracks of that course, had now to measure arms with the invincible Kleber, so long the favorite of Alabama. Both horses appeared in fine spirits, and got well off together—Kleber pressing to the top of his foot the whole two miles, (which, by the by, is something over two,) and Colorado in hand the whole way, he reaching home in 3:55 about two lengths ahead. Up to this time the odds had been something in favor of Kleber; they now changed to 3 to 5 in favor of the chesnut. This glorious excitement was much increased by the presence of the female beauty and fashion of Velasco and its vicinity.

In the second heat they moved off under the high pressure, Kleber applying the steel most honestly the whole two miles, and making repeated dashes for the lead, but it would not do; Colorado, always in hand, had always a brush in for him; and when Kleber ran like a scared locomotive, Colorado ran like blue lightning, coming home the second heat in 3:56, two lengths ahead. By this day's work, Colorado has done "*enough for glory*" in Texas; he will now visit the land of his sires.

WEDNESDAY, May 1—Jockey Club Purse $600, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

Col. W. Alston's (T. F. M'Kinney's) b. h. *Tom Thurman*, by Miss. Fylde, dam by Citizen, 5 yrs	1	1
Maj. D. Randon's (Gen. Green's) b. m. *Star of the West*, by Bertrand, dam by Tiger Whip, 5 yrs	2	2
Maj. Shelby Smith's (Mr. D. Mitchell's) br. h. *Old Brown*, by Pacific, dam by Pacolet, 6 yrs	dist.	

Time, 5:56—5:59.

This was another day of great and splendid excitement. The Star of the West had also brought with her much character from the Houston course. Having distanced the renowned Warrick in the four mile race there she brought with her to Velasco, *Star money, opinions—landed opinions*—and every other kind of opinions but *golden ones*. The odds were 3 to 1 upon her against the field, and but few bets taken. This, however, proved one of the days when the knowing ones were fooled. The first heat they started off in a cluster—but very soon Tom Thurman parted company with them, for he showed himself in a hurry, and did some of the tallest kind of walking for three miles; the Star cleverly dropping in her distance; and Old Brown making out to travel twice around, thence south east, half east, to the stable. Time, 5:56.

Second heat.—Things had changed. The friends of the Star saw she was off of her foot, she having been in constant training since September, and Tom looked like a tornado. The friends of the mare, relying upon her good game, backed her. They went off together, both contending every inch of ground; upon the turns, Tom (being upon the inside) would make his length off of the lady, but upon the stretches the lady would show the martingals before Tom's nose. At length, Tom's strength proving too much for her game, he came home in 5:59, about a clear length ahead. Thus the knowing ones were beaten, and those worst beaten were Tom's own friends, for they did not know he was such a screamer. When he runs he looks like he was sired by a locomotive, and come out of a penitentiary.

THURSDAY, May 2—Purse $300, conditions as before, Mile heats best 3 in 5.

David Randon's (Gen. Green's) ch. g. *Colorado*, pedigree above, 4 yrs	1	1	1
Col. W. Alston's (T. F. M'Kinney's) *Oscola*, " " 5 yrs	2	2	dist.

Time, 1:55—1:53—2:02.

Yesterday being the commencement of the sporting year, the horses had to take up their weights.

Bets run freely upon Oseola taking one heat, but it would not do; Colorado was always in hand, and had much to spare, beating the first three heats. The last heat Oseola flew the track.

Thus ended a week of legitimate sport, without one difficulty or one unfriendly word spoken. Let the people of the United States say as much. The balls during the week were numerously and fashionably attended, and with equal harmony.

During the week several interesting match races came off. Among others, Maj. Hugh MacGreal's horse beating Capt. Wm. J. Russel's, and Capt. Russell's beating Maj. McMinney's.

Time furnished by W. RYAN, *Cor. Sec'y.*
Velasco, May 6, 1839.

WESTERN PIKE FISHING.

WHEELING, (Va.), June, 1839.

I have been in the habit, with some of my friends, of amusing myself by annually devoting a week or two each Spring to the noble sport of Pike (called *Pickerel* in New England) fishing, that great tyrant of the Western waters, to catch which affords, probably, the greatest pleasure to the disciples of old Izaak. We generally leave Wheeling about the middle of March, with a good supply of suckers, from four to fifteen inches long, and about 100 hooks, of a large size, well fastened on good twine, the lines varying from twenty to forty yards, which we attach to projecting boughs overhanging the creek. My favorite place has been Middle Island Creek, about 66 miles below Wheeling, where I first went with an old friend and most excellent sportsman, Mr. Fitzhugh, a lawyer of eminence and distinction at the Western bar, and a representative for a long time of this County. I there learned the noble sport of catching the pike, where they average from 18 lbs. to 39 lbs. What glorious sport it is to have one of those noble fellows pulling your skiff in all directions! Whiz! here you go starboard!—then larboard—now this way, and now that. But I am anticipating—I must tell you from the beginning to the end.

Well, here we go. I'll place myself conspicuously first, F—— in the stern of a good oak skiff, with the steering oar in his hand, Y—— in the bow, to keep a sharp look-out for sawyers and snags, Philip starboard oar, Ezekiel larboard ditto. Skiff well supplied with buffalo robes, tent, cooking utensils, and provisions, and at the stern a box, containing two or three hundred live suckers, which we tow carefully after us until we arrive at the romantic and splendid creek of Middle Island. We then select our ground, adjust our lines, attach the suckers by the nose, so as not to kill them, retire and fix our tent, return to the lines, and then, oh! ye shades of Walton and Cotton, to see one of these heavy, large, long lines go smack here, there, and everywhere, like a stage-driver's whip, and shortly after see a large, beautiful pike beginning to show his green sides near the surface of the water. Philip can contain himself no longer; he cries out in ecstacy to get the dip-net, and place it carefully under him. Now I have it—here comes the monster;—I try to put the net under him—no, he is not tired—let him have one more dash—ah! now he shows his side—quick! quick! put your landing net under him fast—right, right, now you have him, a most glorious fellow. Let me see what weight—Ezekiel, hand me the steelyards—4½ lbs. precisely. Well, that's a good one for the first—but, quick! I see that line below getting a hard pull, as sure as turf—another! Pull, my boys, pull; quiet, now, we have him; not so big as the last, but let's weigh him—3¾ lbs., well, pretty good. "Oh! you may well say pretty good," says Philip; "sure this is St. Patrick's day in the morning," and true enough it was. On that day we caught seven most splendid pike, which on an average weighed 2¾ lbs. We were equally successful the following day, and a week was thus spent in really superb fishing, and on our return, our captures amounted to 54 pike, 3 buffalo, 2 bass, 1 salmon, and 1 garr, weighing about 30 lbs., which I have stuffed and presented to my particular friend, Dr. Beadel, of Pittsburg.

Yours, F.

ANTIDOTE FOR POISON BY REPTILES.

MONTGOMERY, Alabama, June 17, 1839.

Dear Sir—Although the subject upon which I am about to address you, cannot be said to belong properly, to any of the heads under which you publish your truly valuable paper, yet as it may be useful, (at some period or other) to the lover of sylvan sports, I will, for a little while, trespass upon your attention.

If what I communicate should meet with your approbation, I shall be happy; if not, burn this scrawl, and forget you ever received it. [The editor desires to express his acknowledgments for this communication, and will be happy to hear from the writer whenever his leisure permits.]

In almost every part of the United States, numerous reptiles abound, and in no part in greater numbers than in our Sothern States. The possession of an antidote to their bite, has at all times been esteemed a valuable acquisition.

The remedy of which I am about to speak is equally efficacious whether the sufferer be man or beast; and is to be procured almost every where. It grows in the greatest abundance near me, and I have met with it frequently in several parts of the Southern States. Botanical works say, "it may be found in the colder climates also."

The *Asclepias verticilata* or Dwarf *Milk Weed*, is the name of this plant. It is to be used as follows.—Take 5 or 6 of the plants, and having put them in four pints of new milk, boil them over a tolerably hot fire, until the milk is reduced to three pints. Of this decoction, when cold enough to be used, one small tea cup full is to be administered every hour, the plants to be taken from the milk and applied to the wound.

This plant showed its efficacy in an extraordinary degree in the hands of an eminent physician of Columbia, S. Carolina, who informed me of the circumstances himself.

A valuable servant of Col. W. H., was bitten in the heel by a rattle-snake. The symptoms became very alarming in a short time, in spite of the constant application of the remedies usually used in such cases. The swelling continued to increase gradually from the foot to the hip, to such a degree that the skin burst in several places. Nothing had the slightest appearance of affording relief. The physician recollecting to have heard of this plant determined to use it as a "dernier resort." In an hour after the administration of the remedy, the pain began to abate, and in three, had subsided entirely. In a very short time the servant recovered.

A gentleman from Abbeville, S.C., told me he had tried it on a horse and a dog with most happy effect.

The following descriptions of this plant are to be found in Prof. Eaton's "Manual of Botany," pages 65 and 118.

"*Asclepias.*—Petals 5 reflexed; nectaries 5, concave, erect, containing little horns; each stamen with a pair of pendulous masses of pollen suspended from the top of the stigma; follicles smooth.

"....verticilata—stem erect, very simple, marked with lines and small pubescence: leaves very narrow, linear, straight, glabrous, whorted, scattered; horn in the nectary exsert...."

It belongs to the 18th class (Gynandria), order 5th (pentandria).

I remain, dear sir, very respectfully, yours, L. A. RAOUL.

RUNNING THE POLITICAL GAUNTLET.

"It was to counterbalance the dangerous tendency of such men, and of such principles, that the Fink party came early into the field, at the present contest. They were fully organized, and had fixed upon 'eternal vigilance' as their motto. Already they assumed a bold, confident air, to inspire their friends with courage, and to strike consternation into their enemies. While they resolved themselves into one vigilance committee, they appointed select vigilance committees in each township, to pry into all places where voters might effect a lodgment, to find out who were 'right,' and to convert those who were wrong. To this end, they were to distribute Mr. Humbug's speeches, delivered in the Senate Chamber, on the financial affairs of the country, which had been serviceable in opening the eyes of the people. But if there were any perverse men and wrong-headed, on whom neither persuasion, nor argument, nor the 'committee on drams,' could produce any effect, they were then to be delivered over to the tormentors, to be dealt with as it seemed good. At the same time, while pursuing this virtuous line of conduct, they were zealous in circulating such reports as would place the claims of the opposing candidate in their proper light.

'He is opposed to the interests of the poor man,' said they; 'he is for selling the town lands, where the poor man feeds his cow!'

'He promised Bill Mills a five dollar bill, if he would vote for him, and wants to buy our votes with money!'

'He was in favor of a chaplain in the last legislature, and would spend the people's money for priestcraft!'

'He lives in a fine house!'

'He rides in his carriage!'

'He has got two coats!'

'He drinks champagne wines, when the 'bone and sinners' can't get nothing better than small beer!'

'He wears a wig!'

Then, again, the feelings of particular classes were appealed to:

'Butchers! will you vote for a man who has charged you with nefariously raising the price of beef?'

'Cobblers! will you vote for one who invariably speaks of shoe leather with disgust, and who discharged Mr. Waxend from his employ?'

'Tinkers! will you give your support to one who has spoken despitefully of your whole fraternity, and who was heard to say, in the presence of witnesses, that ☞ HE WOULD NOT BE A TINKER!!!'

'Irishmen! can you repose any confidence in a man who was on a jury which brought in a verdict of 'guilty' against Paddy O'Cork, for committing a diabolical murder, in consequence of which he was hanged by the neck until he was dead!'

"Such disinterested appeals could not be without their effect!"

June Knickerbocker.

Sympathizers.—The Chartists sitting in "Convention" at Birmingham, when they heard of the outbreak and bloodshed at Paris, gave—*three cheers!*

THE MAN-WOLF;

A "HORRID GOOD" GERMAN MEDICAL STORY,

TO BE READ BEFORE CANDLE-LIGHT.

"Immediately there met him, out of the tombs, a man with an unclean spirit, who had his dwelling among the tombs."

It was in Germany, about the year 17—, that I first commenced my studies in anatomy; and at that period, enthusiastic in my temperament, and sanguine in the expectations my friends had induced me to entertain of ultimate success in the path of the profession they had chosen for me, I pursued the knowledge of the development of the complicated *minutiæ* of the art, and the multiplied relations which the various organs bear to each other, with a devotion and industry that, in a short period, laid the foundation of a slow and painful disease, which has since preyed upon my frame, and rendered existence, not only a negative, but a positive evil. Night after night, the flickering flame fell upon the abstruse pages of Malpighi, Sauvages, Albinus or Haller, the latter of whom, at the time of which I am speaking, was just beginning to render his name immortal; and often, too often, the unwelcome beams of the rising sun illumined the hills and the dales, ere the god of sleep had set his leaden seal upon my unwearied eyes, and steeped my senses in forgetfulness. Nay, even in sleep—when sleep did visit a fevered and distempered body—the business of life obtruded itself upon my face, and I saw again by the magic aid of dreams, in all the vividness of reality, the nerves and the vessels, the t ssued, and whatever organ of the human machine had engaged my attention and delighted my mind during the wakeful period of my being, while imagination distressed me with difficulties which no labour could remove, or flattered me with discoveries which no industry could expect, till, starting from a restless and unquiet couch, I stretched my arms, and found it but a dream!

Such unremitting application could not fail in its ultimate object. I attained some eminence among my companions, and a vacancy occurring, I was chosen assistant to no less a man than Albert de Haller, professor of anatomy, at Gottingen, who had recently obtained, through the interest of George II., letters of nobility from the Emperor. It was during this period of my life, and previous to Haller's departure for Berne, that the following shocking and mysterious circumstances occurred, which I shall endeavour to relate in the ensuing pages, and which have never since been absent from my mind for one moment.

It was my custom to prepare my SUBJECTS for demonstration over night, as thereby I gained a brief hour in the morning, set apart for exercises, which, as I have before mentioned, a debilitated state of body, from severe study and constitutional weakness, rendered absolutely necessary. The room, or *theatre*, in which I dissected was of considerable extent, lighted by a common lamp, such as the poorer classes of people use: the feeble rays of which falling upon the walls and ceilings, were reflected back in doubtful rays, rendering the deep gloom, and deeper darkness, of this charnel-house more visible and appalling. Nor were the furniture or hangings of a description to dispel deepened and superstitious thought. The walls were hung with large engravings of the muscles, bones, and viscera of the body; and from the ceiling, depending from pulleys, were skeletons, and prepared specimens of men and women, two of whom had been hanged for murder; while, in appropriate glass cases around, morbid preparations, explanatory or initiatory of the different diseases to which humanity is subject, were scientifically arranged. Monsters—bicephalous and acephalous—malconformations, distortions of the spine, varieties of human *crania*, and in short, all the available means to acquire, and improve the student in, the knowledge of anatomy and pathology were there in abundance.

My *non*-medical readers will probably shudder at the idea of a lone man, in a lofty apartment, engaged during the murky hour of midnight, in assisting decay and quickening dismemberment, surrounded by the painful wrecks of his species, and the sad relics of what were animated beings—*beings like himself*—but now dead, and mute, and motionless as the dread grave itself! But habit is said to be second nature, and so far from these objects inspiring disgust or fear in those who make the study of the science of anatomy the business and pleasure of their lives, they give birth in the mind to vast ideas, and not impossible hopes, that by the labours and diligence of anatomists, the maladies incidental to man may not only be alleviated, but the seeds of disease entirely eradicated from the whole human race. Yet the philanthropist, dwelling upon the *spes melioris medicinæ*, is too frequently cast down with the almost *exspes desperanter*, when he sees the decrepit and the maimed limp painfully under his window, or reads in the journals of the day, or the pages of travellers who have wandered over the globe, the frightful narrative of the havoc of epidemic disease. I have no time to pursue the subject. *Le roi s'avisera.*

As the number of pupils who attended were very numerous, we required a large supply of bodies, and generally speaking, there were from ten to twelve subjects on the table, of all ages, and of both sexes; some upon whose pallid lips the vestiges of life were still seen lingering—like the light of evening on the distant hills; and others, on whose black and livid features the progress of corruption was discovered, in all the loathsomeness of decay! On a memorable occasion, however, from some unexplained cause, a deficiency of supply was experienced, and notwithstanding the efforts of the professor and myself, but three subjects could be procured, viz., two females and a male. The latter was the remains of a dark-haired muscular man, of almost giant mould, and herculean proportions; and in his fixed and motionless eyeball, there was a wild expression of consciousness, and a scowl of countenance, as if the departing spirit of a troubled mind had stamped its last fearful passions on his face.

I had often seen, often handled, often dissected the dead; I had not, and can not be supposed to have had, any superstitious fears; yet I could not look upon the iron-lined features of this corpse, without experiencing that peculiar sensation, as if the blood had suddenly become too thick and too cold for the body, which, in common language, is designated CURDLING. There was something horrible and ghastly in its fixed and glazed eye-ball—a mixture and a mingle-ment of *life and death*—a mockery and a reality of vitality and corruption, that unnerved and oppressed me, with sensations and apprehensions, to which till then I had been a stranger. I threw a cloth over the face, and removed as far from the body as the light of the lamp would allow.

With regard to the females, the first was that of an aged person; but the second was the relics of a girl of about seventeen or eighteen years of age, the lineaments of whose features, though steeped in the waters of death, had lost neither their loveliness nor semblance to life. The glow of health was still visible on her cheek, and her coral lips gently parted, as if in prayer, seemed quivering like the petals of the early rose, which the Persian poet says move to the melody of the nightingale's song. Her eyes were half closed. The serenity and loveliness of this beautiful but forsaken mould of woman, was a striking contrast to the livid face and lurid expression, of the ebon-haired remnant of humanity, and from a widely different feeling, I threw another cloth also over this body. Contrary to my usual habits, I felt harrassed and unfitted for study, and locking the door, retired to my own sleeping apartment. Here, endeavouring in vain to fall asleep, I took down a volume of Kant, and his deep and mystic reasonings in some measure wiled away the time, which—

Mihi quærenti spatiosam fallere noctem—

would otherwise have passed tardily away, till about three o'clock in the morning, when I fancied I heard a loud noise, as of the falling of a heavy iron grating. I listened for a few minutes, but hearing nothing more, and feeling drowsy, I laid my head upon my pillow, and soon enjoyed the sweets of sleep.

By seven I was up again, and prepared for my daily walk. My hat had been left in the dissecting room, and I was therefore necessitated to go for it, and my surprise may very well be conceived when, on passing the table on which the male subject had been left, I found that it had been taken away, and the table itself overturned and broken! No reasonable explanation of the manner in which the body had been extracted occurred to me. The windows were fast, and the door had not been opened since I locked it—the key had never been out of my possession: and altogether, the circumstance puzzled and perplexed me. However, as nothing could then be done, I pursued my walk, during which I came to the conclusion, that some one well acquainted with the entrance and exit of the room, had watched my hour of retiring, and applying a master key, had succeeded in removing the body. This view of the case was strengthened by the knowledge, that the porters employed knew the situation of the premises as well as I did, and doubtless owing to the scarcity of subjects, would have little hesitation in stealing what they had already disposed of, to vend to other anatomists, at probably an advanced price. As I had heard of such proceedings, I resolved to prevent a repetition of the theft, and determined to lie concealed in the rooms that night well armed. During the day the porters underwent a strict examination, but nothing tending to criminate them was elicited; in fact, so far from the scrutiny throwing light upon the circumstance, it rather made the matter more mysterious.

It was at this era of the science of medicine, that a very general opinion prevailed among the German Illuminati in favour of TRANSFUSION, which is the art of transferring the blood of the youthful into the body of an aged or debilitated patient, by which new life and vigour are obtained. Its votaries avowed it had frequently succeeded when resorted to in cases of extreme hæmorrhage, and the apparently defunct had recovered and survived the operation many years. Knowing the prevalence of their opinions, and perhaps not altogether free from the influence of them myself, I pursued the train of ideas which they had lighted up, and concluded that it *might* be possible in most, if not all cases, to restore not only life and animation to the dead by the process—provided it was properly conducted and performed before decomposition had taken place—but to lengthen life to an indefinite duration. I had repeatedly intended to make the experiment, but had not been hitherto enabled to procure a subject early enough after death, and before decomposition had taken place. An opportunity now offered in the female I have alluded to, and on the evening of my intended watch, I proposed carrying my resolution into effect. As the blood of animals, said the *Transfusionists*, answered equally well as that of man, I procured a goat, and when the theatre was cleared of students for the day, I commenced my experiment, assisted by a young man of eccentric character, but of considerable talent, whose name was Weimar. The blood of the animal was drawn off by means of a brass syringe, and injected into the arms of the subject so carefully, that scarcely one drop fell upon the ground. Having exhausted the vital fluid of the creature, it fell dead at our feet, and we then continued our labours, with the addition of a galvanic battery, the wires of which were applied to the regions of the heart, lungs, and throat, when I fancied certain spasmodic movements of the eyes and chest were visible. Encouraged by these symptoms of success, I persevered, and twitches of the muscles of the face and neck were now certainly perceived. Our hopes of success were bounded here, however, for no other effects were produced, and at the expiration of an hour or more, I desisted from further experiment, and as was my first intention, concealed myself in the room behind one of the cases, while Weimar retired to bed. But being unable to sleep, he sought me in my chamber, and not finding me there, and knowing my habits, he returned to the dissecting room, and said,

"I know not why this experiment so strangely agitates me. I cannot sleep, or think, or do any thing without its recurring to mind—recurring did I say—the recollection never leaves me. I have attempted to read, but even the pages of Shenkius, strange and wonderful as are the subjects upon which he treats, have failed to interest me. That girl—I should rather have said—the memory of the remains of that lovely form, torments, pursues, and prevents me from enjoying sleep, or taking repose. Do you know, Keldar, I should like to renew the operation; I feel an inexpressible anxiety to arrive at the conclusion of an experiment, from the fortunate commencement of which so much might be augured. What say you!"

Without making any reply, I acceded at once to his proposal, and advanced towards the subject; we were both at the same moment deprived of speech, by perceiving that it was sitting upright upon the table, glaring wildly around!

Surprise, awe, and joy for the success of the experiment, rendered me motionless; but I was recalled from this state of passive existence by Weimar's falling heavily on the floor. His feelings had overwhelmed his self-possession and he had fainted. A jug of water happened happily to be at hand, and in an instant I had dashed it in his face. The shock aroused his dormant faculties, and I recovered my presence of mind, which I frankly confess had deserted me for the time, on the first view of a *nude* female, whom I had fortunately, or unfortunately, restored to life, presenting herself, to my astonished senses, not as the palingenesis of departed incarnation, but the real and palpable resurrection of corporeal existence. This creature, immediately became the object of attention, and leaving Weimar, whom I had placed upon a chair, his head reclining on his hand, while his arm rested upon a table, I walked up to it, raising the lamp above my head to examine the features more minutely, when I was shocked beyond expression to observe the awful change which a few short hours had wrought in the fair and faultless features of that beautiful being! The preponderating expression of her countenance, so different from what it had been previous to the experiment, was that of *death*—a deadly hue had overspread her face—the peach down of life had fled for ever, to make room for the filthy traces of the hideous worm. "*She was a dweller of the tombs.*"

I spoke to her repeatedly, but received no answer. She seemed unconscious of my presence, and the horrible idea, for the first time, broke upon my mind, that it was possible that the body had recovered functional life, without the correspondent consciousness of existence; in short an animal machine! The thought dazzled and obscured my faculties for a moment; but re-action coming on, I shook her by the arm, yet without any ostensible symptoms supervening to give indication of inherent sensibility. Reflecting then upon the best plan of conduct to be pursued under such circumstances, my first impulse was to procure some sort of warm clothing for her, and accordingly I left the room for my chamber, with the intention of procuring a cloak or blanket, the only woolen clothing at that late hour available in such a case. At the same time I led Weimar gently away, and saw him safely put to bed in his own room. On my return, which might have been a quarter of an hour after leaving the theatre, conceive my consternation and surprise, when I saw the monster, who had so mysteriously disappeared, as I have before mentioned, from the rooms, bending over the body of the re-animated corpse!

Those who have not been placed in similar situations, can form no idea of the dreadful agony, doubt, and incoherence of thought under which the mind labors on these occasions. My brain seemed to reel, and my senses faithfully alive to the reality of the scene, yet unable to exert their wonted influence on my limbs, which remained rigid and immoveable, appeared to be about to leave the body for ever. I do not distinctly recollect what passed, but I have some faint reminiscence of the man clasping his arms around the girl's neck, and of his advancing towards me with a glassy, wild, and wolfish eye, and that I seized a mallet, used in the rooms for opening the skull, to defend myself. Further I know not. A few hours after I was found senseless, lying on the floor, covered with blood. Both the subjects had disappeared.

To the inquiries of the persons connected with the rooms, who, of course, were surprised to find me in that situation, I replied, as soon as my senses were properly restored, that Weimar and myself being engaged on the preceding evening in a series of experiments in gaseous chemistry, we had imprudently inhaled too large a quantity of a certain gas, which had suddenly produced temporary epilepsy, during the convulsions of which I had wounded myself against the floor and the edges of the tables. As such experiments are not unfrequent among students and lovers of science, the explanation was readily received and credited, though there were one or two to whom this statement did not carry conviction. I next impressed upon Weimar the great necessity there was for preserving inviolable secrecy respecting the occurrences of the preceding night; reminding him of the serious charges brought against the professor himself a few years before, for dissecting bodies in Paris, which had compelled him to leave that city precipitately, and that it would be perhaps peralling our lives to disclose the secret to a single soul. He admitted the reasonableness of my caution, and the matter was never bruited in Gottingen. When alone, however, we frequently reverted to the subject, and upon such occasions the wildness of eye, and precipitancy of manner, observable in him, made me fear that his mind was permanently and irretrievably alienated. Time, at length, that brings the fulfilment of the most remote hopes, and developes the most improbable events, wore on, but still no satisfactory denouement was afforded of the mysterious incidents I have mentioned. But subjects had been frequently stolen, or removed from the rooms, without the slightest traces of the marauder's having been discovered, nay, even the extremities had disappeared, and still all was mystery and unsatisfactory supposition, till a twelvemonth from the time when the monster disappeared had passed over our heads, when, contrary to invariable custom, omitting to turn the key in the lock of the dissecting-room door, some clue was afforded by which I unravelled the mystery. On this particular evening I was extremely anxious to conclude the perusal of a volume of the professor's own writing, which, though printed, had not as yet been published, but had been lent me by the bookseller, on the express understanding that I was to return it early the next morning. Anxious, consequently, not to break my word, and fearful of offending one who could and did confer many favors on me, in the way of lending works too expensive for the small state of my finances at that period of my life, I determined to sit up the entire night.

I might have read about two or three hours, when my attention was attracted by a noise as of some one eating near me. I turned my eyes to the place whence I supposed the noise proceeded, and beheld the subject that had so strangely disappeared!

From his herculean shoulders depended the same cloth I had thrown upon him the night of his disappearance, though much tattered and in rags. His matted and filthy hair hung in clotted lumps upon his shoulders and down his back, among the elf-locks of which the worms of the burial-ground, wrinkling and twisting into groups, made the head appear one mass of animalized corruption. The fore part of the head was bald, and there was a long cicatrice of a wound, seemingly inflicted with a blunt instrument. His eyes were wild, bloodshot, and fiery, and from the sides of his head the ears protruded so far upwards and forwards, as nearly to destroy all semblance of the human face. On his legs and arms were innumerable ulcers, that distressed and almost suffocated me, even though accustomed to the morbid atmosphere of a dissecting-room. But even this hideous and terrific apparition, with the sensations to which his presence gave rise, fell in intensity of horror, when I discovered that he was in the act of devouring the putrid extremity of an infant!

The truth flashed upon me.—I was in the presence of a Lyca nthrope—a deceased monomaniac, "who had his dwelling among the tombs," and whose food was the flesh of the dead! Every fibre of my body stretched as it would break, and my bursting eyeballs gazed upon the desecrated frame of this horrible phantom, with looks scarcely less wild than his. From the scarce ossified mass, he tore the rotting muscles, and his parched, cracked, and withered lips seemed cooled by the putrid gore that trickled from them. He eat, or rather devoured, the flesh with ferocious voracity, and, in his eagerness to tear it, clutched his fingers so tightly together, that his long nails were plunged into the palms, from which the blood oozed and fell upon the floor. As he hurried over this inhuman repast, he advanced towards the chair in which I was sitting. I shuddered—a cold damp sweat bedewed my forehead; I experienced a sensation as of shrinking in all my limbs. I pushed my chair back as far as possible—the beams of the lamp fell upon his terrible countenance, and, pleased with the flame, he suddenly checked himself and laughed! The hair of my head stood on end; but he proceeded no further; the light attracted his attention, and absorbed all his thought—if thought could be said to have an habitation in such a creature—till getting more familiar with it, he put his hand out to clutch the flame. It produced the effect I most desired—he drew back—looked around—thrust forth his hand again towards the flame—again drew back—his eyes rolled—he looked around him, half in terror, half in anger—trembled, sobbed, and growling, or rather uttering a hoarse dull bark, like that of an embayed wolf, hastily fled the room.

I felt—great God!—I felt as if a mountain had been taken off my chest! Stupor, and that awful sense of sinking, which all know who have experienced great misfortunes, or escaped imminent peril, to supervene immediately after all fear of present peril or danger has been removed—prevented me even from rising, much less from following him, as was my first intention, and I continued in a state of mental and bodily weakness, verging on inanition, until morning.

I mentioned the particulars just related to none but Weimar, who concurred with me in thinking that the apparition which I had seen was really a Lycanthrope, and that there could be little doubt but that he was acquainted with some subterraneous passage which communicated from a neighboring churchyard with the dissector's room, and had been formerly open, but was now not generally known, and certainly never used. We searched the rooms, however, patiently and carefully, without discovering any outlet, but as the monster had disappeared, and *through* the rooms, we satisfied our minds that there was still some secret, some unknown, and consequently some cunningly devised aperture, sliding panel, or trap-door in the building, though hitherto escaping our strictest search, and we proposed and determined to sit up the next night, in hopes that he would again re-appear, then to follow him cautiously, observe the outlet, and wait for the morning to take further steps. We carried our plan into execution, but the Lycanthrope did not appear, nor for one fortnight, and Weimar almost began to doubt that I had in reality seen anything, but that it was the vision or dream of a disordered mind, when, on the fifteenth night, as we were keeping our nocturnal vigil, a sound of footsteps was heard, and directing my eyes towards the upper end of the room, I saw the Lycanthrope cautiously push aside a panel in the wall, over which one of the Albinus's plates of the blood-vessels was suspended, and protruded himself leisurely into the room, followed by the identical female whom our unhallowed experiments had brought back from the confines of the grave to the precincts of life. I pulled Weimar by the sleeve, and pointed to the figures. The effect was appalling. He shuddered—turned deadly pale—quivered in every limb—then fixing his eyes upon the spectral figures before him, fainted at my feet. This aroused the attention of the maniac, and darting forward with the velocity of lightning, he plunged his eagle-like talons into Weimar's face, and applied his wolfish teeth to his bare throat. The act invigorated the fallen Weimar; he forcibly attempted to throw off the giant incubus from his chest, and struggling with him with all the preternatural strength which the fear of immediate loss of life ever engenders, showed me he was not disposed to sell his life too cheap. At this instant—for all I have attempted to narrate was but the work of a moment—I fired, and the Lycanthrope uttered a hideous and fearful howl, quitted his prey, and darted upon me with the force and fierceness of a tiger. I felt his horny nails driven into my throat, and his giant weight crushing me to the ground, chair and all, as if I had been but a reed. I abandoned myself to despair; yet with an intermediate presence of mind which might rather be called instinct, I put my remaining pistol to his breast and fired. A gush of blood from his mouth upon my face and chest told me all was over. I shook the loathsome carcase from my body, sore and bruised as I was, and got upon my legs, though with considerable difficulty, owing to the strains my spine had received during the fall. The report of fire-arms brought the two janitors or porters, who slept in an outer room, to our aid, one of whom removed Weimar, while the other by my directions secured the wretched female, who, terrified and alarmed, had shrunk into a corner without the power to stir or move. Silence and secrecy were strictly enjoined, and every medical and surgical aid bestowed upon the remaining Lycanthrope that humanity suggested, or knowledge could supply. The professor was forthwith informed of the particulars of the case, and he recognised in the man a porter much addicted to liquor, who had been formerly employed as a resurrectionist It was further his opinion that the man had been sold by his companions when under the influence of spirits or laudanum, and that recovering from his temporary death, and finding himself upon the table of an anatomist, had lost the few remains of intellect intemperance and a life of profligacy had left him. Instigated, perhaps, by the instinct of former habits, he had entered into the subterranean conduit which led to the charnel-house, and there gratified the cravings of an indomitable appetite with the mouldering remains of his fellow-creatures. The girl, it was conjectured, had been in a swoon, but was awakened from her trance by the experiment of transfusion, which we had so thoughtlessly made, had also lost her senses on her decidence from the trance, and being encountered by the Lycanthrope, had been led or enticed away by him.

These opinions are corroborated by the fact, that this disease, lycanthropy, or wolf-mania, is peculiar to Germany, and was formerly, as may be seen by St. Mark, a prevalent disease in or about Jerusalem. But our tale:—

As soon after this occurrence as our health permitted, Weimar and myself explored the subterranean passage, and found that a descent of fourteen steps from the wall of the dissecting-room led along a narrow, uneven alley, cut out of the solid rock, terminating under the cathedral church, amidst the extensive vaults, supported by groined arches. Here, amidst decaying coffins, worm-eaten skulls, and mouldering bones, on which the dampness of the place had caused to grow innumerable fungi, had the wretched Lycanthropes fixed their interranean abode; here, under God's sanctuary, had they perpetrated their enormities, and here it would seem, even in this place of death and desolation, the ever-living principle of nature had demonstrated its omnipotency—had triumphed over obstacles—had performed almost a miracle, as if in derision, in the very palace of death itself; for it was plain, in his very phantom house itself, amidst the wreck of disease, and the relics of mortality, in despite of filth, want of wholesome food, alienation of mind—madness! madness! the most terrible that can attack an human being, in opposition to probability, in defiance of cold, hunger, and the choking fog-damp of this mansion of corruption, where dissolution sat regnant, and the earth-worm ministered to his will—the female had given birth to an infant!—had brought a second principle of life into being—had actually verified the prophecy, "Out of death shall come life!"

There was little doubt but that this offspring of melancholy and madness had been devoured by its parents, for the thigh-bone, which he tore with livid jaws the first night of his re-appearance, was that of a child, and the sexton declared that the vault, which was only used for the wealthy, had not been opened for many months. Satisfied with our exploration, we returned, and the female, at Weimar's particular request, was confided to his care. She never spoke, however, and though her good looks, nay, even her beauty may be said to have returned, still she seemed unconscious of existence, and the only sign of active life she gave, was unbounded admiration of flowers. Soon after this Weimar's mind, and even his actions, began to exhibit a waywardness and inconsistency that alarmed and distressed me, and it frequently occurred to me, that the dreadful incidents of this tale had unsettled his intellects; nor was it long ere he exhibited unequivocal symptoms of confirmed monomania. Upon all other matters, but the passion which had been slowly burning in his bosom for the Lycanthrope, he was correct, and even shrewd in his way; but it had now acquired an ascendancy that threatened the ruin of his peace of mind, as well as his prospects in life for ever.

In vain did I remonstrate. He assured me she had been sent to him from heaven for a wife; that she was amiable, lovely, obedient; that to attempt to dissuade him from his intention of uniting himself to her was madness, (madness from *him!*) and that marry her he would. Not to lengthen a narrative which has already carried me further than I intended, the day was fixed for his wedding—that day six months from the emerging of the Lycanthrope from the vault and dungeon of death—and he insisted, nay, forced me to be present at the ceremony of the nuptials. A suborned priest—a poor wretch, who had scarcely wherewithal to keep body and soul together—shuffled through the holy rite, and they were married!

I took my leave immediately after, overwhelmed by a thousand conflicting emotions. About twelve next day, a servant of Weimar's, with fear and terror in his countenance, came to me, and breathlessly, and in hurried and disjointed syllables, told me his master was murdered, and half eaten by his wife! A horrible idea shot through my brain,—the truth came upon me intuitively. I accompanied the man, and my sensations may be imagined, when I arrived at the house, to find Weimar really dead, and a great portion of the shoulder and face gnawed or torn off. There were no traces of the Lycanthrope to be discovered, though a strict search was made for her, and it was not till some days after, that the dead body of a female was found by some shepherds at the bottom of a deep ravine, which, upon examination, proved to be the maniac.

* * * * * *

Very shortly after, Haller left Gottingen for Berne, and having nothing to detain me at that University, I returned to England, where, it is superfluous to add, I have never made any further experiments in TRANSFUSION.

VISCOUNT PALMERSTON TO SIR ROBERT PEEL.

DEAR PEEL—Having served PERCEVAL, LIVERPOOL, CANNING, GODERICH, WELLINGTON, GREY, and MELBOURNE, with zeal and honesty, I beg to offer my services to you. I can turn my hand to anything.

Yours sincerely, PALMERSTON.

SIR ROBERT PEEL TO VISCOUNT PALMERSTON.

MY DEAR LORD—I have no time to spin tee-to-tums, and therefore do not want you. Yours faithfully, ROBERT PEEL.

An individual who was honored with a serenade by some of his friends one night, very uncourteously told them they might saw his wood if they saw fit, but as for making a useless noise about his house, he would not stand such nonsense.

Agriculture.

AGRICULTURAL LEGISLATION.

The resolutions of the Mercer County (Kentucky) Agricultural Society, which we publish this week, we hope, will attract the attention of other Societies and the great body of farmers generally. It will be necessary for all other Societies in the State, to follow the excellent examples already set them by the Franklin and Mercer Societies, in order to get the action of the Legislature upon their peculiar interests. Let them all pass similar resolutions and present similar petitions to the General Assembly, and the politicians will soon be taught that they have other labors to perform, than those by which they seek to elevate their political fortunes; but we tell the farmers again—and we mean repeatedly still to ring it in their ears—that unless they do pursue some such course, they might as well at once resolve themselves into the mere raw materials, to be worked up as wanted, in the manufacture of party politicians. Legislators will never do anything for the improvement of agriculture, or the promotion of agricultural education, while they have any personal objects to accomplish, unless the farmers make them do it; and we hope, therefore, that, before the August election comes on, every candidate in the State, for whatever station, will be compelled to pledge his support of the judicious measures demanded for the improvement of the agricultural interests of the State. *Now* is the time for the farmers to make a demonstration on the subject; and we are sure if they act promptly and seasonably, the candidates will hang out the sign of the *plough* instead of *themselves*.

In respect to the stock show proposed at Harrodsburg, we can only say, we should be delighted if it can be got up; and shall be equally so to visit our friends at that place and witness the exhibition. The point is a favorable one for the purpose; and the exhibition would doubtless contribute to further to a still greater extent, the spirit of improvement, now manifested in the most remarkable degree, by the breeders of Kentucky. The only question is, whether the exhibition, at the time and place proposed, will suit the convenience and views of a majority of the breeders; and it is a question which they alone can decide. Lexington, hitherto, has been regarded as the centre of the breeding district and the most favorable point for exhibitions; but we can see no objections to increasing the number of such fairs. Franklin Farmer.

At a special meeting of the Mercer County Agricultural Society, held at the Court House in Harrodsburg, on Monday, the 3d day of June, 1839, pursuant to previous notice, present, Wm. M. Snail, President, on the motion of John A. Grimes, the following resolutions were adopted, viz.:

Resolved, That the welfare and prosperity of the great body of the people of this commonwealth is dependent in a great measure on the condition of its Agriculture, and that condition can be much improved by the fostering care and patronage of the government.

Resolved, That the Chairman cause to be prepared and presented in the name and on behalf of this Society, a Memorial to the Legislature of Kentucky, calling its attention to the condition of Agriculture in this State, the objects of Agricultural Societies, and requesting the aid of the government in such form and manner as its wisdom may dictate.

Resolved, That the town of Harrodsburg, from its central situation, the fertility of the soil in its vicinity, and the general concourse of strangers visiting here for health and pleasure during the summer months from the Southern cotton growing states, in the opinion of this Society is the most eligible point for an exhibtion of fine blood stock from the different portions of the State, and that the members of this Society will tender every aid and facility in their power to persons and members of other Societies attending such general exhibitions.

And the following individuals were selected by the Chair to carry out the objects of the foregoing Resolutions, viz.:

John A. Grimes, A. G Kyle, Robert B. McAfee, and Benj. C. Allin.

A true copy: Wm. M. Snail, Pres't.

Benj. C. Allin, Sec'y.

CULTURE OF TOBACCO.

The following was procured for publication by Judge McLean, last season, but did not reach our hands till very recently. We know nothing, experimentally, of the practical processes of tobacco growing and curing, but are advised by Judge McLean, that the writer is a superior and successful cultivator. We are thankful to both for the communication; and hope it may prove useful to all our tobacco growing friends. Franklin Farmer.

To the Hon. Alney McLean, *President of the Kentucky State Agricultural Society.*

Dear Sir,—Agreeably to your request, I submit to you the following dissertation on the subject of raising tobacco. Tobacco has been, for several years, an article of profit to the grower and perhaps as much so to the farmers of our State as any other; and from the peculiarity of our soil, is likely to be a production of Kentucky much longer than many of the less fertile eastern States. As tobacco is a crop that requires more experience than almost any other, I will commence with the first step in the crop, viz.: plants—plants should be sown in February or March, upon a light or mellow natural soil, care being taken not to sow them too thick. The bed on which they are sown should be burned sufficiently to destroy all indigenous herbage. The grounds upon which the tobacco crop is to be raised, should be prepared first, by coultering and ploughing, if newly cleared, or by ploughing only, if clear of roots; secondly, by bedding or throwing three or four furrows (according to the size of the plough,) together, and hilling. The hills should be about three inches above the surface, and about three and a half feet distant from each other, or if the land produces luxuriantly, mow in order to give room to pass along the rows without breaking the tobacco. It is not essential, as many suppose, to make land very loose for tobacco. Breaking the land one and a half or two inches deep, is sufficient, care being taken to make the hills loose where the plants are to be placed when transplanted. Roots in new land are no great obstacle, as it is not essential to use the plough the first year, three workings with the hoe being sufficient. Old land should be stirred oftener, as it is much more disposed to bake or become hard. The culture of tobacco is trifling compared with the other part of the process of rendering it marketable. After the hills have been made as before described and planted, the first work should be done with hoes, by scraping the earth and herbage, then springing up into the middle of the row, forming a ridge somewhat like that formed by running two furrows in a corn row with the bar of the plough next the corn. If the indigenous growth be of such a nature as not to be easily destroyed, it is advisable, after using the hoe, to run two furrows with a plough skirting the hills and lapping the earth from the mole of the plough in the middle of the rows, covering the ridge made by the scraping with the hoe. After this, the middle of the rows should be ploughed out, and the earth thrown around the plants, forming an addition to the hills. The third hoeing, or ploughing, if the ground be baked, should be made before the tobacco is of a size large enough to top, which should be done as soon as the plants will admit of being primed (that is, the leaves taken off,) to the height of four or five inches and leave a sufficient number of leaves to top as high as is designed, say on a tolerable soil, fourteen leaves for the first or largest plants; the next at twelve, gradually diminishing as the season advances. Cutting, housing, and curing, are the most difficult parts of tobacco growing. It should not be cut while the sun is shining very hot, by which it is very much bruised in handling, if not burned and rendered lifeless. Care must be taken not to put too many plants on a stick, varying from eight to ten in proportion to the size of the tobacco. Neither must it be crowded in the house, by which it is much injured, called *house-burn*. Tobacco should be fired so soon as it becomes of a permanently yellow color, which varies from ten to fifteen days, by slow fires, and not so as to coddle or cure it in a few hours. It would be better to continue the process twenty-four or forty-eight hours with a moderate heat, having the house tight up to the first tier, but sufficiently open above, for the heat and vapor, generated from the green tobacco, to escape. After tobacco is cured, in long continuations of damp weather, it should be fired sufficiently to dry and keep it from moulding. The temperature of tobacco for pressing, should be as dry as it can be handled without breaking. From observation, I am induced to believe that land of the second quality, pretty much elevated and of an argillaceous nature, whether new or old, is best adapted to raising tobacco of a superior quality; first, because such land does not put forth vegetation as rapidly as a richer and warmer soil, and thereby the tobacco acquires that fineness of texture and small fibres for which it is much valued; secondly, such land will admit of the crop standing much longer after commencing to ripen, by which it acquires the great variety of shades in color, another admired quality; and lastly, the slow growth of such a soil, prevents that abundance of sap or juice, produced by quick growth, which materially injures this plant in curing. It also gives a stamina to the leaf, making it much tougher than the quick growth. But a very beautiful tobacco is produced upon silicious soils, though without much, if any, variegation of color, its color being of a bright amber; and another kind, of a dark nutmeg color, is produced by the first quality of our uplands; the second and third kinds are produced by the calcareous uplands of our State.

Land should be of sufficient strength to produce forty bushels of Indian corn to the acre, to raise good tobacco. And I would fix upon that as the medium strength, and addition of much extent, would make the fibres coarse and the growth too luxuriant. Much less would not produce a sufficient crop to pay the expenses of cultivation, (though perhaps the quality might be better,) unless a greater difference were made by purchasers in the different classes of tobacco. Land that requires manure, should, as before stated, be of an argillaceous nature. The best manure is that of decayed vegetable substances—wheat straw being one of the finest manures I have ever tried; the straw has a tendency to give tobacco that variegation of color before mentioned. Stable manure does not answer so well. It gives a dark greenish color, makes the growth too luxuriant and the fibres too large.

The best method of manuring is, to scatter the manure before breaking the ground, as it is thereby thoroughly mixed with the earth, and is deprived of its burning or heating effects in a dry season; when put in the hills it causes a dirth by heating and absorbing the moisture. I have for many years tended the long green tobacco. I have also grown the Blue Prior, Big and Little Frederick. But of the four varieties, I prefer the first, it not being so subject to speck or black in spots while ripening. But I must desist: perhaps I have now tired your patience and to give a detailed account of the manner of raising tobacco, would equal in length the tardiness of raising the crop. With sentiments of respect, I remain your most obedient servant. John Johnson.

INOCULATION OR BUDDING.

The propagation of fruit may be effected by planting the seeds, by grafting, and by budding. The uncertainty whether the fruit from the trees grown will be like those of the parent, prevents much reliance for choice fruit on the first method, and seeds are usually only sown to furnish stocks upon which to engraft or bud. On several accounts grafting is generally preferred to budding; but instances frequently occur in which it is desirable to propagate choice fruit when grafting cannot be practised. Thus in the summer season grafting is impracticable; but then budding comes to our aid, and enables us to secure the advantages of grafting with little comparative risk. A bud may be considered an embryo plant, of the same species as the parent tree, possessing distinctly developed parts, and individual vitality, and of course when removed to a congenial place, capable of continued growth, and a reproduction of its species. In this transferrence of the bud from one place of growth to another, it is necessary that the plant into which the transfer is made, should be of the same genus of plants, and even the same species will usually be found most congenial. All the varieties of the apple and pear may be budded together; and the apricot, nectarine, and peach may be treated in the same manner. The plum and the peach are sometimes budded on each other; but the cherries are usually confined to stocks of the same kind of tree.

The time of budding is partly depending on the tree itself, and partly on the vigor of its circulation. July and August are the usual months for budding, but the cherry frequently succeeds in June, and the nectarine &c. as late as September. The greater part of the failures that occur in budding arise from its being attempted at an improper time; when the bark does not separate freely, or when the new wood for the year is so far formed that new unions are not readily made. A sure indication of the tree being in a suitable state for budding is the bark peeling freely; this showing that the cambium or new wood is at that stage of formation which best secures the union and consequent life of the bud. To ensure success it is requisite that the bud should be mature; that the bark of the stock separate freely; and that the operation be performed in such a manner, that the introduced bud come in perfect contact with the stock.

The common practice in budding is to separate the bud in such a way that the longer portion is below the bud; consequently, in making the incision in the bark, the bud is crowded downwards from the cross slit of the stock. As it is well known, however, that the elaborated juices that form the cambium, or new wood, proceeds from the leaves downwards, it was suggested that the cross cut made in the bark at the *upper* end of the perpendicular incision, must have a tendency to cut off the downward flow of sap, and thus retard, if not entirely prevent, in many cases, the desired union of the bud and stock. To remedy this, it has been proposed by some French and English fruit growers to make the cross cut at the *lower* end of the incision, and then having the bark to which the bud is attached longest *above* the bud crowd it in the incision upwards, instead of downwards, as in the usual mode. This by some is considered a decided improvement; but though its philosophy may be plausible, its superiority in effect to the former mode can only be tested by experience.

Every farmer should set apart a few rods of ground for nursery purposes, in which a supply of young trees, such as apples, peaches, plums, cherries, &c., may be kept, and these, when of a suitable age, say two or three years, should be grafted or inoculated with the choicest varieties, and then they can be transplanted, or otherwise disposed of, at pleasure. Many kinds of fruit trees are so short lived, particularly in our climate, that unless some efforts are made to ensure a supply, and renew them as they fail by age, or other causes, we must for the greater part of the time be destitute of some of the most desirable fruits. We may mention for the convenience of those who in moving or travelling from one part of the country to another, would be glad to secure a supply of buds of some favorite fruit for propagation; that if the twigs on which good buds are found are cut, (and the longer the better,) and immediately deprived of their leaves by cutting the leaf stem with a pair of scissors, or a sharp knife, and then wrapped in wet moss, or even wet cloths, they may be preserved for many days in a fresh and healthy state, so as scarcely to fail of growing where skilfully inserted. Genesee (N. Y.) Farmer.

FEEDING MILCH COWS.

Natural grass is the first and best of all food for cows; and where this can be obtained in sufficient quantities, nothing further can be desired. Sweet and nutricious grass gives a richness and flavor to milk, attainable from no other source; and which milk produced from grains, distiller's wash, or roots, can never equal. Of grasses, lucerne is considered the best, and clovers next; and as lucerne cannot with propriety be considered one of *our* cultivated grasses, perhaps we have nothing in this country that excels white clover for imparting a peculiar richness and even fragrance to milk. The grasses are best for the cow when fed green; but the best method of feeding the grass to the animal has been matter of some dispute. The common method of turning the cow into the field at once occasions the least trouble, perhaps, but it is also the most wasteful; and where economy is to be consulted, some other method of feeding may be found preferable. Curwen found by experience that three acres of good grass, cut and fed to the cows, supplied 30 milch cows with 28 lbs. each during 200 days. Their other food was hay, of which they consumed little, and their health was excellent, and their milk superior. Mr. Curwen observes, "that to have supplied a similar number of cows with a like quantity for the same period, would, in the usual way of management, have required 75 acres of land for its production. And to have grazed such a number of cows at liberty that length of time must, it is obvious, have taken a very considerable number of acres."

If such is the saving that may be made by substituting labor for land in feeding cows, we think the subject well worthy the attention of dairy men and milkmen, especially in the vicinity of our cities. If by employing the labor of one man through the summer months in carrying the grass to the cows instead of allowing them to gather or trample it down for themselves, twenty cows could be kept on land that now supports only ten, we think there can be no question as to the profit. Only the best and sweetest grasses can be used for carrying; but where meadows of this kind exist, and by proper attention to draining, manuring, and seeding, all may be made such; the quantity of grass that may be taken from them by successive cuttings is great. Because our meadows, the grass standing till nearly ripe before mowing, does not spring up at once, it by no means follows that when cut green, while the circulation is active and the roots vigorous that such would not be the case. Indeed, the rapidity with which the grasses spring up in our rich pastures after being fed down by cattle, is sufficient proof of what nature is able to accomplish when the efforts are not checked, but aided, by the skill of the husbandman. Genesee (N. Y.) Farmer.

THE AGRICULTURAL INTEREST.

We are happy (says the "Genesee (N. Y.) Farmer") in giving the following extract from a letter to us, from Mr. Triplett, of Kentucky, on the important subject of legislative aid to Agriculture. We have the more pleasure in doing this as the sentiments are just, and forcibly expressed, and agree with the opinions so often expressed by us in the Farmer, and which we are confident will ultimately prevail. It is but a few days since an honorable Senator, in his place at Albany, declared, that the project of aiding agriculture by legislative enactments was "*the most arrant quackery.*" If quackery in this case, why is not aid from the same source quackery in other cases? It was this legislative quackery that incorporated our colleges and *endowed* them; that surrounded the profession of the law with exclusive privileges and numberless ways of acquiring wealth and power, that are forbidden to the people; and by so doing placed *that man* in a situation to sneer at and injure those who aided his rise. When what are termed the profession ask for aid, the vaults of the treasury are thrown open; when those who hove deposited the cash there ask for the *use* of a few thousand dollars of their own money, they are repulsed with taunts and sneers. The evidence is daily becoming more clear, that farmers must see to their own legislation, or it will be left undone. But to our correspondent:—

"Considering the vast importance to our country of the Agricultural interest—it being the very basis of all others—without the prosperity of which all others dwindle; it is strange that it is so overlooked and neglected in the legislation of our country. Manufactures, commerce, and navigation, are all found to be benefitted by a little legislative aid; but agriculture is supposed not to need it. I am against too much legislation. It is one of our errors, and ever will be in a republic. But while there is too much on other subjects, there is too little on agriculture. I will illustrate the evil felt in some instances, and show how legislation might remedy it. We see accounts in the journals of the day of improved farming implements, and labor saving machines, &c. A farmer purchases, say, a reaping machine—it does not answer. He curses the impostor, and forswears all humbugs. He is told he did not get the right article. But how is he to know the right one? Certificates have little value; we believe in none of them. In the course of time, perhaps a neighbor gets the right implement, and when he sees its operation he will buy one. I have had myself a knowledge for several years of various improvements, which I have been anxious to adopt, but have waited to see them introduced and improved by others, not wishing to be humbugged myself. How rapidly would our prosperity advance if the march of those improvements could be expedited, and how much could that be done if each State would have a *model farm*, where all reported improvements could be fully tested, and reported on by authority that could be confided in, and where the operation of the thing itself could be seen. There, too, manufactories of the most improved articles could be established, and the implements and machines furnished at the most reasonable rates. Pure seeds, plants, &c., could also be had at such a farm; and what would be the expense? $6000 per annum would borrow $100,000, which would amply suffice for the establishment, including a large farm, which would be annually increasing in value, and the income from which might be made, by good management, much, if not all of the interest on the cost; for the implements, seeds, &c., would all be considered as proved, and the demand for them would be almost unlimited. There, too, could be demonstrated the best methods of agriculture in every branch. Much speculation would be put to rest. Any improvement, when shown to be such, would be quickly adopted, and agriculture advanced with rapid strides. I do not pretend to say there may not be more advisable modes of advancing the agricultural interest; but I am well convinced that such a plan would render it a great service. The best stocks of domestic animals could be concentred on these farms; all grains, seeds, implements, machinery, &c. &c., and an agricultural school might be attached to it.

Such plans, or similar ones, I believe, have been repeatedly suggested; but it seems, that as yet, the public mind has not been sufficiently enlightened to be ripe for it. I think, however, that every agricultural journal ought to urge it, until the subject is taken up, and some such plan adopted."

To remove the film from the Eye of an Ox.—Mr. Isaac Hamblin, of Livermore, informed us the other day of an easy method of taking off the film from the eye of an ox, or other animal. If the left eye be injured, he puts a piece of fresh butter, as large as a hen's egg, into the *right* ear, or if the right eye is injured, into the *left* ear. If the film is of long standing two applications may be necessary. It will remove it in a very short time. Mr. Hamblin says he has tried this remedy for more than forty years, and has never known a failure. Maine Farmer.

Ben. Warfield, Esq., has been appointed Vice President of the Kentucky State Agricultural Society for the 10th District, vice Dr. C. J. Blackburn, resigned. Mr. Warfield accepts the appointment.

THE BRIGANDS OF GALICIA.

Three brigands, the leaders of one of the bands which swarm Galicia, were executed at Vigo on the 18th of last month. Pedro Vincente, nicknamed *Tragon*, or the glutton, though the most notorious of the three, was indebted for his fame but to his cruelty and perfidy. Of the second, Fray Eugenio, the only thing known was that he had been a monk and had deserted his convent for predatory pursuits. The third robber, Barrabas, was remarkable for the ingenuity with which he had escaped from the grasp of justice. Though only twenty-five years of age he had been five times condemned to the *presidios*, and had as often recovered his liberty. On the first occasion, in 1829, he had been sentenced to six years of imprisonment at the *presidios*. Scarcely had he reached his destination when he escaped and returned to Cigueta, his native village, where next year he was condemned for sheep-stealing to spend eight years at the Malago *presidios*. Again he escaped. On being re-captured he was sentenced to two additional years of the same penalty, and to be transferred to the Canal of Castile *presidios*. Having again marched off, he joined in the mountains a celebrated bandit, Justo, and they committed together every atrocity upon travellers till they were both seized and conveyed to the Canal of Castile *presidios*. On passing a bridge between Andalus and Tajucco they contrived to toss their guards into the water, and took to their heels.

Being once more caught, a short time after, at La Fresnillo de las Duenas, Barrabas was condemned to ten years hard labor at the Ceuta *presidios*, and was lodged in the prison of Soria, until a safe opportunity should offer of despatching him to Africa. In the meantime Barabbas escaped again in the following manner:—Hearing that the alcalde was to come and inspect some repairs which a number of masons were engaged in making in a part of the prison, he in the morning shaved off his mustachios and beard, cut his hair, powdered his head and face with lime and dust, and covered his clothes with a thick coating of plaster and cement, so that, under such a disguise it was very difficult to recognise him. Thus besmeared, he succeeded in mingling with the persons accompanying the magistrate, and boldly began to give his advice as to the works which he deemed necessary. All listened to him, for the alcalde took him for a foreman entrusted with the superintendence of the repairs, while the masons, on the contrary, mistook him for some head mason whom the alcalde had brought with him to examine their labors. When they reached the upper part of the building, Barrabas, approaching a window, observed that it should not be left so long unprovided with a grating, as one of the brigands below might easily, with a mere plank, slip down to a neighboring wall, and thence leap into the public thoroughfare. On the alcalde objecting that it was impracticable. Barrabas replied that he knew little what the rogues could do, and that he himself could almost achieve the feat. The alcalde reiterated his utter disbelief of its possibility, when Barrabas, espying in the loft one of those long poles used by masons in their scaffoldings, placed one end of it on the neighboring wall, requesting the alcalde only to hold the pole so as to prevent its turning. "What imprudence!" cried the magistrate, "you are going to break your neck;" and he grasped the pole with all his might to prevent its moving. The prisoner reached the wall in a trice, drew the pole to himself, laid it against the wall, and dropped into the street, to the applause of all the spectators. Though out of gaol, Barrabas had no time to lose in reaching the open country. With such view he cried out to the alcalde, "They won't let me now re-enter the prison; beckon to the gaoler to let me pass." The alcalde complied, making due signs to the people stationed at the gate. Barrabas, in the meantime, drew near to the servant who stood by the entrance guarding the alcalde's mule, and said, "Your master wishes to speak to you." The alcalde continued to gesticulate. "Go, go to him," added Barrabas; "I'll take care of the mule." He kept his word. No sooner had the domestic turned his heels than the robber got astride of the animal, and kept it so carefully that the alcalde never heard of him again.

Barrabas and his two comrades were captured in their retreat, after an unsuccessful attempt at levying a contribution upon the village of Monteroso. A summary trial, on the 17th of March, was followed by their execution next day.

A RHINOCEROS STORY.

"Once on a time my father took his sons out to hunt, he only had a gun, and we had assagaes and knives. At first we were very unsuccessful; we found nothing till the second day; we were very hungry, when we came on a rhinoceros.—The old man soon wounded it in the leg, and he then told us to throw stones at it, to make the wound worse. You know how Namaquas can throw stones; so we crept upon the rhinoceros, followed it, and threw stones with such effect that at last it lay down from pain. I being armed with a knife, then approached it from behind, and commenced to hamstring it, while my elder brother, who is now dead, Cobus, remarkable for two strange rings round his eyes, tried to climb over the back of the rhinoceros to thrust his lance into his shoulder (it would have been very dangerous to have gone up to its shoulder on foot); he had just begun to climb, when the rhinoceros rose suddenly with a terrible blast or snort and we all ran off as fast as we could to a tree, and there held a consultation about our further proceedings. We had not been long at the tree, when the rhinoceros observing where we were, rushed towards us with his horns at first in the air, and then as he came near, he tore up the ground with them. We scattered ourselves before him, when Cobus getting in a passion, stopped short in his flight, called the rhinoceros an ugly name, ane turned and faced it. The rhinoceros, astonished at this unexpected manœuvre, also stopped and stared at Cobus, who then commenced calling out loudly and abusing the monster; it now seemed to be seized with fear, for it sidled off, when Cobus, who had a heart like a lion's, and was as active as an ape, immediately pursued the rhinoceros, seized the tail, sprung with its assistance on its back, rode it well, and plunged his assagae deep into its shoulder, it fell, and was dispatched by the rest of us. Hungry men can do extraordinary things—and this is a true story." The rhinoceros is often accompanied by a sentinel to give him warning, a beautiful green-backed and blue-winged bird, about the size of a jay, which sits on one of its horns. When he is standing at his ease among the thick bushes, or rubbing himself up against a dwarf tree, stout and strong like himself, the bird attends him that it may feed on the insects which either fly about him, or which are found in wrinkles of his head and neck. The creeping hunter, stealthily approaching on the leeward side, carefully notes the motions of the sentinel-bird; for he may hear though he cannot see the rhinoceros behind the leafy screen. If the monster moves his head slightly and without alarm; the bird flies from his horns to his shoulder, remains there a short time, and then returns to its former strange perch; but if the bird, from its elevated position and better eyes, notes the approach of danger, and flies up in the air suddenly, then let the hunter beware; for the rhinoceros instantly rushes desperately and fearlessly to wherever he hears the branches crack. Colonel Alexander's Expedition.

"Ven are you going to Texas?" as the boy said to the man vot wanted to get trusted.

JOHN BASCOMBE.

The COUNTRY SUBSCRIBERS of the SPIRIT OF THE TIMES are presented this week with another highly finished and costly Engraving of an AMERICAN "HIGH METTLED RACER," in the

Portrait of John Bascombe,

being the Second, of a Series of Portraits designed to constitute an AMERICAN SPORTING GALLERY. The Portrait of the "Alabama Phenomenon" presents a most remarkable and striking likeness of him as he appeared at the close of his last brilliant campaign. The Engraving was made on STEEL PLATE expressly for the "Spirit of the Times" by Mr. DICK, of this city, and is undoubtedly the largest and most splendid, as it is the most costly specimen of the Fine Arts, ever offered to its readers by the publishers of a periodical. It was engraved from an ORIGINAL PAINTING in oil, by TROYE, the celebrated artist, the fidelity and beauty of whose portraits are universally acknowledged.

The MEMOIR of John Bascombe will occupy so much space that we are reluctantly compelled to defer its publication until Next Week, when his Pedigree, Characteristics, and Performances, will be given at length, with incidental Notices of his Contemporaries.

The PRESENT VOLUME of the "SPIRIT OF THE TIMES" will be embellished with the following large and costly PORTRAITS (three of which have already been given) engraved on Steel in the most superb and expensive style expressly for this journal, from Original Paintings by the most eminent artists:—

MAD'LLE AUGUSTA,
In the character of "*La Sylphide*;" Engraved by HINSHILWOOD, after INMAN and CHALON.

BLACK MARIA,
The property of the Hon. BALIE PEYTON, of New Orleans; Engraved by DICK after TROYE.

JOHN BASCOMBE,
The property of Col. JOHN CROWELL, of Fort Mitchell, Ala.; Engraved by DICK after TROYE.

LEVIATHAN,
The property of JAMES JACKSON, Esq., of Florence, Ala.; Painted by TROYE.

SHARK,
The property of the Heirs of JOHN C. CRAIG, Esq., of Philadelphia; Painted by TROYE.

MONARCH,
The property of Col. WADE HAMPTON, of Columbia, S. C.; Painted by DEVEAUX.

WAGNER,
The property of Mr. J. CAMPBELL, of Baltimore, Md.; Painted by TROYE.

MINGO,
The property of Gen. C. IRVINE, of Philadelphia; Painted by TROYE.

The portraits of *Leviathan* and *Shark* are now in the Engravers' hands, and will be completed with as much dispatch as may be consistent with a due regard to the elegant finish of the pictures and the fidelity of the likenesses. Portraits of *Monarch* and *Wagner*, which are on their way to us, are daily expected; their arrival will be announced, and an opportunity afforded our Town Subscribers of seeing these "cracks" of South Carolina and Louisiana, for a few days at This Office, before they are sent to the Engravers. Troye is now engaged in Kentucky upon the portrait of *Mingo*. The Series will form a *Portrait Gallery of Distinguished Horses*, which of itself, will be worth more than the subscription price of the "Spirit of the Times;" the colored prints of English Horses, of the same size, are published by subscription at a Guinea, or *Five Dollars each!* while the Engravings in the "Spirit of the Times" are furnished to its subscribers at the rate of about *three shillings each!*

On Dits in Sporting Circles.

The Great $20,000 *Match off!*—We are authorised to announce that the Post Match for $20,000 a side, Four mile heats, between the choice of *Monarch* and *The Queen*, and the choice of *Portsmouth* and *Omega*, is off by consent. It was to have been run at Petersburg, Virginia, at the ensuing Fall Meeting. The match was made by Messrs. JOHN C. ROGERS and CHARLES HATCHER, and at the latter's request Mr. R. has consented that it be drawn. Monarch, we presume, will now remain at home in South Carolina.

Match for $5000 *a side.*—The following match has been concluded for $5000 a side, half forfeit, two mile heats—to come off over the Picton Course, at Livingston, Ala., on the 15th of October next:—

John Nichols names Henry A Tayloe's gr. f. *Czarina*, by Imp. Autocrat, out of Aurora by Arab, 4 yrs., against
Long & Burton's b. f. *Cleopatra*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Arab, 4 yrs.

Benbow.—We are pleased to hear that this fine son of Imp. Fylde, (out of Cinderella by Shylock, 5 yrs.) is to be trained this Fall by Messrs. WILLIAMSON and TOWNES, of Va., in company with his old stable companion, *Steel*. He has just concluded his first season, his number being limited. Messrs. W. and T. will have Brocklesby and several others, in their string, the ensuing campaign.

The Great Kentucky Stake, for all ages, we are desired to state, will come off over the Oakland Course, at Louisville, on the last day of September next. There are ten subscribers at $2000 each, half forfeit, Four mile heats. One of the subscribers writes us as follows:—

"During the late races over the Oakland Course, *Grey Eagle* was sold to Mr. SHOTWELL, of Georgetown, for $6,250. Mr. S. takes his engagement, pays his forfeit, or puts up his stake. *Tarlton*, one of the nominations in the Great Stake broke down in the Four mile race. *Musedora*, another nomination, won handily the first heat in 7:50—the track not so fast as I have seen it by several seconds. *Mary Vaughan*, a third nomination, was there, and ran a trial that convinced her owners she is invincible four miles; they accordingly declined risking the chances of her breaking down or otherwise injuring herself in a race, before the great affair, so says report. It is now pretty certain that Musedora, Hawk-eye, Mary Vaughan, and Grey Eagle, will start from Kentucky; if Wagner, Billy Townes, and Picton, can beat them, they can take Old Kentuck. There is the greatest possible excitement about the race; thousands are bet every day.

"I wish you could have been at our late Spring Meeting. I never have seen so brilliant an affair. Our spirited stewards were all dressed in jockey style, that is, with fair top boots, buckskin small clothes, and Newmarket coats; then we had thousands of ladies, although the dust was almost suffocating. Won't you come out next Fall? [We hope to be 'there or thereabouts.']

"The great sweepstake will be run on Monday, the last day of September. The regular Jockey Club races will commence the next day, Tuesday, the first day of October. Please place this under the head of Races to come."

R. D. SHEPHERD, Esq., of New Orleans, has sold his imported Priam colt out of Moss Rose by Tramp, 3 yrs., to Dr. GEORGE GOODWYN, of Belfield, Va., for $3000. This colt, a fine bay, of great symmetry and good action, ran 2d to *Kate Seyton* in the rich sweepstakes at the last Kendall Course Meeting, and was sold immediately after the race. Mr. Shepherd has just sold Moss Rose herself and her filly by Recovery, to Mr. FERGUS DUPLANTIER, of Baton Rouge, La., for $2500. Mr. Shepherd has done much for the Turf, and for the Agricultural interest generally, by his importations of thorough-bred stock, and although he may not have been a gainer in a pecuniary point of view, he is amply compensated by the gratification of feeling that his efforts have been well directed, and are duly appreciated. The ship *Ellen Brooks* that is expected at Baltimore in all next month, from Liverpool, will bring him another importation of Durham Cattle, and several improved breeds of Sheep; and in the Fall, we are induced to antisipate the arrival of a string of yearlings and two year old colts and fillies of the most fashionable blood in England.

Dr. A. T. B. MERRITT, of Hicksford, Va., has sold a chesnut filly but six weeks old, by Imp. Priam out of Sally Hope by Sir Archy, to Capt. S——N, of this city, for $1000. Capt. S. was a delighted spectator at the Roanoke Colt Show, and informs us, that he never saw collected so many bloodlike looking young things. He saw *The Queen* in a paddock at Dr. GOODWYN's—a model of the thorough-bred English race-horse, in the highest perfection of beauty, strength, and action.

Mr. WILKES' STOCK.—Attention is invited to an advertisement of the valuable stock of Mr. WILKES, which is offered for sale on the most accommodating terms. His list includes *Saluda*, the dam of Dr. Syntax, and three of her colts, and *Gypsey*, own sister to Medoc and Midas. The latter is young, sound, and very handsome; was a good performer herself from one to four mile heats, and comes of the most distinguished racing families in the country.

A letter from Alabama informs us that Van Leer (the agent of Mr. J. C. STEVENS, of this city) will summer his cavalry at the Henry Course, Greensborough. *Terrific*, the Gohanna colt out of Black Maria, has entirely recovered, and promises to turn up a trump. Mr. TAYLOE's *Maria Black* broke down in her last race, but he thinks she will recover. The Fall campaign in Alabama is likely to be unusually brilliant.

"*Great Trout Fishing.*"—Under this head the Troy (N. Y.) "Mail" gives the following particulars, which are, in the main, correct, though to the "two gentlemen of this city," meaning Troy, he should have also added, "two gentlemen from the city of Gotham." We learn from one of the party that their patent rods were all broken, but one, in an hour, and that the trout would follow the fly quite up to the boat; a great many were absolutely caught with a hand line, the water being made to foam by the number and voracity of the trout in rising to the fly. But to the account of the "Mail."—

Two gentlemen of this city returned yesterday from a piscatory excursion among the trout lakes in Hamilton County, having taken in four days, with *rod and flies*, TWO HUNDRED AND THIRTY-ONE POUNDS of delicious trout. What would old Christopher North or Alfred Ronalds say, had they filled their panniers in this wise? The trout were exhibited to us yesterday, and would average in weight two pounds each, the largest weighing 6 pounds. The greatest quantity taken in one day, we understand, was 99 pounds. The fish were taken without the aid of the professed *fishermen* at the lakes—the achievement was *bona fide* in all respects. To their fine flavor and quality we are enabled to bear satisfactory testimony, having partaken of a fine dinner of them, for which we return all proper thanks to the amateur who caught two noble fellows for our especial benefit. This accounts, we have no doubt, for the extraordinary luck attending the excusion. Those who would catch fine trout, must cast their lines occasionally in behalf of the press, which is constantly fishing for others at home.

We had hardly completed penning the introduction to the above paragraph when we were called upon by a distinguished young officer of the U.S. Army, attached to a regiment stationed on the Northern Frontier, and who has kindly promised us an account of a Trouting Expedition recently made to a lake that shall be nameless, (about 40 miles from Plattsburg, in this State), by a party of six gentlemen, comprising three officers of our army and the same number of British officers. In eight hours they killed with the fly *Four Hundred and Eighty pounds* of Salmon trout! weighing from two to eight pounds. Col. ——, in Her Majesty's service, killed ninety-six in two hours! We anticipate the reception of the journal of the expedition with the utmost anxiety;—it will not only give all the particulars, but we trust by the time it has arrived, to have a ten pounder at the end of our own fly-rod. Should this paragraph meet the eye of Col. W. H., Jr., he is apprised that one of his own rods will be "there or thereabouts," for his express benefit and behoof.

Match between Columbus and Aaron Burr.—A Trotting Match between the above celebrated horses, Mile heats, in waggons, for $200 a side, will come off over the Centreville Course, Long Island, on Tuesday next, the 2d day of July, at 4 o'clock precisely.

LIVINGSTON (Ala.) SPRING RACES

Commenced over the *Picton Course* on the 27th of May, and the following report, by the Secretary, will be read with interest. It will be seen that the horses neither take their ages from May day, nor from 1st January, but *after the Spring races;* this deviation of the Club from the ordinary rules is for the purpose of placing the horses running over their course on an equal footing with those running at Mobile and New Orleans, in March and April. Officers of the Club:—Col. John Long, Wm. B. Ochiltree, Esq., and Col. Allen Harrison, Judges; Dr. J. A. Smith, and Jesse Womack, Esq., Distance Judges; Linnæus Coch and Isaac Van Leer, Esqrs., Timers; H. J. Darnell, K. B. Stallings, John B. Bunn, and S. D. Hooks, Esqrs., Stewards.

MONDAY, May 27, 1839—Purse $200, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs.—*the age of the entries dating from the previous Fall.* Mile heats.

A. M. Jewell's ch. h. *Authentic*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Timoura by Timoleon, 5 yrs	1	1
Long & Burton's ch. f. *Miss Meadows*, by Stockholder, dam by Timoleon, 3 yrs	3	2
H. A. Tayloe's b. f. *Alabama*, by Imp. Autocrat, out of Lucy Gwynn by Sir Charles, 3 yrs	2	3

Time, 1:54—1:57.

TUESDAY, May 28—Jockey Club Purse $500, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

A. M. Jewell's ch. f. *Narcissa Parish*, by Stockholder, dam by Imp. Eagle, 4 yrs.	3	1	1
Long & Burton's b. f. *Galanthe*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Andrew Jackson, 3 yrs	1	2	dist.
Henry A. Tayloe's gr. f. *Czarina*, by Imp. Autocrat, out of Aurora by Arab, 3 y.	*		

Time, 5:54½—6:09—6:22. * Czarina's rider fell off.

Czarina was distanced by her rider falling in making the turn in the 2d mile, yet like a true game one, she kept the track, and came to the stand ahead.

WEDNESDAY, May 29—Jockey Club Purse $800, conditions as before. Four mile heats.

Henry A. Tayloe's Imp. br. m. *Maria Black*, by Filho da Puta, dam by Smolensko, 4 yrs	1	1
A. M. Jewell's b. h. *Paul Jones*, by Wild Bill, out of Morocco Slipper, by Timoleon, 4 yrs	2	2

Time, 7:58—8:12.

THURSDAY, May 30—Proprietor's Purse $300, conditions as before, Two mile heats.

H. A. Tayloe's gr. f. *Czarina*, pedigree above, 3 yrs	1	1
A. M. Jewell's ch. h. *Authentic*, " " 5 yrs	2	2
Long & Burton's b. f. *Cleopatra*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Arab, 3 yrs	dist.	

Time, 3:51—3:51½.

FRIDAY, May 31—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Sub. $200 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Coch's gr. c. *Bloody Nathan*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Pacolet	1	1
Long & Burton's b. f. *Meg Dillard*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Behomoth	2	2
A. M. Jewell's Imp. ch. f. *Scarificator*, by Sultan, out of Marinella	3	dist.

Time, 1:54—1:52.

The chesnut filly got a very bad start in the 1st heat, the grey colt going off like a race-horse, left her, in going round the first turn, full a hundred yards behind, which caused her to struggle very hard to get in her distance. The grey colt I think is a trump, he is now the property of Col. H. A. Tayloe, and in his stable will add another feather to the fame of Leviathan and Pacolet.

You will see that the horses running have not taken up their weights from the 1st of January. According to an alteration made by the Club, they do not take up their weights over our track until the Fall Meeting. This was done in order to place our track on an equal footing with Mobile and New Orleans, as the horses that run there carry the weights as I have stated.

A Match has been concluded, to come off over our track the 3d Tuesday, 15th October, for $5000 aside, h. ft., Two mile heats, between

John Nicholl's (H. A. Tayloe's) gr. f. *Czarina*, pedigree above, and
Long & Burton's b. f. *Cleopatra*, " "

This will be a sporting affair, as both parties are sanguine; and if no accident should happen, and both appear at the post in order, it will open the eyes of the losers with a *great removal.* J. J. JEWELL, *Sec'y.*

I am authorised by an agreement made between the Secretaries of the Springfield, Henry, Pactolus, and Picton Courses, to state that our races will come off as follows, all of which will be advertised in full shortly, in the "Spirit."

Over the Pactolus Course, at Clinton, Greene Co., Ala., 1st Tuesday in October.
Over the Springfield Course, at Springfield, 2d " "
Over the Picton Course, at Livingston, 3d " "
And over the Henry Course, at Greensborough, 5th " "

CINCINNATI (Ohio) SPRING RACES.

The Secretary's report of the late meeting on the *Buckeye Course* is annexed. We learn that GEORGE N. SANDERS, Esq., of Ky., has become sole proprietor, Maj. J. M. LONG, of La., having disposed of his interest; the Fall Meeting will commence on the 2d Tuesday, 10th of Sept. next, when the purses will be as large as any given in the West. It seems unaccountable that the proprietors should not have made their track a mile in circuit, as a horse can win little reputation on it, however brilliantly he may carry off a purse; we trust Mr. Sanders will see this matter reformed altogether.

The race horses on the ground were not so numerous as at the first Fall Meeting; the attendance, although numerous and highly respectable, was not so brilliant as that of the first meeting. The weather was very fine and agreeable, the track in fine order, loose, light, and pleasant; the feet and legs of the horses not in that precise condition to make quick time, and being a little *short of a mile*, the time is not reported.

TUESDAY, June 11, 1839—The *Ohio Breeders' Plate*, value $200, for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Mile heats.

Ed. Hulse's (Isaac Smith's) b. c. by Badger's Priam (a son of John Richards), out of a mare of Fearnought and Janus blood — *Sam*	1	1	
M. Beach's ch. c. *Orville*, by Imp. Daghee, out of Lady Tompkins — *Ben Evans*	2	2	
J. Garner's (McNeil's) b. f. by Bertrand, dam by St. Tammany — *John Vanmidlesworth*	3	3	
Geo. Crean's (Mr. Curry's) b. f. *Flora Hastings*, by Figure Arab dam of Diomed blood, bred by Rich. Cox — *John Ford*	dist.		
Mr. Reddick's b. f. *Victoria*	dist.		

WEDNESDAY, June 12—Purse $100, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Mile heats

G. Coffeen, Jr.'s b. h. *Wanton Will*, by Brunswick, dam by Prince Richard, 5 yrs — *Edwin W. Coffeen*	1	1	
Ephraim Bates' *Little Kitty*, by Snow Storm, out of Lady Tough by Tom Tough, 5 yrs	*	*	
W. Thurston's ch. f. *Flying Gibb*, by Medoc, dam by Hephestion, 4 yrs — *John Ford*	*	*	
G. N. Sanders' (Capt. R. Burbridge's) b. c. *Billy Southgate*, by Archy Montorio, out of the dam of Sarah Miller	*	*	

THURSDAY, June 13—Purse $500, conditions as before, Three mile heats.

Willa Viley's b. f. *Catherine*, by Bertrand, out of Black Ey'd Susan by Tiger, 4 yrs — *Jack Welsh*	1	1	
Dr. Warfield's b. f. *Rosa Vertner*, by Sir Leslie, dam by Director	2	2	
Chas. E. Harberson's (Thos. Linch's) b. f. *Eliza Bertrand*, by Bertrand, dam by Potomac — *Stephen Velsar*	3	3	

FRIDAY, June 14—Purse $250, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Willa Viley's b. f. *West Florida*, by Bertrand, dam by Potomac — *Jack Welsh*	3	2	1	1	1
G. Coffeen, Jr.'s b. h. *Wanton Will*, pedigree above, 5 y... *Ed. W. Coffeen*	2	1	3	2	2
Geo. N. Sanders' b. f *Countess Bertrend*, by Bertrand, out of the Budget of Fun by Kassina, 4 yrs — *Andrew J. Powers*	1	3	2	3	3

SATURDAY, June 15——Jockey Club Purse $1000, conditions as before. Four mile heats.

Willa Viley's (Robt. Mosby's) b. c. *Ralph*, by Woodpecker, dam by Sumpter, 4 yrs — *Jack Welsh*	1	1		
Robt. Snell's b. h. *Red Head*, by Woodpecker, dam by Whip, 5 y. *Frederick Whitten*	2	2		
W. Thurston's gr. c. *Draco*, by Richard Singleton, dam by Whipster, 4 yrs — *Andrew J. Powers*	3	dist.		

LEWIS SANDERS, *Recording Secretary.*

ROANOKE (Va.) COLT SHOW.

The first annual exhibition of thorough-bred Colts and Fillies took place at Boydton, Va., on the 20th instant, under the pleasantest auspices. The Show was attended by breeders and turfmen from all parts of the State. From the report of our special correspondent (which is annexed) it would seem to have been a very agreeable and notable affair; the stock was of a highly promising character, and the assemblage of a great number of "fair women and brave men" was the occasion of the most unbounded hilarity and enjoyment. Our agent writes to the following effect:—

The arragements gave the greatest satisfaction to all parties, for which the public were mainly indebted to the worthy managers, WM. TOWNES, Esq., and Col. C. P. GREEN, who exerted themselves with unwearied zeal; in fact, these gentlemen have been almost the sole instruments in forming and establishing the Association, for which they deserve the thanks of all those who feel an interest in blood stock. Probably there never was a more splendid exhibition of colts, as regards form, size, and blood-like appearance. The following gentlemen were appointed Judges to award the premiums:—Col. J. P. WHITE, of Pittsylvania Court House, Col. JOHN PRICE, of Danville, and R. BEASLEY, Esq., of Petersburg.

1st. The Premium for the best 2 yr. old (a Silver Tea Service, value $160) was awarded to WM. TOWNES' ch. c. by Imp. Emancipation, out of Volney's by Sir Archy.

2d. The premium for the second best 2 yr. old (Silver Goblets, value $60) was awarded to Capt. JOHN EUBANKS' b. c. by Imp. Emancipation, dam by dam, Comet.

3d. The premium for the best yearling colt (a Silver Pitcher, value $130) was awarded to KEMP PLUMMER's b. c. by Imp. Sarpedon, dam by Shawnee.

4th. The premium for the second best yearling colt (a Silver Plate, value $85) was awarded to LEWIS REED's br. f. by First Fruits, dam by Napoleon.

The following is a statement of the colts entered in each stake, with their pedigrees, respective heights, &c.:—

TWO YEAR OLDS.	FT.	IN.
Capt. John Eubanks' b. c. by Imp. Emancipation, d. by Comet	5	0
Wm. Townes' ch. c. by Imp. Emancipation, out of Volney's dam	5	2¾
Edmund Townes' b. c. by Imp. Emancipation, out of Benbow's dam	5	1¼
Capt. John Sims' ch. f. by Mons. Tonson, out of Charles Carter's dam	5	3
John Marshall's b. c. by Imp. Emancipation, dam by Sir Hal	5	3¼
John D. Kirby's b. f. by Imp. Shakspeare, out of Wagner's dam	5	0
Maj. N. T. Green's ch. c. by Shark, out of Calliope, by Virginian	5	1½
E. B. Hicks' b. f. by Imp. Shakspeare, dam by Arab	5	1
Edmund Hester's b. c. by Imp. Emancipation, dam by Bertrand	5	1
Geo. Terry's b. f. by Imp Emancipation, dam by Washington	5	1¼
Dr. O'Bryan's ch. f. by Shark, dam by Van Tromp	5	0
H. Skipwith's b. c. by Mons. Tonson, out of Creeping Kate, by Sir Archy	5	2
P. Puryear's ch. c. by Imp. Emancipation, dam by Virginian	5	1
Dr. T. Jones' b. f. by Imp. Emancipation, dam by Timoleon	5	0½
James White's br. c. by Shark, dam by Georgian	5	0
P. Hamilton's ch. c. by Shark, dam by Stockholder	5	0½
John Britton's b. c. by Mons. Tonson, dam by Aristotle	4	11
Mack Goode's ch. c. by Imp. Emancipation, dam by Janus	4	8
YEARLINGS.		
John Marshall's b. c. by Imp. Emancipation, dam by Roanoke	4	10½
Kemp Plummer's b. c. by Imp. Sarpedon, dam by Shawnee	4	9½
Lewis Reed's br. f. by First Fruits, dam by Napoleon	4	9¾
Wm. Townes' b. c. by Imp. Sarpedon, out of Volney's dam	4	10
Capt. John Sims' b. c. by Imp. Emancipation, dam by Charles	4	8¾
Col. C. P. Green's b. c. by Shark, out of Calliope, by Virginian	4	9½
J. C. Rogers' b. f. by Imp. Priam, out of Lady Rowland, by Tariff	4	8½
N. Alexander's b. c. by Imp. Sarpedon, dam by Tonson	4	9
W. C. Goode's ch. f. by Shark, dam by Hyazim	4	7
P. R. Burrell's ch. c. by Imp. Emancipation, dam by Contest	4	8¾
John Britton's ch. c. by Profit, dam by Janus	4	9¾
Thomas Twitty's b. c. by Imp. Sarpedon, dam by Escape	4	8¾
John J. Coleman's b. c. by Gohanna, dam by Contest	4	4
Maj. N. T. Green's br. f. by Imp. Sarpedon, out of Duane's dam	4	8¾

At a meeting of the Association, the following gentlemen were elected Officers for the ensuing year, viz.:—WM. TOWNES, Esq., President; R. E. CHAMBERS, Esq., Vice President; Col. C. P. GREEN, Secretary and Treasurer; W. C. GOODE and ALFRED BOYD, Esqrs., Stewards.

The regular annual meeting for 1840 is to take place at Boydton, on the third Thursday in June, it being the day after the commencement at Randolph Macon College. All entries to be made to the Secretary, (his address, Boydton, Va.) The subscription list to the different Stakes are now open, viz., for 2 yr. olds, yearlings, and sucking colts; entrance, $10.

Our correspondent, in a note, adds that the weather was delightful, and that from the Exhibition the company adjourned to a sumptuous old-fashioned Virginia dinner. The meeting concluded with a Ball, at which were gathered all "the beauty and the chivalry" of the neighboring counties, and the festivities of the occasion were kept up with the greatest spirit until

"Jocund day stood tip-toe on the misty mountain top."

EPSOM RACES.

The Derby and the Oaks of 1839.

Official Report from "Bell's Life in London," now first published in America.

"Only vonce a year," say the Chummies—"Only vonce a year," say thousands who pay an annual visit to Epsom; and only "Once in a century," say we, may it be our fate to encounter, in common with others, such weather as we had to endure on the far-famed "Downs" during the past week. Heat and dust, and rain and wind, it has been our lot for the last thirty years to brave, in all their variety, in our progress to and from this annual festival, but never before had we the misfortune to have our pleasures chilled not only by nipping blasts from the north, but by heavy falls of snow, such as it is now our duty to record. The first day's sport (Tuesday) is seldom distinguished by the presence of a numerous assemblage; but on this occasion the attendance was awfully diminished, and confined principally to those who seek profit rather than pleasure by the trip—who look more into "their book" than their looking-glasses, and who are interested more in the changes of the betting than in the fluctuations of the barometer. Even of these there was a sad falling off, and little opportunity was afforded for doing "business" to any extent. On Monday night it rained in torrents, and on Tuesday morning the rain was succeeded by frost and snow; at one period the whole county of Surrey being covered with a mantle of the latter nearly three inches deep, which was not dissipated till the sun had long risen from his repose. The effect of this unwelcome state of things was most afflicting to those who in their booths, tents, and wigwams, had formed their encampments on the race course and its vicinity, preparatory to the approaching opportunities for exercising their respective callings. The gypsey hordes and their fellow "travellers," who sought "their lodgings on the cold ground," were almost reduced to a state of torpor, and it required all the philosophy of their order to resist "the pitiless pelting of the storm," to which, from the bleak position they had chosen to be near the scene of action, they were necessarily exposed. The "itinerant Liverymen" were not less to be pitied; and happy were those who, under frail coverings of canvass, were enabled to secure even an apology for shelter from such a cheerless night. The road from London on Tuesday morning partook of the melancholy aspect of the course; the vehicles were "few and far between," and the bonifaces looked to their waiters as Dennis Bulgruddery did to Dan, with a sort of despairing hope that a customer was approaching, a hope which was but in few instances realized. We must not, however, dwell on this unpleasant side of the picture; suffice it to say, the afternoon was cheered by occasional gleams of sunshine; the races, as appointed, came off in due order and with great precision, under the superintendence of Sir Gilbert Heathcote and Baron de Tessier, Mr. Clarke, of Newmarket, presiding as Judge. For an account of the issue of each race throughout the meeting we must refer to the consecutive details hereafter, in which every contest will be found fully and impartially described; and we shall now proceeed to sketch

THE DERBY DAY AND ITS VICISSITUDES.

Notwithstanding the unpromising aspect of the weather on Tuesday, "Hope," the flattering jade, bid thousands anticipate a change for the better; but even if her smiles had been considered less deserving of reliance, and the prospect of unfavorable weather more decisive, we believe few who had made up their minds for their annual trip, could have been persuaded to succumb to disappointment. In fact, the determination once formed, it was not to be forgone for mere "atmospheric" apprehensions, which were, as they deserved to be, treated "as light as air." In truth, parties had been formed for weeks before, carriages engaged, provisions cooked, dresses purchased, friends invited from the country, and arrangements made which prevented the possibility of postponement; added to which, not to have seen "the Derby" run for, and especially by the myriad who had been speculating on its issue for months previously, from a pair of gloves to a litte fortune, would have been an event not to be contemplated in "the chapter of accidents." Go they would—"hail, rain, or snow"—and go they did amidst all those *pleasant* accompaniments; and although some of our cotemporaries have described the attendance as "comparatively thin and positively forlorn," we confess we could discover but little, if any difference, either in the number or respectability of the assemblage from former years. The morning certainly promised fair, and although cold, there was every prospect of a fine day. The promise was, however, as will be seen, treacherous, and the gleams of sunshine were succeeded by renewed visitations of snow, hail, and rain. At early dawn carriages of every character were seen wending their way towards the great scene of attraction, among which vans heavily laden, with some twenty or thirty passengers each, and drawn by one, or at most a pair of horses, took the lead, dragging "their slow lengths along," upon the principle that "fair and easy goes far in a day," and occasionally pulling up, to afford the inmates an opportunity of indulging in those "creature comforts" with which they seemed to be amply provided, and to give to the unfortunate cattle that refreshment to which they had fully entitled themselves. "Swell" coaches, glass coaches, hackney coaches, and stage coaches in endless variety, were mixed in the throng, and, in fact, every description of vehicle, whether with two or four wheels, might have found its representative, while a very numerous admixture of equestrians revived in the fullest extent the remembrance of past years, and most of them by their repeated stoppages afforded ample consolation to the well-founded regrets of the road-side hosts, for their mortifications of the previous day. All, in fact, was bustle and animation, and we saw no lack of that good humor incident to former meetings, although there was a wide contrast in the style of costume and contour of physiognomy as compared with more genial seasons, winter garbs being substituted for summer fashions, and blue noses and chilly aspects usurping the sway of oppressive heat and oozing perspiration. There was this consolation, however, there was no dust; and if the blossoms of flowering shrubs and trees did not give grace to the surrounding scenery, there was an evident promise of this protracted pleasure at no distant day, as all seemed only to want a little sunshine to burst into luxuriance—a luxuriance which promises to give additional eclat to the forthcoming Ascot meeting.

The arrivals on the Downs by all the various approaches, as the day advanced, proved that the natural apprehensions of the speculators there were unfounded. The throngs which pressed along the sides of the course were as dense as ever, and the sums received for their admission within the privileged spaces must have been immense, varying, as they did, from five shillings to a guinea; while those who were opposed to this toll, extended their resting-places to the utmost extremity of Tattenham Corner, on both sides, occupying every vacant space; and it may here be remarked, that as at this interesting point a pretty near guess may be formed of those horses which have the best chance of winning, this locality becomes every year more popular, and attracts an unusually large portion of spectators.

On the hill, the assemblage of carriages, in our opinion, fully equalled former years, while the pedestrians, as they ranged abroad or were subsequently concentrated, exhibited no diminution. In the Grand Stand, which affords such admirable accommodation, and so commanding a view of the course, the throng was even greater than in any year since its erection, although the price of admission was raised to ten shillings. Every portion of the building was filled, and more especially that set apart for the reception of the friends of the Jockey Club, which was densely crowded with persons of distinction, whose rapid arrivals in splendid equipages gave additional animation to the scene. The frigid state of the atmosphere, and the threatening appearance of the clouds, may have tended to induce many to secure this friendly shelter who would otherwise have been content to remain in their carriages, but such was the fact. Shortly after twelve o'clock there was a slight shower, the first of the day, but this blew off, and was succeeded by warm gleams of sunshine, which diffused general cheerfulness, and hundreds, we might say thousands, crossed the downs to the warren, to have a passing peep at the nags as they were led round the paddock preparatory to saddling. The symmetry of "*Bloomsbury*" even thus early attracted observation and approval, but it was not till he appeared prepared for the start that the current of popular opinion was in his favor; it was then too late, however, to profit by the "new light," added to which, the confidence in his rivals was not to be shaken by so casual an influence. While the curious were thus engaged, "The Ring" of betting men was formed in the usual place, and one more extensive we never witnessed. A good deal of edging was observable, and some of the outsiders were backed, but the name of Bloomsbury was scarcely heard, the sums for which he was backed having been laid out under circumstances less exciting. It will be seen by the report of the betting elsewhere, however, that *Deception*, our prophet's horse, had advanced in favor. Here was ample room for observation and curious speculation, till the hour of starting approached. In the interim (about two o'clock) his Royal Highness the hereditary Grand Duke of Russia, and his Royal Highness Prince William Henry of the Netherlands, accompanied by the Princes Lieven, Dolgorouki, and Bariatinski, Count Orloff, Count Tolstoy, and a numerous suite, arrived at the Grand Stand in four of the Royal carriages. After remaining a short time in the stand, their Royal Highnesses mounted horses which had been in waiting, and rode to the hill, had a peep at the ring, the nags, the warren, &c., and returned in time to see the races, which, commencing with so interesting an event as the Derby, must have excited mingled feelings of admiration and pleasure.—His Royal Highness is a plain gentlemanly looking man, and mixed unostentatiously with the crowd, upon the various degrees of which he seemed to be making some animated observations to those by whom he was surrounded.

As the hour for the "race of races" approached, the attention of the multitude was detached from other objects, among which eating and drinking seemed to be of not the least interest, and all were seen returning to their carriages after distant perambulations, or securing favorable spots from whence to command a view of the contest; and now did "the Clerk of the Weather," who had hitherto been indulgent in his dispensations, "change his note"—heavy clouds came rolling ominously over the course, a cold easterly breeze whistled through the carriages, and forced many of the fair inmates to close them against so unwelcome an intruder. The sun was completely obscured. At half past two an immense cloud of horsemen was seen stretching along the side of the course from the starting place to Tattenham Corner, amidst a heavy fall of snow and sleet, and in this way for full half an hour were the public kept in a state of intense suspense, every moment expecting the welcome cry of "They're off;" thousands of them but ill protected from the chilling showers, especially those in open carriages, and no doubt many of those thousands will have sufficient reason hereafter to rue the vicissitudes of this day—for until the sports were ended the same inclement weather continued. The welcome signal was at last given, and then came the *acme* of excitement.—The ladies, incapable of reflection at such a moment, rushed from their places of shelter, in the hope of catching a glimpse of the coming steeds, while the cries of "down with your umbrellas," and shouts of delight and impatience sounded from one end of the Downs to the other. The turn at the Corner was an awful moment to all, and Deception, in advance several lengths, excited a universal cry of "The Prophecy is fulfilled"—but not so—in gaining this enviable position, his jockey seemed to have lost an advantage of which the jockey of Bloomsbury availed himself. In coming down the straight course it was seen that Bloomsbury was well in hand, while *Deception*, although leading, was at her utmost speed, with Euclid on her quarters. This decided the race—when a few strides from the chair Bloomsbury was let out, and it was clear won easily by a length, amidst the shouts of thousands, and the exulting cheers of his backers, one of whom, in the Grand Stand, nearly threw a somerset for joy, having, as he proclaimed, won "a cool thousand," which had been laid him to £15. "The Cracks," with the exception of Euclid, were "no where"—but for a more copious and minute description of the race we must refer to our account hereafter.

THE PROPHECY OF VATES.—And here, perhaps, we shall be excused for offering one or two remarks in commendation of our prophet, Vates, who notwithstanding all the ridicule thrown upon his judgment by those who professed to be better judges themselves, proved, although not professing to be infallible, as near right as possible; and, in fact, perfectly right, as far as sound judgment could be guided by observation; for, be it recollected, that Bloomsbury was perfectly "a *dark*" horse—never had been engaged in any public race; and, in fact, even his starting at all was for some time a matter of doubt—so that *Vates*, by no possible chance, could have formed an estimate of his merits. Not so with the other opponents of Deception—they had all been out, their qualities had been tested; and the state of the odds, which was 20 to 1 against Deception the night before the race, showed their supposed superiority over the prophet's nomination. We were glad to hear the public bear unequivocal testimony to these facts; and were proud to receive congratulations on an event which, next to actual winning, was a complete verification of the prophecy; and there are hundreds who even now say that, with all Bloomsbury's supposed superiority, had the mare been ridden with more tact on approaching "the corner," the issue would have been such as Vates confidently anticipated. This, however, is a matter of opinion, which a future opportunity may bring to a more satisfactory trial. A cotemporary (The Morning Post) prophecied against Vates, and named *Euclid* as the winner; but even he, with all his assumed powers of divination, must submit to the veteran soothsayer, who, by the bye, also placed *Euclid*, another proof of the soundness of his calculations. Valaincourt went amiss on Sunday night, so that his chance was over.

The great race ended, those which followed did not excite so much attention, and yet they were still regarded with considerable interest; and, although a vast number of persons set off towards "sweet home" as quickly as possible, those who remained, a goodly assemblage, in defiance of an almost uninterrupted heavy fall of snow, seemed to enjoy the sport to the last; and they came off so quickly in succession as to prevent the *ennui* inseparable from long delay between such events. They were all the half-mile distance, that is, from Tattenham Corner in, so that a perfect view of the whole was obtained. What is not a little singular, a new prophet, close at our elbow, prophecied the winner of every race—that is to say, "Vulture," "Chemist," and "Io," and, as will be seen, was correct. The last presented a singular, and to the multitude, a gratifying exhibition of superiority. In the race for the Walton Stakes there were no less than five or six false starts, in the two first of which "Io" ran completely home to the chair before her jockey could pull her up, and she then had to return. In two subsequent starts she ran nearly half-way, and when they at last got off, she came away with undiminished vigor, and won amidst thunders of applause.

His Royal Highness the Grand Duke, and all his illustrious circle, remained to the last, and seemed highly delighted with the specimen which had been afforded them of our British sports, as well as with the order and regularity which prevailed in every race; perhaps he was equally flattered at being favored, "by particular desire," with a complimentary importation of his native climate, at this season, which to us, at least, was as great a novelty as green peas at Christmas. Whether his Royal Highness was equally pleased with the "order and regularity" which was observable on the road home, we cannot take upon ourselves to state; but, most unquestionably, the flight of the French invaders from Moscow could not have been distinguished by scenes of greater confusion, although, perhaps, not quite so disastrous. Fortunately, the weather became more favorable during the ride to town—and, as far as the elements went, all was agreeable enough; but the buoyancy of spirits, produced by ample libations of Champaigne, and other excitable liquors, in which all had indulged, either to keep out the cold or keep in the heat, led to numerous casualties and collisions, far from agreeable, and in many cases seriously mischievous to the sufferers. The usual stoppages at the toll-gates to examine the tickets were attended with the customary rows; and these rows being diversified by personal rencontres between rival charioteers, "the game" was kept up to "the end of the chapter" with a vivacity quite in character with the occasion, and perfectly consistent with the precedents of former years.

To enumerate the long list of fashionables who honored this "cockney carnival" with their presence would be impossible, but we may mention that among the more prominent, in addition to the lists of illustrious foreigners already given, were the following:—

Duke and Duchess of Cleveland, Duke and Duchess of Richmond, Duke and Duchess of Beaufort, Duke of Montrose, Duke of Rutland, &c.

Marquis and Marchioness of Exeter, Marchioness of Aylesbury and family, and Marquis of Tavistock.

Earls—Jersey, Verulam, Chesterfield, Albemarle (and Countess), Stradbroke, Wilton, Waldegrave, Lichfield (and Countess), March, Bruce, Errol, Devon, &c.

Lords—G. Bentinck, J. Fitzroy, Torrington, Villiers, Maidstone, Dunmore, Tenterden, Portarlington, Drumlanrig, Digby, Caledon, Digby, Eglinton, &c.

Honorables—General Grosvenor, G. Anson, G. S. Byng, S. Herbert, H. Rous, W. Rous, W. Fitzroy, J. Villiers, &c.

Sirs—J. Shelley, C. Coote, G. Hamilton, J. (and Lady) Gerard, G. Heathcote, J. Tyrrel, &c.

General Buller, General Sharpe, Colonel Peel, Major Vivian, Captains Knox, Willan, Hunter, &c.

Messrs.—Bowes, Watt, Etwall, C. Wilson, Greville, Hawker, Batson, Newton, Thornhill, Portman, Irby, Payne, Worrall, Clive, Bayly, Gardnor, Tyrrell, S. Stanley, &c.

It would be an injustice not to state that the arrangements, under the direction of the stewards, were excellent. That Mr. Farrall, as clerk of the course, gave general satisfaction, and that Mr. Clarke discharged the duties of judge with his usual accuracy and impartiality. To Mr. T. Perren, of Newmarket, the duty of starting the Derby horses was entrusted, and he performed his difficult task with all that patience and firmness for which he is distinguished.

In the Grand Stand, which is under the management of Mr. Cockburn, of Richmond, and Mr. Crawford, the most assiduous attention was paid to the comfort and convenience of the visitors, and notwithstanding the unusual pressure and calls for refreshment, the supply and attendance, under the superintendence of Mr. Hare, of the Roebuck, at Richmond, to whom Mr. Careless had assigned that department, were ample, and of unobjectionable quality. A collation was set out for the more distinguished visitors in the saloon of the Jockey Club, to which full justice was done, thereby proving that among all the losses which had been sustained, loss of appetite was not the most prominent.

THE CUP DAY.

Here, as in other places, we have "a Cup day," but *the Cups* of the previous day seemed to have been filled to overflowing, and thus the desire for further indulgence having been satiated with the "many headed multitude," the course was distinguished for quietness and "propriety," and although there were several aristocratic equipages from the neighbourhood, and others belonging to the great patrons of the Turf, as well as a numerous display of equestrians, still, by force of contrast, "the show" on Thursday was far from *imposing*—a fact which necessarily diminished the quantum of "*imposition*," on the success of which the gains of so many hundreds on such occasions depend. The racing was abundant and excellent, and although a few showers of hail and rain drove the spectators to seek such shelter as was afforded, the day, upon the whole, passed off agreeably. The ring was tolerably well attended; the approaching "Oaks" led to a good deal of speculation. It could not be said there was "no *Deception*," for Deception seemed to be the prominent aim of all, and for once candour gave way to that species of trickery for which horse racing from time immemorial has been, not distinguished, but rendered notorious, and of which we had a pretty considerable specimen at the late Chester meeting, *vide* Messrs. Ferguson and Co.

THE OAKS DAY.—DECEPTION NO DECEIVER.

The weather on Friday, although still cold, was much more favourable for "a flight" to the Downs than on any of the former days, and as the race for "The Oaks" Stakes is second in importance only to "The Derby," and to the admirers of horse racing, who love the sport for the sport alone, equally attractive, the display of company was, if not so numerous, quite as respectable as was witnessed on Wednesday. The road down, if not thronged, presented a lively succession of charioteers and equestrians of the more select class—with an occasional intermixture of the *bourgeois*, which rather tended to enhance than diminish the pleasing effect that a crowd in pursuit of pleasure is at all times calculated to produce, when not marred by vulgarity or offensive eccentricity. The sides of the Course were again thronged with vehicles of every description. The Hill had its fair proportion of visitors, and the Grand Stand vindicated its pre-eminent claim to popularity, by securing the patronage of a large assemblage of fashionable *exotics*, who preferred its comforts to the hazard of exposure to the nipping blasts which still prevailed, although somewhat tempered by the smiling influence of the "young May Sun," whose infantine gambols for the last week, so far from warming our old blood, almost induced us to exclaim with Richard, "Now is the *winter* of our discontent." As we are not fond of quoting Shakspeare, however, on such occasions, and to such an end, we trust we shall never hereafter be tempted to repeat the sin, especially on "The Oaks" or "Derby days."

"The Ring" on the hill was well attended, but much thinner than on Thursday. In the betting *Deception* led the van, and was backed against the field at 6 to 4, a proof that the confidence which *Vates* had endeavoured to infuse was well founded; and this confidence was greatly enhanced when it was understood that Fulwar Craven had, at the solicitation of those by whom the mare had been backed, consented to *John Day* being substituted for *Treen*, the former jock, with whom, however, his employer professed himself to be perfectly satisfied. In point of experience and discretion, there could be no doubt that Day had vastly the superiority, although it must be admitted that the class of horses against which Deception had now to start was very inferior to the Derby nags. Still it was obvious that the riding of Wednesday was not satisfactory, and abundant reasons were given to prove, had it been otherwise we should have had proudly to announce once more, "The prophecy has been fulfilled!" but *n'importe*, we must not fight the battle o'er again, and the public anxiously awaits the issue of the doubts existing respecting the proper description of Bloomsbury. For a description of the race and its issue we must refer to our report; and as space diminishes, we must draw to a close—only adding that the racing throughout the day sustained the high character of the meeting, which, despite the weather, was the best we have witnessed for many years.

DESCRIPTION OF THE RACES.

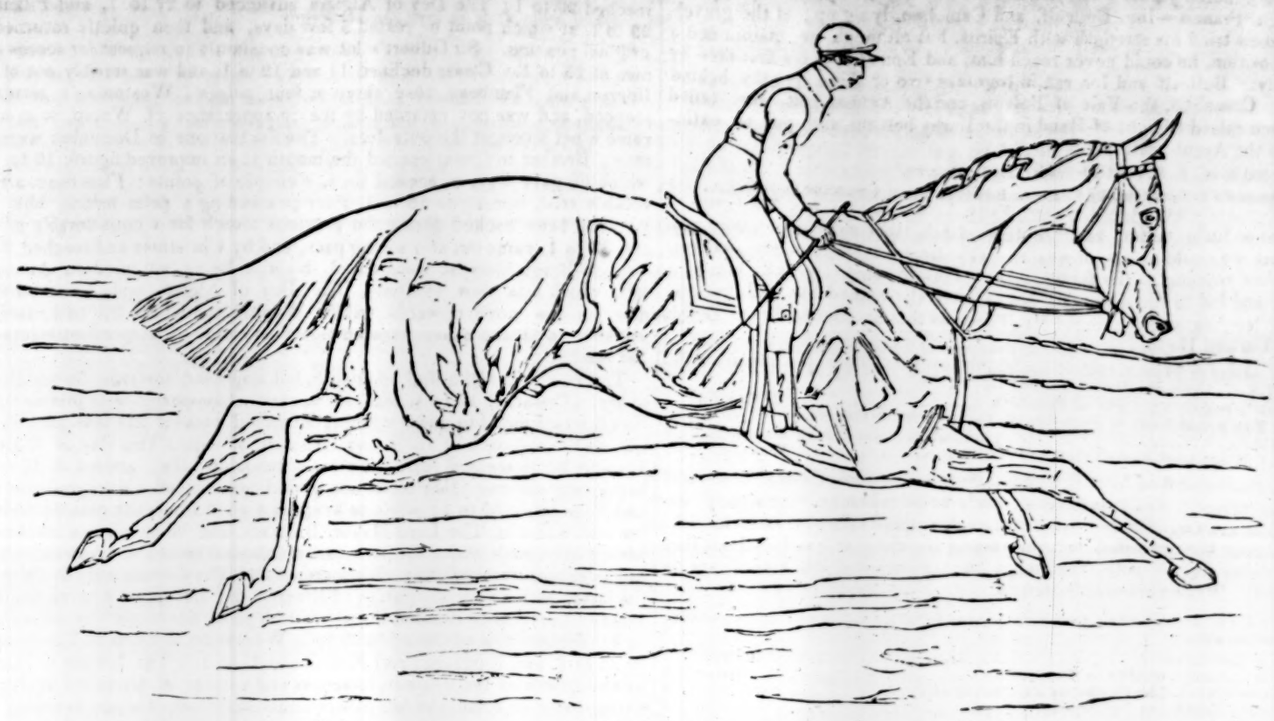
TUESDAY, May 14.

The *Craven Stakes* of 10 sovs. each; three year olds 6st, four 8st, five 8st 9lb, six 9st 2lb, and aged, 9st 5lb; the last mile and a quarter; nine subs.

Mr. Bowes's *Epirus*, 5 yrs	W. Scott	1
Mr. Pettit's St. Francis, 4 yrs	Conelly	2
Lord Albemarle's Bull-calf, 4 yrs	E. Edwards	3
Colonel Peel's Ion, 4 yrs	Pavis	4
Mr. Rayner's Camelino, 3 yrs	Cotton	5
Duke of Richmond's b. c. Vale of Belvoir, 3 yrs	Howlett	6
Mr. G. Bulkeley's bl. c. by Actæon, out of Christabel, 3 yrs	Percy	7

PORTRAIT OF BLOOMSBURY, THE WINNER OF THE DERBY, 1839.

(TAKEN EXPRESSLY, BY MR. J. F. HERRING, FOR BELL'S LIFE IN LONDON.)



PEDIGREE.

BLOOMSBURY was bred in 1836; got by Mulatto, out of Arcot Lass (bred in 1821), by Androssan, her dam by Cramlington, out of Hayerkin by Stride—Little England's dam by Javelin—Sister to Toby by Highflyer. (The objection to this pedigree is noticed elsewhere.)

DESCRIPTION BY MR. J. F. HERRING.

BLOOMRBURY is a bay horse, 15 hands 3 inches high; his head is straight, long, and what is termed rather strong. Neck light—shoulders fine and well laid back—very deep in the brisket—good fore ribs—light back ribs, and open to the hip—quarters long, good thighs—arms particularly long, and short from the knee to the fetlock—rather long pasterns. His knees so large that, to meet him, they have, at first sight, the appearance of deformity, and he rather turns out his toes.

The betting was dull at 7 to 4 agst Ion, the same agst St. Francis, 5 to 1 agst Epirus, and 6 to 1 agst Camelino.—Vale of Belvoir made the running for the first three hundred yards, when it was taken up at a good pace by Epirus, followed by St. Francis—Ion, Bullcalf, and Camelino, lying up; at the gravel-road, St. Francis tried his strength with Epirus, but although he maintained a respectable position, he could never reach him, and Epirus won his first race by a length easily. Bullcalf and Ion ran in together two or three lengths behind St. Francis. Camelino, the Vale of Belvoir, and the Actæon colt, were tailed off. This race raised Sleight-of-Hand in the Derby betting, and put an extinguisher upon the Ascot-heath pet.

A *Match* for 500 sovs., h. ft.; 8st 7lb each; Derby Course.

Duke of Richmond's c. *Glenlivat*, by Cetus or Rowton, out of Camarine	J. Day	1
Mr. Theobald's c. Forlorn Hope, by Cydnus—Waltz	Macdonald	2

There was so little notice taken of this match, that we cannot quote any odds; all that we could ascertain was, that Glenlivat was the favourite.—Glenlivat made slow running to the furzes, where Forlorn Hope went by him at a strong pace, and led to the distance; here Glenlivat resumed the lead, kept it, won by three lengths, and convinced Mr. Theobald that his chance for the Derby was *quite* a Forlorn Hope.

The *Woodcote Stakes* of 30 sovs. each, h. ft., for two year old colts, 8st 6lb, and fillies, 8st 2lb; New T.Y.C., three quarters of a mile: three subs.

Lord Albemarle's *Iris*, by Cain, out of Elizabeth	E. Edwards	1
Mr. Rayner's Ten-pound Note, by Augustus or Taurus, dam by Centaur, out of Problem	Rogers	2
Mr. Firth's b. f. Wilderness, by Camel, out of Xarifa	Wakefield	3

Betting: Even and 6 to 5 on Ten-pound Note.—Iris took the lead at a good *bat*, with the "Note," to all appearance, ready to be taken up "at sight;" he waited till past the Grand Stand, where he made a grand effort to reach the filly, and for a moment he succeeded, but, on passing the chair, it was found out that he was a "dishonoured" note, the judge having awarded a beautiful race to Iris by a head. Wilderness was beaten off.

The *Shirley Stakes* of 25 sovs. each, for three year old colts, 8st 7lb, and fillies, 8st 4lb; one mile; seven subs.

Mr. Thornhill's *Montezuma*	Conelly	1
Lord Albemarle's Domino, brother to Masquerade	E. Edwards	2
Captain Williamson's b. f. The Drama, by Emilius—Farce	Nat	3
Sir G. Heathcote's Zephyr, by Velocipede	Chapple	4
Mr. Corbet's Jenny Jones	Macdonald	5

Betting: 5 to 4 agst Domino, 3 to 1 agst the winner, and 7 to 2 agst The Drama.—The running was made at a good pace by Domino, with Montezuma for a close second, and The Drama third—a position which, as regarded the filly, was never changed. Montezuma, hard held, waited till just inside the distance, where he headed Domino, beat him without an effort, and ran by the chair a clear length in advance. The Drama was beaten two or three lengths, and the other two so many, that we had not time to count them. Jenny Jones will never be so popular as the song bearing her name: she ran very unkindly all the way, and hung so to the rails at the finish, that Mac had a tough job to keep her off them; she is a nice article to put a jockey on without a proper bridle.

The *Epsom Stakes* of 5 sovs. each, with a subscription added by the town and neighborhood of Epsom; three year olds 7st, four 8st 5lb, five 8st 12lb, six and aged 9st; mares and geldings allowed 3lb; the second horse to receive back his stake, and the winner to be sold for 200 sovs.; heats, one mile; 6 subs.

Lord Stradbroke's *Io*, 3 yrs	Cotton	1	1
Mr. Garrard's b. h. Rienzi, 5 yrs	Macdonald	3	2
Mr. Turner's b. f. Maid of the Mill, 4 yrs	May	2	0
Mr. F. Charlton's b. f. Manumission, 3 yrs	Chapple	4	0
Mr. Beecher's b. c. Irvingite, 3 yrs	Francis	5	0
Mr. Shelley's b. f. Paraguay, 4 yrs	Wakefield	6	0

No betting.—First heat: Rienzi, Io, and Maid of the Mill, composed the front rank to the straight running, where Rienzi, who had been leading, dropped into the third place, and Io took up the running, which she carried on to the end, and won easily by a length. Nothing was near the two, neither of the last three having run for the heat.—Second heat: Rienzi again cut out the work in the early part of the race, with Manumission at his heels to the gravel-road, where Io again ran by him, with the race in hand, and won as easily as before.

THE DERBY.

WEDNESDAY, May 15.

The DERBY STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for three year old colts, 8st 7lb; and fillies, 8st 2lb; the second horse to receive 100 sovs. out of the stake, and the winner to pay 100 sovs. towards the expenses of additional police officers; last mile and a half; 143 subscribers.

Mr. W. Ridsdale's c. *Bloomsbury*, by Mulatto, out of St. Giles's dam	Templeman	1
Fulwar Craven's b. f. *Deception*, by Defence—Lady Stump	Trenn	2
Mr. Thornhill's ch. c. *Euclid*, by Emilius, out of Maria	P. Conelly	0
Lord Westminster's br. c. *Sleight-of-Hand*, by Pantaloon, out of Decoy	W. Scott	0
Lord Jersey's *Cæsar*, brother to Achmet	J. Robinson	0
Mr. S. Herbert's b. c. *Clarion*, by Sultan, out of Clara	J. Day, Jr.	0
Lord Lichfield's bl. c. *The Corsair*, by Sir Hercules, out of Gulnare	V. Wakefield	0
Mr. G. Clark's br. c. *Dragsman* (late Uncas), bro. to Lady Jane, by St. Nicholas	H. Edwards	0
Sir G. Heathcote's ch. c. *Valaincourt*, by Velocipede, out of Paradigm	J. Chapple	0
Captain Williamson's br. c. *Melbourne*, by Emilius, out of Misrule	N. Flatman	0
Duke of Grafton's b. c. *Æther*, by St. Patrick, out of Pastille	J. Day	0
Lord Jersey's ch. c. *Ilderim*, by Emilius or Ishmael, out of Filagree	E. Edwards	0
Lord Albemarle's ch. c. *Domino*, bro. to Masquerade, by Mameluke, out of Miss Tree	Cotton	0
Lord Exeter's b. c. *Bosphorus*, by Reveller—Marmara	S. Darling	0
Mr. Sadler's b. c. *Dart*, by Defence, out of Cinderella	W. Sadler	0
Mr. Bowes's *The King of Kelton*, by Priam—Mundig's dam	C. Edwards	0
Duke of Grafton's b. c. *Montreal*, by Langar—Legend	W. Wheatley	0
Mr. Worrall's b. c. *Peon*, by Lapdog—Messenger's dam	S. Rogers	0
Mr. B. Eddison's br. or b. c. *Rory O'More*, by Langar, dam by Whisker, out of Matilda	J. Holmes	0
Mr. J. Dixon's b. c. *Hyllus*, bro. to The Hydra, by Sir Hercules	Scott	0
Col. Peel's br. c. *The Dey of Algiers*, by Priam, out of Tamworth's dam	A. Pavis	0

THE BETTING.

Before entering into particulars of the race, we have thought it advisable to lay before our readers a recapitulatory statement of the fluctuations in the betting from its commencement to its final close on Wednesday last. Lord Jersey, as usual, was first in the field with one of the "good old sort," Cæsar, bro. to Bay Middleton, by Sultan, out of Cobweb, and although the race was never fairly in the market until after the St. Leger was decided, his price was little higher than 12 to 1; Westonian, after his race at Ascot, The Corsair, Epidaurus, Bulwark, after winning the July, and two or three others, were also nominal favourites; but whatever business was done on them was confined to the Clubhouses; at Hyde Park Corner there was none. The two-year-old running at Newmarket July Meeting and Goodwood possessed so little interest, that, as we have before stated, the books were not opened in earnest until the Doncaster week. No sooner, however, was "t'Leger" got over than out they came in earnest, and till the meeting was brought to a close the metallic pencils were in constant requisition; to be sure the books were large (some ten-thousand pounders), but there were lots of backers, and business progressed with surprising animation. In the course of the *trois jours*, Cæsar was backed for a large amount at 12 and 13 to 1, The Corsair, with equal spirit, at 16 to 1, Westonian at 17 to 1, Bulwark and Epidaurus at 20 to 1 each, Derrynane, Bloomsbury, Boz, Tros, Flambeau, Bro. to Plenipo, King of Kelton, and Wiresthrew, at 25 to 1; Antler, and several others, at 30 and 33 to 1 each. There was a little betting, also, at Heaton Park, its only noticeable feature being the advance of The Corsair to 13 to 1; this colt, in fact, was quite the rage, although prejudice might have said that Lord Lichfield was not remarkable for his good fortune, and that Sir Hercules had not yet proved himself a particularly good stallion for a distance. Nothing else worth mention was done until the Second October Meeting, when business recommenced with vigour. Cæsar was quoted at 13 to 1, but the Corsair, so popular in the north, was palpably on the decline, Flambeau at the same time rising so rapidly that, at the close of the meeting, he stood at 18 to 1, only a point behind Westonian. Epidaurus figured at 20 to one (very little money laid out); Boz and Derrynane, and Sir G. Heathcote's lot, at 25 to 1; at 30, 35, and 40 to one were the Cain colt, Ilderim, Vernon (a great pet for a few days), the Dey of Algiers (*Anti-perspiration*, as he was jocularly termed after the declaration that he had never had a sweat,) Hamlet, and Tros. To these succeeded a host of outsiders, viz., Wapiti, Vale of Belvoir, Melbourne, Deception, Citron, &c. In the Houghton Meeting speculation was scarcely less brisk, a strong muster of the sporting men from the north having led to a considerable increase in the number of favourites. Cæsar took another step towards that prominent station which Lord Jersey's favourite almost invariably occupies during the winter months, and Ilderim, that he might be handy in case of accident, was promoted from 27 to 17 to 1. Westonian and Flambeau remained steady in the position they had filled during the previous meeting week. The 25 to 1 class was filled by pretty nearly the same horses as before, the only seceders being Bulwark and Brother to Plenipo; the former dropped to 33 to 1 in consequence of his defeat for the Criterion, and the latter reported to be amiss, to 50 to 1. Accelerator and Erin-go-bragh were now introduced at 1000 to 30 each, the Yorkshire gents bearing up lustily, but without getting much money on. Sir Gilbert Heathcote's lot and the fillies (nine of them) were backed several times at 25 to 1 each, and odds taken about the following outsiders: The Dey of Algiers, Montreal, Camelino, Vale of Belvoir, Deception, Hugh Lupus (a good deal of money was laid out on this colt), Wapiti (the 1000's to 15 taken freely), Oronooko, Valaincourt, Chimborazo, Tontine, Courier, Fitzambo, and one or two others. The close of the racing season sent many sporting men into winter quarters, and the speculation was confined to Tattersall's, where the attendances were tolerably full, and business rather above than under the ordinary average; its great feature was the immense number of horses brought into the market from time to time; indeed, on looking over the list at Christmas, we counted nearly one hundred horses that were known to be in training, nearly all of which have been backed. In the course of November Epidaurus lost ground so rapidly that at one time 40 to 1 was offered against him; Accelerator, Tros, and Erin-go-Bragh began to move to the front, and the latter soon reached 20 to 1; The Dey of Algiers advanced to 27 to 1, and Fitzambo, to 29 to 1, at which point he rested a few days, and then quietly returned to his original position. Sir Gilbert's lot was constantly in request for scores and ponies at 25 to 1. Cæsar declined 11 and 12 to 1, and was terribly out of favor; Ilderim and Flambeau rose three or four points; Westonian's retreat commenced, and was not retarded by the re-appearance of Wapiti, who soon became a pet amongst the outsiders. The fluctuations in December were numerous: Brother to Cæsar opened the month at an improved figure, 10 to 1, from which he gave way, a second time, a couple of points; Flambeau, after a favorable trial, sprung to 16 to 1, Ilderim standing a point behind him. Tros, who had been backed during the previous month for a considerable sum at 30 and 33 to 1, came out at a strong pace, and by Christmas had reached 22 to 1; Erin-go-Bragh likewise went ahead, his rise being bottomed on Accelerator's fall, which was now evident. The Dey of Algiers and Zimmerman were now on the move upwards, while Wapiti, quoted at 33 to 1, seemed not unlikely to fill the place vacated by Westonian. Plenty of outsiders still in the market.

The new year had a dull beginning, but improved towards the middle of January. Cæsar, at 12 to 1, with an occasional supporter, was just in that state that it was difficult to guess whether he would recover his lost ground, or give way on the approach of the rising favorites, of which The Dey of Algiers and Erin-go-Bragh seemed to be the most formidable; they arrived at 13 to 1, and had strong parties. Ilderim at this period commenced a retrograde movement, and Tros fell to 30 to 1; while to keep up a good front, the outside division put forward Kremlin, The Lord Mayor, Bulwark, and Westonian, a few small bets having been made about the two last-mentioned horses in a quarter where money is seldom thrown away. Zimmerman and The Corsair were at 25 to 1 each, the latter with a very shy party. February did not pass without some movements: the favorite decided the query "to go or not to go" by returning to 10 to 1: Zimmerman advanced to 20 to 1, Westonian to 22 to 1, The Lord Mayor to 25 to 1, and Epidaurus and Kremlin to 27 to 1. The betting in March was as changeable as the weather, lameness and rumors of lameness having put an extinguisher on some, and left others under suspicion. Cæsar, escaping the fate of his companion out of Ishmael's dam, reported lame, was steady at an average of 9 to 1, and was "alone in his glory," six points dividing him from the second favorite, Flambeau. In the early part of the month Scott's lot kept its ground, but towards the middle there was a woful falling off, and appearance justified the general belief that the stable was out of sorts: Erin-go-Bragh fell from 17 to 36 to 1, Zimmerman from 20 to 35 and 40 to 1, Accelerator to nearly the same, Epidaurus and The Lord Mayor alone maintaining their positions at 25 to 1. About the same time The Dey of Algiers, Meunier, and Kremlin, were stationed at 20 to 1 each, and Tros was preparing for a second "ingo." The third week in the month led to other movements: The Dey of Algiers settled down at 16 to 1, but at one moment seemed on the totter, a dose of physic having given some of his friends a good deal of alarm. Kremlin rose to 18 to 1, and Tros to 20 to 1, a position which he was unable to retain. Zimmerman improved a little, but The Lord Mayor gave way five points; Epidaurus was less in favor; and the lot was so generally out of repute, that 5 and 6 to 1 was laid against it. Meunier also went to the right about, in consequence of the distemper having made its appearance in the stable. Ilderim was now, and in fact had for some time been, at 25 to 1, Valaincourt (recommended by Oroonoko's moderate running at Epsom), and Æther to 33 to 1, and Chimborazo at 45 to 1; Bulwark, Westonian, and Gulnare, were mentioned now and then, but had very few friends. Bloomsbury, Camelino, and Brother to Plenipo were frequently backed at 40 or 50 to 1, and Melbourne, after the race won at Epsom by the Farce filly, at 45 to 1 and 50 to 1. Mr. Thornhill's three were now in request, Brother to Mouche being the "fancy" nag at 50 to 1. The last week of the month, being also the last previous to the Craven Meeting, was not without interest. Cæsar, backed freely on Monday at 8 to 1, was out of favor on Thursday, his trial, according to report, not having been so satisfactory as could have been desired. Kremlin rose to 16 to 1, with a host of friends; The Dey and Flambeau not so much in favor, and Tros at 30 to 1 again. Bulwark and Westonian came for the twentieth time, the former at 25, and his companion at 28 to 1, Brother to Mouche and Euclid (Maria colt) were in some force at 35 and 40 to 1, with plenty of takers of 18 to 1 about the lot. Derrynane was re-introduced with a select party—he reached 40 to 1, but was not backed for much money; his existence, it will be seen, was cut short in less than a week. A long list of outsiders still in the market. Before the commencement of the races on Monday, in the Craven Meeting Cæsar had retrograded to 10 and 11 to 1, an idea being still prevalent that the trial was not favorable. Euclid was backed freely at 20 to 1, Kremlin at the same price, and Montreal 35 to 1. The Riddlesworth and Fifty sovs. Stakes, both run this afternoon, changed the aspect of affairs; Cæsar defeated Euclid easily, and rose to 3 to 1, while the latter, although he put an extinguisher on Kremlin's vaunted superiority the same afternoon, dropped to 40 to 1. The Tuesday's Riddlesworth brought out Ilderim as a gallant winner against a bad lot; Flambeau obtained a victory of about the same degree of merit, and both fell to 40 to 1! Such is the "reward of virtue." The Column Stakes enabled Brother to Plenipo to run a bad second to Cœnis, but as he "lost start," he did not altogether disappear from the quotations. The Vacillation Stakes, on Thursday, was an easy victory for Cæsar, an annihilation to Tros and Derrynane. Euclid defeated Montreal in a canter on Friday, and returned to 25 to 1; and Flambeau, getting beat by Polydaurus in a match, was thought to be quite safe; he became doubly so a day or two after by going amiss. At the close of the week The Dey of Algiers was in great force at 8 to 1; Valaincourt and Ilderim reached 30 to 1; Scott's horses still in the shade. The week intervening between the Craven and First Spring Meeting was full of interest. On Monday the Scotts produced "something like" a favorite in Dragsman, who made but one jump from 50 to 16 to 1; his second movement, on Thursday, was equally comprehensive, for it was 9 to 1, takers. Cæsar and The Dey pretty nearly as before, and Euclid and Ilderim at 16 to 1 each. Erin-go-Bragh and Westonian at 30 to 1 each, with feeble supporters; Bulwark again at 40 to 1. The Corsair, Bloomsbury, The Lord Mayor, and Chimborazo, at 40 to 1 each, and Brother to Plenipo at 50 to 1. Domino, Melbourne, Hamlet, and Deception at about 1000 to 15 each, and King of Kelton at 100 to 1. The First Spring Meeting proved infinitely more important than we had anticipated. Cæsar, The Corsair, and Æther met for the 2000 gs. Stakes, and, after a most severe race, the crack was knocked over by a neck, Æther making a capital third. That this was not Cæsar's running was shown by the odds laid subsequently, viz, 7 to 1 against Cæsar, 9 to 1 against The Corsair, and 33 to 1 against Æther. The Newmarket Stakes had some little influence, but was too close between four, with a beaten horse (Tros) tolerably well up, to make the winner good for much; still, as Euclid had beaten Montreal in a canter, he became a better favorite, the offers after the race not having exceeded 10 or 11 to 1. In the course of this meeting Dragsman rose to 7 to 1, and at its close disputed the premiership with Cæsar; The Dey of Algiers averaged 8 to 1, and The Corsair 10 to 1 until Friday, when a noble Lord backed him so heavily that he left off quite as good a favorite as The Dey; Sleight-of-Hand at 20 to 1, and Valaincourt, after figuring for a day at 17 to 1, went back to 25 to 1. In the week following this meeting The Dey of Algiers fell into disgrace, a report that he had not been seen out of the stable for two or three days having increased the offers against him to 12 to 1—he had no backers. Sleight-of-Hand had influential friends at 18 to 1, and Bulwark was again at 22 to 1. Cæsar, Dragsman, The Corsair, as before, and Euclid at 13 to 1, takers. Valaincourt was at 17 to 1 on Monday, and at 25 to 1 on Thursday. The Newmarket Second Spring was entirely unproductive in its results as far as it related to the Derby; the only deduction from it was that the Duke of Grafton's stable was "full of running." If nothing came out at Newmarket, the town business was brisk enough, Dragsman rose as high as 5 to 1, and Euclid was in considerable demand. The Dey of Algiers showed symptoms of decline, without losing ground in the odds. Cæsar and Corsair were not fancied so strongly as before. The Irish colt Wings was backed to win about £12,000, at thousands to ten. Mr. S. Herbert gave some interest to the betting on Thursday by the avidity with which he took the thirties to one about his lot, or rather about Clarion, for the Charlotte West colt was out of the question: he must have backed them to win nearly £20,000. On the Sunday he followed up the game, to win about £10,000 more, leaving off at 10 to 1. Cæsar quite out of favor—12 to 1 might have been obtained. The Dey of Algiers dropped a point or two; his final retreat was not far off. Bulwark and Erin-go-Bragh came up with a rush, and actually left off at 20 to 1; it will be seen that their popularity was short-lived. In the course of the week immediately preceding the race several fluctuations took place. Cæsar's friends rallied, and on Thursday had restored him to 7 to 1. Clarion dropped to 9 to 1, and The Corsair to 11 to 1, neither in any demand. Dragsman at 11 to 2, with plenty of backers. The Dey of Algiers receded to 14 to 1 on Monday, and to 33 to 1 on Thursday. Sleight-of-Hand at 18, Valaincourt and Deception at 20 to 1 were supported vigorously, and Melbourne, at 30 to 1 on Monday, and ten points less, found much more powerful friends than his namesake, the (then) late Prime Minister, Mr. Sadler's two were backed freely at 30 to 1 on Monday, and on Thursday Dart reached 25 to 1, with a feeble party. Æther, at 25 to 1, was not much fancied, but the two outsiders in the same stable, Montreal and Courier, were backed jointly at 40 to 1 to win five or six thousand pounds. Domino and Camelino were quiescent at their old prices. Ilderim, at 40 to 1, had no backers. Bulwark, King of Kelton, and (who arrived on the 4th inst. per van) The Lord Mayor, at 50 to 1. Westonian, Wapiti, Epidaurus, Zimmerman, and Accelerator, *non est*; and Bloomsbury and Phosphorus at about 1000 to 15 each.

We have now completed our summary up to our last publication. The latest betting is annexed:—

9 to 2 agst	Sleight-of-Hand	30 to 1 agst	Valaincourt (taken)
6 to 1 —	Euclid	30 to 1 —	Bloomsbury
7 to 1 —	Cæsar	30 to 1 —	Montreal
8 to 1 —	Clarion	33 to 1 —	Melbourne
12 to 1 —	Deception	40 to 1 —	Bosphorus
15 to 1 —	The Corsair	50 to 1 —	Ilderim
16 to 1 —	Dragsman	50 to 1 —	Æther
25 to 1 —	Dart		

THE RACE.

It will be seen that while Vates' prediction as to the winner was only beaten by a dark outsider, of whose starting considerable doubts had been entertained, our own calculation as to the number "twenty," or "twenty-two," was a "draw." The public, for a long time, would hear of nothing short of four or five and twenty, and the immense number of horses which had been backed certainly afforded some ground for their belief; the defalcation of John Day's stable, and the defeat of Camelino, however, upset these calculations, and only twenty-one runners came to the post at the hour advertised for starting, viz., two o'clock. Of course this time was not observed—the love of procrastination so proverbial here, whenever there is a Derby or Oaks to be run for, displayed itself as of old, and the race was not over till two or three minutes after three o'clock; a reasonable attention to time would have enabled the spectators to enjoy the race uninterrupted by snow, and the jockies to escape wet jackets. This being the first Derby for which Mr. Perron has officiated as starter, we felt a little curious to see whether his Newmarket experience would enable him to do better than his predecessors;—it most assuredly did so, for after two dodges—they could not be called false starts—the lot got away in a style never surpassed on this or any other course. As soon as the horses were on their legs and in something like trim, we perceived King of Kelton, Deception, Clarion, and Bosphorus in front, and Euclid, Ilderim, and Bloomsbury immediately behind them; the cracks of Lord Jersey's, Scott's, Doe's, and Stevenson's stables were lodged in the centre, and there, as will be seen anon, they remained to the end. Rory O'More was the last off and the last in. The King of Kelton, ambitious of distinction, however short-lived, made play at a slow pace to the first road, where he threw up his head and abdicated. Bosphorus and Deception, who had been in waiting on his majesty, were now left in front, the horse leading, with Clarion about a neck behind the mare, and Euclid and Bloomsbury close up with them. Without much improving the speed Bosphorus carried on the running to the top of the hill, and, in fact, had his head before the mare to the commencement of the turn, when he retired. Deception was thus left with the lead, with the same horses in attendance as we have already stated, and the remainder, saving Rory O'More and Peon, so forward, that no opinion could have been formed from appearances as to the result of the contest. Matters looked very different when once round the turn—Deception went out like a shot, and before she reached the gravel-road, was four or five lengths in advance of all her competitors; whether this served herself we will not stop to inquire—but it had the immediate effect of diminishing the number of her opponents to two, viz., Euclid and Bloomsbury, for Clarion and Bosphorus were left astern in company with Melbourne, the Dey of Algiers, Dart, Domino, &c. After crossing the road, Euclid made an effort to reach the mare, but it was futile, and at the distance we may pronounce him to have had *quantum suff.* Bloomsbury essayed with a more fortunate result—he reached her with ease, made her quite safe at the Stand, and ran past the winning chair a very clever winner by a length, Euclid following about two lengths behind the mare, without getting a place. The Dey of Algiers was fourth, Dart fifth, Melbourne sixth, and Domino seventh, all a long way from the first three. The others ran in so wide that it would be ridiculous to talk of the order in which they passed the chair. We have mentioned that Peon and Rory O'More were at the lag end of the race; they might have been much nearer had their jockies been imprudent enough to struggle against impossibilities; Rory O'More ran none the worse for the cup for being stopped. The pace was decidedly bad up to the straight running. Value of the stakes, deducting the winner's, £3,550.

The places occupied by the Newmarket horses proves two points, first that Mr. Thornhill's confidence in his horse, though opposed to public running, was right; secondly, that altogether, they are a very moderate lot. It was objected by some after the race, that Trenn made too much use of his mare, or that he would have won; from what we saw and heard from jockies who rode, we have not the slightest hesitation in asserting that at any pace, and at any part of the race, Bloomsbury could have passed her. It is an odd coincidence that *St. Giles*, (owned by James Jackson, Esq., of Alabama), then the property of Mr. Ridsdale, was looked upon as disqualified up to one of the Newmarket Spring Meetings immediately before Epsom; the Stewards of the Club, however, went into the question, which turned upon the pedigree of the dam as given in the nomination, and decided that he was entitled to start. *He won the Derby!* Bloomsbury's chance of reaching Epsom was just as doubtful about the same period: Lord Chesterfield had threatened to scratch him for all the engagements in which he stood in his name, and actually did so for the Clarendon Stakes in the first Spring Meeting, or rather, he withdrew his stakes. Without inquiring into the motives which, we doubt not, were sufficient to justify the measure; it is gratifying to add, that on payment in advance into Mr. Weatherly's hands, of all the forfeits for which the horse was liable, his lordship consented to withdraw his objection. *And Bloomsbury, like St. Giles, won the Derby!*

BLOOMSBURY'S PEDIGREE—OBJECTED TO!

He was bred in 1836, got by Mulatto out of Arcot Lass (bred in 1821), by Ardrossan, her dam, by Cramlington out of Floyerkin, by Stride—Little England's dam, by Javelin—sister to Toby, by Highflyer. We should state here, that in the Stud-book he is described as got by *Tramp or* Mulatto, and in the Calendar, as by Mulatto only. On this variance, Fulwar Craven has formally objected to the Stakes being paid to Mr. W. Ridsdale, and the question stands over for the inspection of the original pedigree as communicated to the publishers of the Stud-book by the breeder. We adverted to this discrepancy in the early part of the year, and stated on authority, in a second notice, that the Calendar was correct, as the horse was got by Mulatto only. Every horse, particularly those from the North, is sure to be a *four* year old should he be lucky enough to win the Derby; St. Giles was a four year old, and so were several others which have succeeded him; of course, therefore, Bloomsbury is a year older than the Derby conditions require—so, at all events, is the report circulated by some touting vagabonds who have been polluting the town of Epsom with their presence. The only answer required is, that he was sent when a foal to Lord Chesterfield's seat, Bretby Park.—[A further notice of the objection to the pedigree will be found; at the end of Friday's races]

The settling takes place on Tuesday next, at Tattersall's, and promises to be tolerably good. Bloomsbury, of the host of outsiders which figured so long in the quotations, having been backed for the least money; his party, indeed, could not place much confidence in trials with such a horse as Tawney Owl. The gentlemen, we believe, are the principal losers, in consequence of the heavy sums for which they had backed the five or six principal favorites.

The *Ewell Stakes* of 5 sovs. each, with 40 added; three year olds 7st, four 8st, five 8st 7lb, six and aged 8st 11lb, mares and geldings, and horses which have started three times and not won, allowed 3lb; a winner at any time (matches excepted) to carry, for twice, 3lb, thrice, 5lb, and four times, 7lb extra; last half mile; seven subs.

Colonel Peel's *Vulture*, 6 yrs, 9st 11lb	Pavis	1
Duke of Richmond's b. c. Vale of Belvoir, 3 yrs, 6st 11lb	W. Day	2
Mr. Bell's b. f. La Sage Femme, 3 yrs, 7st 2lb	A lad	3
Mr. Balchim's Lady Agnes, 4 yrs, 7st 11lb	Wakefield	4
Mr. Waring's b. h. Knowsby, by Felt—Urganda, 5 yrs, 8st 7lb	Hornsby	5

Never was Vulture pitted against so poor a lot; she took the lead, kept it, and won in a canter by two lengths. No betting.

The *Ashtead Stakes* of 5 sovs. each, with 40 added; three year olds 7st 10lb, four 8st 9lb, five 9st 3lb, six and aged 9st 6lb; mares and geldings allowed 3lb; the winner to be sold for 150 sovs.; last half mile; nine subs.

Duke of Grafton's *Chemist*, 4 yrs	J. Day	1
Mr. Greatrex's ch. f. by The Colonel—Crutch's dam, 3 yrs	Crouch	0
Capt. Daintree's b. c. Harlequin, by Redgauntlet, out of Columbine, 3 yrs	A lad	0
Mr. Bowes's Roostan, 3 yrs	Nat	0
Capt. Gardnor's br. c. by Reveller, out of Scurry, 3 yrs	Pavis	0
Mr. Batson's Brother to Plenipo, 3 yrs	Chapple	0
Duke of Richmond's b. f. Quadroon, 3 yrs	Rogers	0
Mr. Bacon's ch. g. Forester, by Reveller—Mignionette, 3 yrs	Wakefield	0

The lot got away in a line, with the Scurry colt for leader, and, as this was only a half mile race, the selection was not inappropriate. The Scurry, however, was over at half way up the distance, where Chemist went to the fore; won his race cleverly by half a length, and was claimed for Mr. Coleman. Quadroon and Harlequin ran a dead heat for the second place.

The *Walton Stakes* of 5 sovs. each, with 40 added; three year olds 7st 10lb, four 8st 9lb, five 9st 3lb, six and aged 9st 6lb; mares and geldings allowed 3lb; the winner of the Ashtead Stakes to carry 5lb extra; the winner to be sold for 120 sovs; last half mile; 15 subs.

Lord Stradbroke's ch. f. *Io*, 3 yrs	Cotton	1
Mr. Falconer's gr. f. sister to Professor, by Wiseacre, 4 yrs	Good	2
Mr. Payne's Elf, 4 yrs	Nat	3
Mr. Bowes's Roostan, 3 yrs	Francis	0
Mr. F. Craven's b. f. Old Maid, by Lambtonian—Slender, 3 yrs	A lad	0
Capt. Gardnor's Ochiltree, 4 yrs	Pavis	0
Mr. Rogers's b. c. by Zinganee, out of Dirce, 3 yrs	Butler	0
Duke of Richmond's b. f. Quadroon, 3 yrs	Rogers	0
Duke of Richmond's ch. c. Felo-de-se, 3 yrs	W. Day	0
Mr. Bacon's br. m. Elizabeth, 6 yrs	Higgins	0
Mr. Shelley's ch. f. Gold, 4 yrs	Wakefield	0
Mr. Greatrex's ch. c. Rubini, out of Aricia, 3 yrs	A lad	0

There were several false starts for this race, in two of which Io went the whole distance, and in two others a considerable way up it; notwithstanding this she waited on Elf to the road, where she took the lead from her, kept it, and won cleverly by a length; nothing was near the three placed. The winner was claimed. We did not hear any betting on this, or the preceding race

The false starts were partly caused by Elf, and partly by the mob, which could not be kept out of the course.

THURSDAY, May 16.

The *Sutton Stakes* of 5 sovs. each, with 40 added; three year olds 7st, four 8st 3lb, five 8st 9lb, six and aged 8st 11 lb; mares and geldings, and horses which have started three times and not won, allowed 3lb; a winner at any time (matches excepted) to carry, for twice, 3lb, thrice 5lb, and four times 7lb extra; one mile; six subs.

Lord Stradbroke's *Fifer*, 5 yrs, 8st 11 lb	Nat	1
Sir G. Heathcote's Larnaca, 4 yrs, 8st	Chapple	2
General Wyndham's Pharoid, 3 yrs, 7st	Francis	3

Betting: 4 to 1 on The Fifer, who, they say, is fond of the T.Y.C.; it seems, however, that he can manage a mile at a pinch, for he took the lead, kept it, and won in a canter by two lengths. Pharold ran third throughout, and was beaten nearly twenty lengths.

The *Cup* of 700 in specie, added to a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each; for three year olds 6st 12lb, four 8st 6lb, five 8st 12lb, six and aged 9st 1 lb; mares and geldings allowed 3lb; two miles; the winner to be sold for 300 sovs; 6 subs.

Mr. Eddison's *Rory O'More*, 3 yrs	Francis	1
Mr. V. King's Ruby, 5 yrs	Sly	2
Lord Lichfield's c. by Actæon, out of Wings, 3 yrs	Wakefield	3
Mr. Greatrex's ch. f. by Camel or Tarrare, out of Martha	Crouch	4

Betting: 5 to 4 agst. Rory O'More, and 6 to 4 agst. Ruby.—The Wings colt made the running to the first turn, followed by Rory O'More, Mr. Greatrex's filly, and Ruby in the order we have given their names; at this turn the lead was taken by Rory O'More, defeated an attempt of Ruby's at the corner, and won in a canter by five lengths; he was claimed.

A *Sweepstakes* of 10 sovs. each, with 50 added; for two year old colts 8st 6lb, and fillies 8st 3lb; the winner to be sold for 200 sovs; New T.Y.C.; 4 subs.

Mr. Firth's *Wilderness*, by Camel, out of Xarifa	Wakefield	1
Mr. Hervey's b. f. Kate Nickleby, by Cain, out of Victim	Chapple	2
Mr. Forth's b. f. Frederick, out of Cestus, by Longwaist	Crouch	3
Mr. Aplin's b. c. by Laurel, out of Dewdrop	Conelly	4

No betting. Kate Nickleby made the best use of her legs from the start, and, with Wilderness half a length behind, kept the lead to the distance; here her "waiting"-maid, Wilderness, ran by her, made the rest of the play, and won cleverly by a length. The Laurel colt was beaten off.

The *Croydon Stakes* of 5 sovs. each, with 40 added; three year olds 7st 10lb, four 8st 9lb, five 9st 3lb, six and aged 9st 6lb; mares and geldings allowed 3lb; the winner to be sold for 100 sovs.; New T.Y.C., three quarters of a mile; thirteen subs.

Mr. Jackson's br. c. *Sobieski*, by Scipio—Cantaloupe, 3 yrs	Childs	1
Duke of Richmond's ch. c. Felo-de-se, 3 yrs	Rogers	2
Capt. Gardnor's b. c. by Reveller, out of Scurry, 4 yrs	Pavis	0
Mr. Sawyers's b. f. Tittle-tattle, 4 yrs	Perrin	0
Mr. Payne's Elf, 4 yrs	Nat	0
Mr. Lambden's b. f. by Pontiff, out of Margaret, 4 yrs	Wakefield	0
Mr. Falconer's gr. f. Sister to Professor, by Wiseacre, 4 yrs	Good	0
Sir G. Heathcote's b. f. by Sultan, out of Lyric, 3 yrs	Chapple	0
Mr. Bacon's br. m. Elizabeth, 6 yrs	Macdonald	0

After several starts, occasioned by Elf, Elizabeth took the first place, Sister to Professor the second, and Sobieski next, several others lying up with them; there was no change in the administration until they reached the distance, where Sobieski took the lead, kept it, and won by a length. A general rush at the finish gave the second place to Felo-de-se, the next to him, as it appeared to us, being Elizabeth. The winner was claimed. No betting.

Fifty Pounds, the gift of W. J. Denison, Esq., and the Hon. G. Perceval, Members for West Surrey, free for any horse; three year olds 6st 12lb, four 8st 5lb, five 8st 11 lb, six and aged 9st; mares and geldings allowed 3lb, the winner to be sold for 250 sovs.; Cup Course.

Mr. Dockeray's *Guardsman*, 4 yrs	Butler	1
Mr. Delasaux's gr. g. Jim Crow, 5 yrs	Hornsby	2
Capt. Gardnor's f. by Actæon, out of Mistletoe, 3 yrs	Cotton	0
Mr. Batson's b. c. Barbican, 3 yrs	Chapple	0
Mr. Hervey's gr. c. Master Eady, by Dr. Eady, dam by Buckford, 4 yrs	Sly	0
Mr. Osbaldeston's gr. f. Miss Etty, 4 yrs	H. Edwards	0
Mr. Matthews's ch. m. by Sailor—Euston's dam, 6 yrs (half bred)	Hayes	0
Mr. Lucas's b. m. Talebearer, 5 yrs	Crouch	0
Gen. Grosvenor's b. c. Merrythought, 5 yrs	Macdonald	0

Betting: 5 to 2 against Guardsman, 5 to 2 agst. Barbican, and 4 to 1 agst. Jim Crow.—Talebearer cut out the work, followed by Master Eady and Guardsman to the corner, where Jim Crow joined them; they kept together to the road, where the two last-mentioned horses singled themselves out, and ran a pretty race home, Guardsman winning by a length; Merrythought and Talebearer were up, and the others tailed off.

The *Durdans Stakes* of 5 sovs each, with 40 sovs. added; three year olds 7st, four 8st 5lb, five 8st 12lb, six and aged 9st, mares and geldings allowed 3lb; the second horse to receive back his stake; the winner to be sold for 150 sovs.; heats, one mile; 5 subs.

Capt. Gardnor's *Ochiltree*, 4 yrs	Pavis	1	1
Mr. Garrard's b. h. Rienzi, 5 yrs	Macdonald	2	2
Mr. Turner's ch. g. Sir Felix, aged	Trigg	3	3
Mr. Bacon's ch. g. Forester, 3 yrs	A lad	4	4

First heat: Rienzi made play, followed by Sir Felix to the stand, where Ochiltree went up, and defeated his horses by a length cleverly.—Second heat: Rienzi again made the running, and Ochiltree again waited in the rear till they were inside the distance, when he went to the front, and won in a canter by three lengths.

THE OAKS.

FRIDAY, May 17.

A renewal of the OAKS STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft.; three year old fillies, 8st 4lb; the owner of the second horse to receive 100 sovs. out of the stakes, and the winner to pay 100 sovs. towards the expenses of additional police officers; last mile and a half; 96 subs.

Fulwar Craven's b. f. *Deception*, by Defence—Lady Stumps	J. Day	1
Sir G. Heathcote's ch. f. *Carolina*, by Velocipede, out of Nannette	Buckle	2
Mr. C. Wilson's b. f. *Louisa*, by Mulatto—Yorkshire Lass	Rogers	3
Mr. Bowes's *Mickleton Maid*, by Velocipede, out of Maid of Lune	W. Scott	0
Mr. Bell's b. f. *The Shadow*, by The Saddler, out of Slashing Harry's dam	Heseltine	0
Lord Stradbroke's f. *Hesione*, by Priam, out of Memina	Nat	0
Sir G. Heathcote's b. f. *La Bellezza*, by Emilius, out of Samarcand's dam	Chapple	0
Mr. Forth's br. f. by Hokee Pokee, out of Echo, by Emilius	Crouch	0
Duke of Richmond's b. f. *Reel*, by Camel—La Danseuse	W. Day	0
Col. Craufurd's b. f. *Dolphin*, by Priam, out of Mermaid	Lye	0
Lord Lichfield's ch. f. Sister to Hector	Wakefield	0
Mr. Rush's Sister to Pickwick, by Camel	Robinson	0
Mr. Osbaldeston's br. f. *Alexandrina*, by The Saddler—Ebberston's dam	H. Edwards	0

BETTING.

This race has, till lately, been so completely a dead letter to the betting fraternity, that it would be in vain to attempt anything like a recapitulation; all that need be said is, that the Goodwood and Newmarket running made Reel, Wapiti, and Deception, the nominal favorites till the Spring, by which time the two first had fallen into disfavor, owing, no doubt, to the sickly state of John Day's stable. The Shadow then became a sort of a favorite at about 9 or 10 to 1, and after the arrival of Scott's lot from the North, Appleton Lass and Kathleen came into notice, but there was nothing like business done till the First Spring Meeting, which brought out Lord Stradbroke's Hesione; about the same time some wretched running at Catterick introduced the Dolphin. Deception was now first favorite at 6 or 7 to 1. The betting underwent some changes in the ring before starting; the favorite was in greater force than ever, and Dolphin, springing from 25 to 1, displaced Mickleton Maid, and took second place; we have quoted her at 9 to 1, but with some considerable diffidence, for we are assured that 10 and 12 to 1 might have been obtained before the ring broke up. Hesoine and The Shadow were backed, but not to any serious amount, Deception being all the rage. Sir G. Heathcote's two had several friends, and the event proved that one, not the favorite, had some pretensions. At the close the prices were as follows—

6 to 4 on Deception	11 to 1 agst The Shadow
9 to 1 agst The Dolphin	12 to 1 —— Mickleton Maid
10 to 1 —— Hesione	25 to 1 —— Reel
10 to 1 —— Sir G. Heathcote's two [t]	

Scott, it will be seen, started only one out of five, and this one did not look in the best possible form for racing.

THE RACE.

At a quarter before three o'clock the lot was started in excellent order, without a single failure. Deception immediately sprang to the front, and with Hesione as second, made steady running; Louisa, The Dolphin, and Reel followed this pair, and the rest was as near as was requisite. The positions remained unchanged till they got to the top of the hill, when they were lying much wider apart than the Derby lot. Hesione now took the second place, and with the Dolphin and Caroline at her heels, kept it over the gravel road, where the Dolphin took it from her, and they ran second and third to the distance, by which time Tommy Lye had discovered that the Catterick Bridge running was "quite correct." On her retirement Caroline took her place, Louisa third, and in this way they finished, Deception, without having been headed, winning in a canter by two lengths, and Caroline beating Louisa by the same. Louisa was three or four lengths before the rest, having justified her venerable owner's opinion, by defeating the Newmarket public runners; of the two before her he could not, of course, have any line. The Dolphin was fourth, La Bellezza fifth, Sister to Pickwick, Hesione, and The Shadow next, Echo filly ninth, Mickleton Maid tenth, Alexandrina eleventh, Sister to Hector twelfth, and Reel last, all beaten off. Value of the stakes £2,675.

DECEPTION'S PEDIGREE.

Got by Defence, out of Lady Stump, by Tramp, dam by Cervantes, out of Fanny, by Sir Peter. Defence was got by Whalebone, and all his stock have shown size, power, and honesty; Deception has displayed these valuable qualities in so remarkable a degree that he cannot fail to become one of the most popular stallions of the day. The filly is engaged in a rich stake at Stockbridge, in a stake at Bath, and in the Drawing Room Stakes at Goodwood; she is not in the St. Leger. Her dam, then the property of the Hon. Sidney Herbert, died this season in foaling.

As it is possible that an impression prejudicial to Trenn (the trainer as well as jockey of Fulwar Craven's horses) may arise from the circumstance of John Day having ridden Deception for this race, we are authorised by her owner to declare, in the most explicit terms, that it was purely out of deference to the wish of the public, who had backed her heavily, made her the favorite at odds against the field, and were anxious that she should be ridden by the most experienced jockey that could be procured—that he had not the slightest cause to find fault with his riding for the Derby—that he attributed the mare's defeat to the superiority of the horse opposed to her, and that he shall continue to put Trenn on his horses in every race in which the weights will permit it.

The *Burgh Stakes* of 5 sovs. each, with 40 added; three year olds 7st, four 8st 3lb, five 8st 9lb, six and aged 8st 11 lb; mares and geldings and horses which have started three times and not won, allowed 3lb; a winner at any time (matches excepted) to carry for twice 3lb, thrice 5lb, and four times 7lb extra; the winner of the Sutton Stakes to carry 3lb extra; one mile; 7 subs.

Col. Peel's *Ion*, 4 yrs	walked over	

Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft.; colts 8st 7lb, fillies 8st 4lb, then two years old; new T.Y.C.; those got by untried stallions, or out of untried mares, to be allowed 3lb, but only one allowance; six subs.

Lord Lynedoch's c. by Jerry, out of Mandane, by Sultan	J. Day	1
Gen. Grosvenor's f. Diploma, by Pleniptoentiary, out of Icaria	W. Day	2
Lord Albemarle's f. Clove, by Cain—Perfume (m. unt.)	E. Edwards	3
Sir G. Heathcote's f. by Samarcand—Cancatrice (h. unt.)	Chapple	4
Lord Westminster's f. Daphne, by Laurel—The Maid of Honor (m. unt.)	Pavis	5

The betting was very spirited at 5 to 4 on the Jerry colt, 5 to 2 agst. Diploma, 4 to 1 agst. Clove, 4 to 1 agst Samarcand, and 5 to 1 agst. Daphne. Lord Lynedoch's colt following the successful course pursued by the winner of the Oaks, took the lead, followed closely by Diploma, and without being headed, won by half a length; Clove was a good third, but the others were a long way astern when the winner passed the chair.

The *Derby* and *Oaks Stakes* of 5 sovs. each, with 40 sovs. added; three year olds 7st, four 8st 5lb, five 8st 12lb, six and aged 9st; mares and geldings allowed 3lb; the second horse to receive back his stake, the winner to be sold for 120 sovs.; heats, one mile.

Mr. Delasaux's gr. g. *Jim Crow*, 5 yrs	Hornsby	1	1
Mr. Garrard's b. h Rienzi, 5 yrs	Macdonald	2	2
Mr. Higgins's b. f. Maid of Kent, 4 yrs	Higgins	3	3
Mr. Lucas's b. m. Talebearer, 5 yrs	A lad	0	0
Mr. Shelly's ch. m. Gold, 4 yrs	Wakefield	0	0

First heat: Even on Jim Crow.—Maid of Kent did the needful to the road, where Jim went up to her with Rienzi, and the trio ran comfortably together to the distance; here Jim cut his company and won easy.—Second heat: 3 to 1 on Jim. The work this time was cut out by Talebearer, with Jim and Gold in waiting for four-fifths of the distance, when Jim ran by them as before, won easy, and, as a reward for his performance, was claimed.

THE DERBY.

In our notice of this race under the head of Wednesday, we spoke of the objection made to Mr. Ridsdale's removing the stakes, and we have now, much to our regret, to add that, although the Stewards entered into the case this afternoon, it was with no result. The objection is founded partly on the entry in the stud-book, and partly on hearsay evidence that the mare *was* covered by Tramp as well as Mulatto; we say hearsay, for to the best of our belief, no witness is yet forthcoming. On the part of Mr. W. Ridsdale, testimony was either given or ready to be given, by Taylor, Lord Chesterfield's stud-groom, that the mare never went near Tramp, and that she was covered solely by Mulatto. The enquiry is postponed to afford each party an opportunity of sending into the north for evidence; but in the meantime what is to become of the settling? The mischief, the procrastination, the wrangling, which the non-adjustment of the case in time will lead to, is inconceivable, as many persons insist that if the stakes go to Deception, the bets will follow; others, too, will make a handle of it to refuse payment; in short, it will make more ill-blood than any event which has occurred on the turf within our recollection. We hope and trust that the Stewards will exert themselves to avoid it, by deciding on Monday if possible.

We forgot to state before, that Bloomsbury's price for the St. Leger at Evans's, the night after the race, was 5 to 1.

Bell's Life in London of 19th May.

Varieties.

A Forgiving Husband.—The "Chillicothean," an Ohio paper, publishes the following:—

NOTICE.—My case-hardened wife Charlotte has again fled from my just authority and protection, without consulting me on this doubtful and impolitic step, nor is it the first offence of this kind that she has committed;—for nine years past she has annually served me the same trick, and always about this time of the year, which I cannot account for. I have had Job-like patience, and have forborne thus far to tell the world of the shame she has cast upon me. Now let all whom it may concern know, that from this day forth, I will pay no debts of her contracting. WALTER CROUGH.

N. B. This is the tenth time she has run away—nine times have I taken her in again, and if she ever takes me in again, I'll be ——.

The death of a printer is thus chronicled in an English paper,—"George Woodcock, the * of his profession, the *type* of honesty, the ! of all; and although the ☞ of death has put a . to his existence, every ◊ of his life was without a ‖."

What we like to see.—We like to see a pretty ankle.

What we don't like to see.—We don't like to see a woman pull up her clothes in crossing the street, on purpose to show it. N. O. Sun.

☞ We do. Boston Post

☞ We too. Picayune.

☞ "Do your anxious mothers know you're out?"—*Corinthian Tom.*

The Sea Serpent.—The people of Nahant already begin to talk of the sea serpent. They contemplate getting him up much larger, and going to more expense this season than on any former. We shouldn't wonder if they had two hundred bumps, as large as sugar hogsheads, on his back before the summer is over. Picayune.

Irish Identity.—The following handbill was stuck up in Dublin, July 31st, 1784:—"This is to certify that I, Daniel O'Flannaghan, am not the person that was tarred and feathered by the liberty mob on Tuesday last; and I am ready to give twenty guineas to any one that will lay me fifty that I am the other man who goes by my name.—Witness my hand this 31st July.

"DANIEL O'FLANNAGHAN."

Countryman and pretty daughter coming in town—large basket of blackberries in the wagon—the daughter slipped and fell into the basket—white cambric dress—*berried* alive.

The N. Y. Transcript says that Miss Shirreff, the vocalist, is about to become the wife of a distinguished lawyer of that city. Alabamian.

"Does this razor shave easy?" said a barber to an old sailor yesterday.—"Shave easy! no; but its death on pulling and hauling."

In And Out.

The late Crisis is thus celebrated by the *London Sun*:

But yester-morn, and who so gay,
Like boys on a summer holiday,
As the Tory faction, who, one and all,
Indulged in a sort of Carnival!
The good old Duke looked bland and sunny,
Sir Bob as sweet as virgin honey;
The Carlton Club rung out with the roar,
"Huzza for place, and one cheer more!"
There was simpering here, and laughing there,
And gladsomest greetings every where;
In square or park, or lane or street,
Hope beamed on each Tory phiz you'd meet,
And wild to the sky rose the boisterous din,
'Mid shaking of hands, of "We're In—We're In!"

But Thursday "saw another sight,"
As Campbell says, in his Linden fight—
A frown as gloomy as frown can be,
Came over Sir Bob's frank *visnomy*;
The Duke looked black, and the Duke looked blue,
And his care-worn face as long as two;
The Carlton Club (alas!) no more
Rung to the cheers of an hour before;
But instead, there was seen a grievous pout,
And, at times, was heard from the Tory rout,
A dismal wail of "We're Out!—We're Out!"

Henceforth be warned, ye Tory brood,
And ne'er indulge in a mirthful mood,
Or shout, before you're out of the wood! News.

GETTING ON BOARD THE GREAT WESTERN.—When this splendid steam ship first came to New York, it was difficult to get on board of her unless by special invitation, or an order from the agent's office. An up-the-Lake friend of ours, in company with two New Yorkers, went up to her, and tried to get admitted, but without success. Our Dunkirk friend said to them, "I can get on board that steamer."

"No, you can't," his friends replied, "they would let us pass, if they would any body."

"Well—stand by, and see me try."

Our friend is a short, thick-set, good-looking man of about forty—say thirty-five. He put his ivory headed cane under his left arm, and holding his pencil and memorandum book in his hands, walked carefully up the plank.

"I suppose I can take a look at the inside of this vessel," said he to the officer on duty.

"Our orders are peremptory to admit no one."

"Well, I don't care a d——n, stranger, on my own account, but my father was very anxious I should bring him a description."

"Your father—who, sir—is he a public officer?"

"Well, yes, I rather reckon he is. My father is Governor of Kentucky!"

"Walk aboard, sir—are those gentlemen friends of yours?" asked the sentry. The son of the Governor of Kentucky looked slowly around to his companions, who were silently admiring his cool audacity, and taking a deliberate survey of them, told the officer that he did not doubt but they were very respectable people, but they had not the honor of his acquaintance.

"Dunkirk against the world!" Buffalonian.

AN AFFECTING INCIDENT.—The following interesting and affecting little story has been communicated in a letter from Mahon. The writer had heard it from the lips of the officers of the Swallow. "In the gallant and sanguinary action which that ship maintained against so superior a force, close in with Frejus, there was a seaman named Phelan, who had a wife on board. She was stationed, (as is usual, when women are on board in time of battle), to assist the surgeon in the care of the wounded. From the close manner in which the Swallow engaged the enemy, yard arm and yard arm, the wounded, as may be expected, were brought below very fast; among the rest was a messmate of her husband's (consequently her own,) who had received a musket ball through the side. Her exertions were made to console the poor fellow, who was in great agony, and nearly breathing his last, when, by some chance, she heard her husband was wounded on deck. Her anxiety and already overpowered feelings, could not one moment be restrained; she rushed instantly on deck, and received the wounded tar in her arms; he faintly raised his head to kiss her. She burst into a flood of tears, and told him to take courage: all would yet be well; but scarcely pronounced the last syllable, when an ill-directed shot took off her head. The poor tar, who was closely wrapped in her arms, opened his eyes once more, and then shut them for ever."

AMERICAN TURF REGISTER AND SPORTING MAGAZINE.

THIS work is now published with punctuality on the 1st of each month from the Office of the "Spirit of the Times," corner Broadway and Barclay st., New York, and 6 Nos. of the 10th Volume have been already issued; the 7th No. will appear on the 1st of July, embellished with a fine steel engraving of DON JOHN, by Prud'hemme, more elaborate in design, and costly in execution, than any that have preceded it. In the first six numbers of the present volume were published the following interesting articles and embellishments, viz.:—

Memoir of Harkaway, with a portrait on steel by Dick, after Turner.
Trout Fishing on Long Island, with an illustration on steel by Hinshilwood, after Jackson.
Essay on English Eclipse, with an engraved portrait after Stubbs.
Memoir of the Godolphin Arabian; by M. Sue.
The English Racing Season for 1838; by Craven.
Memoir of Plenipo, with a portrait on steel by Dick, after Cooper.
D'Orsay and his traineau, with a splendid illustration by Dick, after Aubrey.
Familiar Anatomy of the horse; by Craven.
Alphabetical List of American Winning Horses for 1838.
Salmon Fishing in Canada; by Piscator.
Sales of Blood Stock.
A Week in the Woodlands; An original Sketch by Frank Forester.
Deer Stalking; by William Scrope, Esq., F. L. S., illustrated by a superb steel engraving of a "Forest Joust" by Dick, after Landseer.
Fly-fishing; with a characteristic embellishment by Dick, after Cooper.
An American Racing Calendar for the current year, compiled with the utmost care and accuracy.
Notes of the Months—embodying a running commentary on the various subjects of sporting news and conversation of the day

These will be followed up by Articles and Embellishments of equal interest and importance.

Price, $5.00 per Annum, Payable in Advance. [June 22]

SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

The following important articles and compilations have been published in the present volume of this paper, commencing on March 9th, 1839.
Pedigree and Performances of Black Maria.
Review of the New York Stage.
Alphabetical List of American Winning Horses at 1m., 2m., 3m., and 4m. heats, for the year 1838.
Complete List of Stallions for 1839.
Memoir of Augusta, with a complete sketch of her theatrical career.
Alphabetical List of English Winning Horses for 1838, at all distances.
The following COSTLY ENGRAVINGS have also been given in the present volume:—
Portrait of Madlle. AUGUSTA as The Sylphide.
" BLACK MARIA, owned by Hon. BALIE PEYTON of New Orleans.
" JOHN BASCOMBE, " Col. JOHN CROWELL of Alabama.
These will be followed by equally fine Engravings of LEVIATHAN, SHARK, MONARCH, WAGNER, MINGO, &c.
The Series, when complete, will form a SPORTING GALLERY worth of itself more than the price of subscription. [j22.]

KENDALL COURSE, BALTIMORE.

THE Races over this course will take place on Monday, the 7th October, and continue six days. From the great encouragement met with the last season, the Proprietor will offer increased inducements to visit the Kendall Course. The purses will be augmented, both in number and amount. The particulars in due time. The following sweepstakes are now open to be run over this course:—

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, to run Fall Meeting of 1839, sub. $500 each, $200 ft., Two mile heats. To name and close 1st Sept. next; three or more to make a race. Now one subscriber, to wit: Wm. R. Johnson.

Sweepstakes as above, sub. $300 each, $100 ft. Now two subscribers, to wit: Wm. R. Johnson, David McDaniel.

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds that never started in a public race, sub. $200 each, h. ft., Two mile heats. Four or more to make a race. To name and close as above. Now two subscribers, to wit: Wm. R. Johnson, David McDaniel.

And to cap the climax, we have the Pete Whetstone Stakes, now opened and written by his own hand, to wit:—A Sweepstakes for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1838; to run Spring of 1841, Mile heats, sub. $500 each, $200 ft. To name and close 1st January, 1840. Now six subscribers, and fifty more expected. The present subscribers are:—

1. C. F. M. Noland names f. by Imp. Cetus, out of Nell Gwynne by Rattler.
2. Edward H. Pentleton names b. c. by Andrew, out of Miss Phillips.
3. Jas. B. Kendall.
4. Francis Thompson.
5. Wm. T. Mason names b. f. by Imp. Priam, out of Flirtilla, Jr.
6. David McDaniel.

Breeders and racers desirous of subscribing to the above Stakes, will address the subscriber, at Baltimore. JAS. B. KENDALL, *Proprietor.*

June 17, 1839.—[June 22]

TROTTING, BEACON COURSE.

THE following purses will be trotted for over the above Course, to commence Wednesday, the 3d of July, and continue two days.

First day, Wednesday, at 2 o'clock, Purse $50, Two mile heats in harness, free for trotting horses that never won a Purse over $50.

Immediately after, Purse $200, Two mile heats under the saddle, free for trotting horses that never won a Purse over $200.

Second day, at 3 o'clock—Purse $50, Two mile heats under the saddle, free for trotting horses that never won a Purse over $50.

Immediately after, Purse $400, Three mile heats in harness, free for all horses short of a run; if three start, $100 goes to the 2d best horse in the last heat; if only two start, then the Purse will be $300.

N.B. The entries for these Purses must be made on Monday, the 1st of July, at the Course in the afternoon. In all cases 145lbs. must be carried, either for rider or driver.

[June 22]

J. CONROY'S
FISHING TACKLE STORE,
No. 52 Fulton, (corner of Cliff Street,) New York. [j22,tf.

WANTED,

A SITUATION as trainer and rider by a young man, aged 26 years, who can ride 104lbs. He is in possession of the best credentials as respects his character and ability, from many of the most distinguished gentlemen in England. A note left at the Office of this Paper, addressed to Martin Lawler, stating where an interview may be had, will meet with immediate attention, or enquiry may be made there for further particulars. [my4-tf]

FILES OF THE "SPIRIT OF THE TIMES."

A FEW files for the last year remain for disposal. Gentlemen desirous of obtaining the same are advised to make early application at the Publication office, corner of Broadway and Barclay street. [A6]

AUGUSTA (Ga.) RACES, LAFAYETTE COURSE.

THE Annual Races will come off over The Lafayette Course, the 2d week in December next, when the following purses will be offered:

First day—Jockey Club Purse $400, Two mile heats.
Second day—Jockey Club Purse $700, Three mile heats.
Third day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats.
Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $400, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

On Monday previous to the above annual Meeting, a Poststake, free for all ages, sub. $2000 each, h. ft.; Four mile heats. Four or more to make a race; to close on the 1st day of Aug. next. Now 2 subs.

Also, a Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $500 each, h. ft.; Two mile heats. Seven subs. and closed.

Also, a Poststake for 3 yr. olds, sub. $300 each, $100 ft.; Two mile heats. To close 1st day of Oct. next; three or more to make a race. Now 1 sub.

Also, a Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, dropped Spring of 1837, sub. $1000 each, $250 ft., to come off the day preceding the first annual Meeting in 1840. To which are 7 subs., and closed.

Also, a Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, to be run the meeting of 1840; sub. $300 each, $100 ft.; Two mile heats. Three or more to make a race; to name and close at our annual Meeting in 1839. Now 5 subs.

We, the subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake with colts and fillies 3 yrs. old the Spring of 1841, to run in the Fall afterwards, Two mile heats, over the Lafayette Course, sub $300 each, $100 ft. To name and close at the annual Meeting in 1840. Now 4 subs.

Also, a Produce Stake for colts and fillies dropped the Spring of 1839, to run the Fall of 1842, sub. $1000 each, h. ft.; to which are 8 subs., and closed.

SUBSCRIBERS.

Col. Wade Hampton names ch. f. by Emancipation, out of Imp. Lucy by Cain.
Iverson & Bonner name produce of Count Zaldivar's dam and John Bascombe
John D. Kirby names produce of Imp. Invalid and Imp. Priam
Col. John Crowell names produce of Bolivia and John Bascombe
Edmonson & Long name produce of Eliza Drake and Imp. Chateau Margaux
Thos. H. D. Van Landingham names produce of Amy Hampton and John Bascombe
John C. O. Hanlin names produce of Jane Bertrand and Imp. Luzborough
Augustus Lamkin names produce of Ione and Turnbull

The subscribers to the above Produce stake are requested to give a description of their colts as early as possible, to G. EDMONSON, *Cor. Sec'y.*

June 8]

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

CINCINNATI, Ohio - - Buckeye Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 2d Tuesday, 10th Sept.
CLINTON, Ala. - - - - Pactolus Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 1st Oct.
GREENSBORO', Ala. - - Henry Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, last Tuesday, 30th Oct.
LOUISVILLE, Ky. - - - Oakland Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 1st Oct.
" " Great Sweepstakes of 10 subs., at $2000 each, h. ft., Four mile heats, on the last day of Sept., the 30th.
LIVINGSTON, Ala. - - Picton Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 3d Tuesday, 15th Oct.
" " Match, $5000 aside, 2 m. h., *Czarina* vs. *Cleopatra*, 1st day.
LYNCHBURG, Va. - - Lynchburg Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 3d Tuesday, 17th Sept.
MOBILE, Ala. - - - - - Bascombe Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, last Tuesday, 26th Nov.
NEW ORLEANS, La. - Eclipse Course, Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 3d Dec.
SPRINGFIELD, Ala. - Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 2d Tuesday, 8th Oct.

Miscellaneous.

PO. ICE.

KICKING A MAN'S NETHER TERMINUS.—A little sooterkin, apparently overwhelmed in small miseries, made an affecting appeal to the sitting magistrate, Mr. Conant, for a warrant against one *Bill Willshire*, who had, as he averred, "given him a precious wopping, kicked his nether *terminus*, and collar'd a tanner which he had received that morning for a sack of breeze."

Mr. Conant: If I grant you the warrant, have you 4s to pay for it.

Sweepy: Aint got a blessed farden; cos I've been out of "collar" this here three week and uppards.

Mr. Conant: If you are out of work, how came you by the sack of breeze which this Bill Willshire assaulted you about?

"That'ere" said sweepy, evading the delicate inquiry, "aint the pint. Vot I'll take my hoath on is as it warn't hisn."

The warrant was granted, and Bill Willshire, a brother "flue-faker," was placed before Mr. Conant and Mr. Courtoy.

Mr. Courtoy: Now state your case, boy.

Sweepy: I sarved Missis Hopkins vith a sack of breeze for her muffin-stove, and arter she'd fork'd out the sixpence, up comes Bill Villshire, and says—"Vot? your at it agin, Jimmy; I'm blow'd von of these here rummy days if I don't be down on your tibby." "Vot for?" sis I. "Cos," says he, "your been coming your nonsense vith my customers agin." "Vy," I says, "isn't Missis Hopkins got a right to buy her breeze vere she likes, and to deal vith me if I sarves her betterer 'an you?" "I'll show you vether she has or not, yer precious waggerbone," says he; and then he kicks me bang on my *terminus*, and makes me shell out the sixpence vot I got for the breeze.

"I didn't vop him, and he nose it (said the defendant); sitch warmint as he didn't oughtn't to be incouraged in society. 'Taint the first time, yer vership, as he's come this here dodge, and tried to circumnavigate me vith my customers ven they vonts a lot of breeze. Now he noes werry vell as he's no call not to no stuff, cos it belongs to the climbing journeyman. Vy should he, I ax yer honours, go for to rob me of my natral rights?"

Magistrate: What are your 'natural" rights?

Defendant: Vot are they? vy all as I can get arter the first sift, and all the breeze to be sure.

Mr Conant: What do you call breeze?

Defendant: It's summut between sut and hashes, but not aint neither on 'em.

Mr. Conant: Well, you have ill-treated the boy, and you must see if you can make it up by giving him a trifle.

Defendant: Can't give a farden, cos I only yarns nine bob a veek, and I'm a werry heavy grubber.

The parties went out, and, by the interposition of the officer, matters were arranged. Eighteen-pence being paid all at once, the complainant, in the ecstasy of his satisfaction declared, that he'd take a "vusser vopping" every day in the week for a similar recompense. London Sunday Times.

UNFORTUNATE AND AFFECTING INSTANCE OF LOVE.

The daughter of a country curate in Hampshire being reduced, by the death of her father, to the hard necessity of seeking some mode of subsistence, could find no other than going into the service of an old female friend of her mother, as her maid. Emelia had received from her parents the best education. She was handsome, had a very pleasing figure, was sensible, discreet, and of the most modest deportment. Unfortunately for her, a young gentlemen of good fortune, who was a friend of the family with which she lived, frequently visited the house. The master and mistress keeping only one footman, poor Emelia, who generally assisted in serving the tea, had thus an opportunity of seeing the young man, and fell in love with him before she was aware of the progress of that sentiment in her heart. When she did perceive it, her reason induced her to oppose it, and she made many ineffectual efforts for that purpose; indeed, so violent were her struggles, that her health became seriously affected by them. Her mistress, who loved her tenderly, after having consulted several physicians in vain, sent her to the house of a friend at twenty miles distance, to try whether change of air would not be of service to her. The absence of the object of her affection, no doubt, contributed to her recovery. She returned to her mistress's; and having the same opportunities of seeing the young mon as before, her passion revived. Firmly resolved to conquer or die, rather than give way to an attachment that increased in spite of her, she relapsed into the most deplorable state of health. The physicians, not being able to discover the cause of her disorder, thought that she must be affected by some deep sorrow, and pronounced her in danger. Her afflicted mistress entreated her to entrust her with the secret; and to induce her to do so, told her the danger she was in; and promised not only not to betray her confidence, but to do her utmost to obtain the means necessary for her cure. Overcome by the affection of her mistress, she acknowledged her passion, begged her to conceal it from him who was the object of it; and received with resignation the news of her approaching dissolution, which would at last deliver her from an unfortunate passion that all her efforts had been unable to vanquish. Her mistress could not help informing her husband of the discovery. They agreed to sound the young man upon the subject; and finding, by degrees, that he had observed the merit of Emelia, they prevailed upon him to pity her situation. He consented; asked to see her; (she being previously prepared for it by her mistress) entered into conversation with her, testified the greatest desire to see her health re-established; and even went so far as to say, that if she could recover he would be happy to marry her—"Marry me!" cried she, raising her arms, and fixing her eyes upon him—"Marry!" and throwing her head back, she instantly expired.

SANGUINARY FIGHT BETWEEN A BOY AND A DOG.

It appears that dogs at the West sometimes getting separated from their masters in crossing the large rivers, and in other ways, take to the woods, and, having no other means of subsistence, resort to wild game, sheep, and hogs. When they cannot find these, hunger prompts them to attack human beings. A correspondent of the Grafton (Illinois) Backwoodsman, writing from Calhoun County, in that State, gives the following account of a fearful rencontre between a young lad and one of those animals, which recently took place in that vicinity:—

A short time since a youth, of about sixteen, was returning home, before it was fairly light in the morning, from the Mississippi river, where he had been fishing. On his way, and at a distance from any habitation, he was suddenly and unexpectedly attacked by a large dog, that evidently intended to devour him. Though a bold and courageous boy, he was nearly petrified with fear at the unexpected attack and determined ferocity of his assailant. Happily he recovered his presence of mind almost immediately, and recollecting that he had a dirk knife in his pocket, instantly drew it out, and then commenced a bloody battle. Each fought with desperation, and the boy for his life. The nearest dwelling was at a great distance, and the lad had no alternative but death or victory. As the dog rushed upon him he struck at him with his knife, and at the second or third pass wounded him severely. This only rendered the dog still more furious, and he rushed upon the young lad still more fiercely. By this time the boy had become more cool, and the success he had met with in aiming his blows gave him renewed courage. He now parried the attacks of his assailant with more skill, and at every onset inflicted a wound, which rendered him more and more desperate. Victory still seemed doubtful, for though the dog had received many severe wounds, the lad also had lost much blood, and his strength was fast failing. He saw that his life depended on giving the dog a mortal wound within a short time, for he felt that he could continue the fight but a few moments longer. He coolly waited a favorable opportunity, which happily occurred almost immediately, and exerting his utmost power, struck desperately at the dog. The knife reached his heart, and with a deadly howl the dog fell at his feet, and immediately expired. The youth is considerably injured, but is in a fair way of recovery. Had he been without the means of defence, or had he lacked the coolness and courage he displayed, there is not a doubt but the dog would have killed and devoured him.

Games of Skill—Billiards.—Nothing can be more ridiculous than the prejudice which exists among certain conscientious and well-intentioned people against games of skill. What can be more pleasing and healthful than the exercise enjoyed at the game of billiards? And yet a reproach is cast upon this species of entertainment, in itself as innocent as walking or riding, because, forsooth, it has afforded repeated occasions of gambling! Setting aside the plain truth, that the best things can be turned to evil uses, we would inquire if 'dice' have not been employed by gamblers! Yet, the same person objects not to a backgammon board, who would be shocked at the idea of having a billiard-table in his house. He will sit down at a whist-table for hours together, and faint at the bare thought of entering a billiard-room. We hope to see this absurd prejudice done away with. In England nothing is more common than for the clergy to play at billiards. It is not a 'gambling game;' it has no chances; it requires simply skill of sight and hand, and may be harmlessly played even by ladies, for whom it is, by the way, an admirable kind of exercise.

As but few can afford the luxury of tables in their own houses, they should not hesitate, if so disposed, to visit respectable establishments for the playing of this game. There are Bassford's rooms, for instance, near Broadway, in Ann street, large, airy, and cool—*where gambling is strictly prohibited*, affording a delightful resort for the stranger or for the citizen who would, after the fatigues of business, indulge for a short hour in some diverting recreation. New Yorker.

The Humbug.—We have received the second number of this little paper, published at Rodney, Miss. The editor gives the following excuse for inflicting his quidities on the public:—

"When in the course of human events, a feller gits tu smart it becums nessisary for him tu hav an outlet or safety valve. This will account for *our* humbug.

Even in the deepest distress, when a sweet little woman turns up her lovely face, and says, "we will not despair, will we?" where is the heart which can resist the sweet, the soothing charm, or feels not a gleam of happiness wander on its throbs?

Ladies who are troubled with sick headache will be happy to learn that by putting their hair up in papers containing advertisements of Brandreth, they will be entirely cured before they rise next morning. New Orleans Times.

The New Orleans Times says, a pair of boots containing a skeleton, were found at the corner of Conde and Barrack streets. The coroner's inquest returned as a verdict, 'The man what melted during the heat of the 31st ultimo.

The 'editorial' of the Marengo (Ala.) Gazette, on the 27th ult., is comprised in the following laconic valedictory:

"To the Patrons of the Gazette—Dearly Beloved—I have sold out and quit—good bye. Yours Ever, 'G. B. HAYDEN."

"Do you know what made my voice so melodious?" said a celebrated vocal performer, of awkward manners, to Charles Bannister.

"No," replied the other.

"Why, then, I'll tell you; when I was but fifteen, I swallowed by accident some train oil."

"I don't think, my friend," replied Bannister, "it would have done you any harm, if, at the same time, you had *swallowed a dancing master!*"

Bad Effects of Blowing.—"Tom, what makes your nose so red!"

"Why, the fact is, Bob, I *blow* it too hard," was the equivocal reply.

A woman that painteth, puts up a bill that she is to let.

An Editorial Duel.—We have a letter from New Orleans dated the 18th, which says: "Mr. Lumsden, one of the proprietors, and Mr. Locke, one of the editors of the *Picayune*, fought a duel on Wednesday morning—nobody hurt." Vicksburg Whig.

An editorial hoax of the Vicksburg Whig, we opine.

"Sir, do you mean to say that I lie?" said a person to a French gentleman. "No, sare, I say not dat you lie; but, sare, I says dat you walk round about de truth."

The Chicago American says that Ellen Tree is a *laurel* tree, bringing regret whenever she *leaves*.

"A poor single man is a creature who has to hold his nose to the grindstone, and a poor married man is one who has his nose HELD to the grindstone.

New Disease.—"What did your son in the city die with?" said one old lady in the country to her neighbour.

"I expect it was with the *morus multicaulis*.—They say the *disease* rages there desputly."

An old farmer, whose son had died lately, was visited by a neighbor who began to condole with him on his loss. "My loss!" exclaimed the father, "no such thing—it's his own loss—he was of age."

"Isaac, can you describe a bat?"

"Yes sir: he's a flying insect, about the size of a stopple: has India rubber wings, and a shoestring tail; he sees best with his eyes shut, and bites like the devil."

Poets, like potatoes, grow strong in the West. As a specimen, we copy the following from the Kalamazoo Gazette, being the first three lines of an Ode to the Moon, sent to that paper for publication:—

"Thou pale resplendent orb,
Thou look'st like a huge GOBB
Of maple sugar!"

A tar half-seas-over, swaggering into an auction room, and hearing the auctioneer bawling out two or three times, "who bids more than ninepence ha' penny?" asked "may we bid what we please?"

"Oh yes," replied the seller, "anything you please, sir."

"Why then, I bid you good night, and be hanged to you," said jack.

"*Pantaloonery*" is a new word, just coined by one of the Boston tailors. Baltimore Patriot.

Just *cut-out*, you mean. Commercial Advertiser.

Demosthenes used to compare eloquence to a weapon, aptly enough; for eloquence, like every other weapon, is of little use to the owner, unless he have force and skill to use it.

Matrimonial Trap.—At a jeweller's shop on Ludgate hill, London, a bill is exhibited in the window, on which is written: "Wedding rings at this shop made of *lucky* old guineas."

A few days since a country fellow went into Sweeney's to get some grub, and was somewhat surprised at seeing nothing on the table.

"What will you have?" said the waiter.

Jonathan stared about him, "I dun know."

"Would you like a bill of fare, sir?"

"Thank ye, I don't care if I do take a small piece!"

"Have you any *hose?*" said a gentleman to a country boy, the other day.

"No sir," replied the boy, "our *hoes* are all out, but we have excellent *spades*." Something like the answer of the girl who was asked how her mother did. "She's dead, I thank you, but father sells excellent eels."

"I think agriculture the most honorable of all employments, being the most independent. The farmer has no need of popular favor of the great: the success of his crops depending only on the blessing of God upon his honest industry." Franklin.

Patronage.—A carpenter met his employer in the street, the latter reminded him of the gratitude due for his patronage. "True," said the mechanic: "but if you had not patronized me so far as to give me a house to build, you would have been obliged to live out doors.

All a Hoax.—An honest country chap coming out of the exhibition of Dante's Inferno last night, said it was a "darned ugly looking place—but all a hoax—he wouldn't believe it *was* the real infernal regions, for all they said." N. Y. Dispatch.

Stallions for 1839.

☞ Notices like the following (never exceeding two lines) will be inserted during the season for Five dollars. To those gentlemen who advertise their horses in detail, to the amount of Twenty Dollars, in this paper, no charge will be made.

AINDERBY, *Imported*, by Velocipede, out of Kate (sister to Nonplus) by Catton, at L. J. Polk's stables, at Hamilton Place, near Mt. Pleasant, Tenn., at $75 & $100—$1 to groom.

ANDREW, by Sir Charles, dam by Herod, at Newmarket Race Course, Petersburg, Va., at $60 and $100.

AUTOCRAT, *Imported*, by Grand Duke, out of Olivetta by Sir Oliver, at Col. Sam'l Lyne's stable, 2 miles from Clarksville, Tenn., on Russellville road, at $60 and $75.

ANVIL, by Mons. Tonson, out of Isabella (dam of Picton, Duane, etc.) by Sir Archy, at Station Camp (Hon. B. Peyton's farm) near Gallatin, Tenn., at $50 and $75.

BAREFOOT, *Imported*, by Tramp, out of Rosamond by Buzzard, at R. P. Stark's stable, Hopkinsville, Ky., at $70 in the season, $80 on the 1st Jan., and $1 to the groom.

BUSIRIS, by Eclipse, out of Grand Duchess by Imp Gracchus, 12 miles west of Philadelphia, at $40 the season for thorough bred mares.

BILL AUSTIN, by Bertrand, dam by Timoleon, at W. B. Taylor's stable, near Montgomery. (Ala.) Race Course, at $50, and $1 to the groom.

BERTRAND JUNIOR, by Bertrand, out of Transport by Virginius, at the stables of B. R, Jenkins, in Fayette County, Ky. six miles south-east of Lexington, at $50—$1 to grm.

BIRMINGHAM, by Stockholder, out of Black Sophia by Topgallant, at the Oakland Course Louisville, Ky., under the charge of Lewis Sherley, at $50 and $75.

BLACK HEATH, by Sir Archie, dam by Sir Hal, at the stable of Richard Adams, six miles from Richmond, Va., at $40, and $60 to insure.

BERNERS' COMUS, *Imported*, by Comus, out of Rotterdam by Juniper, at Col. E H Boardman's stable, at the Mills, near Huntsville, Ala., at $80 and $100—$1 to the groom

BELSHAZZAR, *Imported*, by Blacklock, out of Manuella by Dick Andrews, at Thomas Alderson's stable, Nashville, Tenn, at $75—$100—$125, and $1 to the groom.

CHESTERFIELD, by Pacific, dam by Wilkes' Madison, at A. T. Nolan's stable, four miles east of Franklin, Tenn., at $30 the season.

CONSOL, *Imported*, by Lottery, dam by Cerberus, at Col. E. H. Boardman's stable, at the Mills, near Huntsville, Ala., at $70, $100, and $1 to the groom.

CHARLES KEMBLE, by Sir Archy, out of Maria by Gallatin, at Chester Tow nand Centreville, Maryland, at $40 to insure, and $1 to the groom.

CETUS, *Imported*, by Whalebone, out of Lamia by Gohanna, at "The Reeds," Caroline Co., Va., at $75 and $125, and $1 to the groom.

CRAZY BILL, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Clay's Sir William, at R. B. Harrison's stable, 12 m. from Selma, and at D. Kirkland's in Autauga Co., at $50, and $1 to the groom.

DICK CHINN, by Sumpter, out of Lucy by Orphan, at Messrs. Wells' stables, Bayou Boeuf, near Alexandria, La., at $50 and $75, and $1 to the groom.

DRONE, by Mons. Tonson, out of Isabella (Picton's dam) by Sir Archy, at Jas. B. Kendall's stable, Kendall Course, Baltimore, Md., at $30 and $50.

DUANE, by Imp. Hedgeford, out of Goodloe Washington by Washington, at the stable o Wm. N. Friend, Camden Race Course, N. J., at $50 and $1 to the groom.

ECLIPSE, by Duroc, out of Miller's Damsel by Imp. Messenger, at Jas. Swanson's stable at Independence, near Franklin, Tenn., at $100, and $1 to the groom.

ENVOY, *Imported*, by Memnon, out of Zarina by Morisco, at Lewis K. Grigsby's stable, near Winchester, Clark County, Ky., at $50, and $1 to the groom.

EMANCIPATION, *Imported*, by Whisker, dam by Ardrossan, at the stable of Hector Bell, Esq., Winchester, Va., at $75 and $120, and $1 to the groom.

FESTIVAL, by Eclipse, dam by Timoleon, at the stable of John W. Trotter, at Forsyth Monroe County, Ga., at $50 and $75.

FLEXIBLE, *Imported*, by Whalebone, out of Themus by Sorcerer, at the stable of Col. E. H. Carter, at Wilton, Granville county, N. C., at $30 and $45.

FRANK, by Sir Charles, out of Betsey Archer by Sir Archy, at the stable of Samuel Davenport & Co., near Lexington, Ky., at $50 and $75.

GLENCOE, *Imported*, by Sultan, out of Trampoline by Tramp, at the stable of Jas. Jackson, Esq., at Forks of Cypress, near Florence, Ala., at $100, and $1 to the groom.

GILES SCROGGINS, by Sir Archy, out of Lady Bedford, at the stable of Jilson Yates & Co., Shelbyville, Ky., at $30 and $50.

GASTON, by Imp. Truffle, out of Lady Lagrange by Sir Archy, at Dresden, Tenn. Particulars hereafter.

HEDGEFORD, *Imported*, by Filho da Puta, out of Miss Cragie by Orville, at Versailles, Ky., at $100 the season. Address Lewis Y. Craig.

HICKORY JOHN, by John Richards, out of Kitty Hickory by Hickory, near Lexington, Ky. Terms hereafter.

HIBISCUS, *Imported*, by Sultan, out of the Duchess of York, at the race course near Columbia, S. C., at $50, and $1 to the groom. Address George Fryer.

JOHN BASCOMBE, by Bertrand, out of Grey Goose by Pacolet, at the Hampton Course near Augusta, Ga., at $100, and $1 the groom.

JORDAN, *Imported*, by Langar, out of Matilda by Comus. at John C. Beasley's stable, Plaquemine, La., at $100 the season.

JOHN DAWSON, by Pacific, dam by Grey Archie, at Francis Gordon's stable, 1 mile from Spring Hill, Maury Co., Tenn. at $50, and $1 to the groom.

LAPDOG, *Imported*, by Whalebone, dam by Canopus, at the stable of Jas. Jackson, Esq. at the Forks of Cypress, near Florence, Ala., at $50, and $1 to the groom.

LAUDERDALE, by Sir Archy, out of Imp. Stoughton Lass, at the stable of Fergus Duplantier, East Baton Rouge, La., at $45 and $60.

LEVIATHAN, *Imported*, by Muley, dam by Windle, at the stable of Col. George Elliot near Gallatin, Sumner County, Tenn., at $150 the season, and $1 to the groom.

LUZBOROUGH, *Imported*, by Williamson's Ditto, dam by Dick Andrews, at the stable o Dr. A. Whitlocke, Sanders, Limestone Co., Ala., at $100, $120, and $200—$1 to the grm

LONGWAIST, by Sir Archie, dam by Pacolet, one mile east of Natchez, Miss., at $50 and $75, and $1 to the groom.

MARSHAL NEY, by old Pacolet, out of Virginia by Imp. Daredevil, g. d. Lady Bolingbrook by Imp. Pantaloon, at H. M. Cryer's stable, near Gallatin, Tenn., at $20, $25, $30, & $1

MARION, by Sir Archy, dam by Imp. Citizen, at F. O. A. Sherrod's stable, Chantilly, near Tuscumbia, Ala., at $75 and $100, and $1 to the groom.

MINGO, by Eclipse, out of Bay Bett by Thornton's Rattler, at Geo. E. Blackburn's stable near Versailles, Woodford Co., Ky., 8 miles from Frankfort, at $100, and $1 to the groom.

MONMOUTH ECLIPSE, by Eclipse, out of Honesty by Imp. Expedition. at Jos. H. Van Mater's stable, 8 miles east of Monmouth C. H., N. J., at $50 and $75—$1 to the groom;

MONMOUTH, by John Richards, out of Young Nettletop, at Bason Spring, Breckenridge County, Va., under the charge of J. B. Alexander, at $30.

MORDECAI, *Imported*, by Lottery, dam by Welbeck, own brother to Red Rover, at Edm Bacon's plantation, Twigg County, Ky., at $60 the season.

MERMAN, *Imported*, by Whalebone, dam by Orville, at the Oakland Course, Louisville, Ky., at $50, $75, and $100. Address L. Sherley

MONSIEUR TONSON, by Pacolet, out of Madame Tonson by Topgallant. in Bourbon Co., Ky., 5 miles from Paris, & 17 from Lexington, at $60 & $100—$1 to grm. Address C. P. Lee.

MEDOC, by Eclipse, dam by Imp. Expedition, at his old stand at Col. Wm. Buford's, Woodford Co., Ky., limited to 75 mares at $100.

MAZYOUBE, a cross-breed Arabian and Barb, at Troy and Piqua, Miami Co., Ohio, at $25 to insure.

OMBARK, a full blood Arabian, at St. Mary's, Mercer County, Ohio, at $15 the season' pasturage gratis.

OTHELLO, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Archy, at Maj. Samuel Ragland's stable, 12 miles N. W. of Huntsville, Ala., at $50, and $1 to the groom.

PACTOLUS, by Pacific, out of Mary Vaughan by Pacolet, at the Henry Course, Greensboro', Ala., under the charge of Henry A. Tayloe, Esq., at $40 and $60.

PENNOYER, by Henry, out of the celebrated mare Ariel by Eclipse, at the stable of Henry Dalby, Esq., Augusta, Ga., at $50 the season and $1 to the groom.

POST BOY, by Henry, out of Garland by Duroc, will make his second season at the stable of James Holmes, near Murfreesboro', Tenn., at $100, and $1 to the groom.

PRIAM, *Imported*, by Emilius, out of Cressida by Whiskey, at Dr. A. T. B. Merritt's stable, Hicksford, Va.—a limited number of mares at $150, and $1 to the groom.

PICTON, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Isabella by Sir Archy, at L. P. Cheatham's stables, near Nashville, Tenn.—limited to 20 mares at $100, and $1 to the groom.

PACIFIC, by Sir Archy, out of Eliza, (sister to Gallatin,) by Imp. Bedford, at the stable of B. P. Gray, Woodford County, Ky., at $75 and $100, and $1 to the groom.

PHILIP, *Imported*, by Filho da Puta, out of Treasure by Camillus, at H. M. Cryer's stable, near Gallatin, Tenn., at $75, $100, and $125, and $1 to the groom.

RATTLER, by Sir Archy, dam by Imp. Robin Redbreast, at Lagrange, Tenn. Terms hereafter. Address M. E. Boyles.

RICHARD, *Imported*, by Orville, out of Miss Sophia by Stamford, at Maj. B. Luckett's stable, Franklin County, Ky., at $50.

RODOLPH, by Archie Montorio, dam by Haxall's Moses, in the neighborhood of Lexington, Kentucky.

SARPEDON, *Imported*, by Emilius, out of Icaria by The Flyer, at the stable of John Wimbish, Halifax C. H., Va., at $60 and $100, and $1 to the groom.

SHARK, by Eclipse, out of Lady Lightfoot by Sir Archy, at John Drew's stable, near the Union Course, Long Island, at $60 and $100, and $1 to the groom.

SHAKSPEARE, *Imported*, by Sinolensko, out of Charming Molly by Rubens, at Robt. Hurt's stable, near Paris, Western District of Tenn., at $100 the season.

SINGLETON, by Eclipse, dam by Kosciusko, at the stable of Daniel Morgan, Esq., near Flemingsburgh, Fleming County, Ky.

SKYLARK, *Imported*, by Waxy Pope, out of Skylark by Musician. at L. P. Cheatham's stable, 2 miles northwest of Nashville, Tenn., at $100, and $1 to the groom.

STOCKHOLDER, by Sir Archy, dam by Imp. Citizen, at A. B. Newsam's stable, in Wilson Co., Ala., 8 miles fm. Lebanon, 15 fm. Gallatin, & 35 fm. Nashville, at $75, $125, and $1!

SWISS, *Imported*, by Whisker, out of Shuttle mare, at Judge Thompson's stable, near Salem, Livingston County, Ky., at $50, and $1 to the groom.

TRUSTEE *Imported*, by Catton, out of Emma by Whisker, at the stable of John R. Snedeker, near the Union Course, Long Island, at $30 cash, and $1 to the groom.

TRANBY, *Imported*, by Blacklock, dam by Orville, at Geo. R. Robertson's stable, Central Course, Macon, Ga., at $80 if paid within the season, and $100 if paid out of it.

TOM FLETCHER (by Stockholder), the sire of Molly Long, Independence, and other good ones, at Batesville & Dripping Springs, Ark at $25 & $40 Address T.T.Tunstall & Co.

VOLNEY, by Mons. Tonson, dam by Sir Archy, at the stable of W. J. T. Reid, Esq., four miles east of Montgomery, Ala., at $40 and $80.

WILD BILL ("of the woods," late Pilot,) by Sir Archy, out of Maria by Gallatin, at the residence of Henry Stokes, one mile north of Huntsville, Ala., at $60.

WALTER, by Eclipse, dam by Constitution, will make his first season at Liles E. Abernathy's stable, near Pulaski, Tenn. Terms hereafter.

WAXY, by Sir Archy, dam by Alfred, at Jas. T. Carter's stable, 4½ miles north of Greensburg, Ky., at $30 and $50, and 50 cents to the groom.

WHALEBONE, by Sir Archy, dam by Pacolet, at Col. Jas. W. Camp's stable, 4 miles out of Huntsville, Ala., at $40.

WASHINGTON, by Timoleon, out of Ariadne by Citizen, at Daniel Kiser's stable, Dayton, Montgomery County, Ohio, at $30 the season.

WARRIOR, by Mons. Tonson, dam by Emperor, at Gen. Thos. J. Green's stable, Velasco, Texas, at $100, and $2 to the groom.

ZINGANEE. *Imported*, by Tramp, out of Folly by Young Drone, at Parker E. Todhunter's stable, 8 miles south-east from Lexington, Ky., at $100, and $1 to the groom.

VALUABLE BLOOD STOCK FOR SALE.

THE undersigned being desirous of breaking up his breeding establishment in consequence of its location at a distance from his residence, will dispose of his remaining stock at the most moderate prices. It comprises some of the most fashionable and the purest strains of blood in the country.

No. 1. *Saluda*, a chesnut mare, by Timoleon, her dam by Sir Harry, out of Highland Mary, own sister to Medoc, etc. Saluda is the dam of Dr. Syntax, Viceroy, and others, and 17 years old. She has a colt by her side by Imp. Trustee, and is in foal to him again.

No. 2. *Gypsey*, a roan mare, 15½ hands high, and 7 years old, is own sister to the celebrated Medoc and Midas. She was bred to Imp. Trustee last year, and dropped a colt this Spring, which was considered the most promising on the Island; it was unfortunately killed by an accident. Gypsey is again stinted to Trustee.

No. 3. *Chesnut colt*, by Imp. Barefoot, out of Saluda, 3 yrs.

No. 3. *Chesnut colt*, by Imp. Barefoot, out of Saluda, 2 yrs.

No. 5. *Chesnut colt*, by Imp. Trustee, out of Saluda, yearling.

The three colts are all in very high form, and of good size. The mares may be seen at the stable of A. L. BOTTS, Esq. at Jamaica, Long Island, and the 3 yr. old colt at Mr. JOHN MCCOMB'S stable at the Centreville Course; the two youngest colts at my farm at Hyde Park

Application may be made to the Editor of the Spirit of the Times, or by letter addressed to me at Hyde Park, Duchess County, N. Y. HAMILTON WILKES.

New York, June 26, 1839. [J29-3t]

CINCINNATI FALL MEETING.

THE Races over the *Buckeye Course* will commence on Tuesday, 10th Sept. next. The purses will be as large as any given in the Western Country.

[June 29] LEWIS SANDERS, *Agent*

BLOOD STOCK FOR SALE.

THE following stock, which comprises the purest and most fashionable strains of blood, will be sold at Nashville, Tenn., during the ensuing Fall Meeting of the Jockey Club, if not otherwise disposed of.

No. 1. *Anvil*, br. h. 9 yrs. old, by Mons. Tonson, out of Isabella, by Sir Archy, the dam of Picton, Drone, Martha Washington, and others.

2. *Dorwin*, ch. c. 4 yrs., by Henry Tonson, out of the dam of Lilac and Tishimingo, by Sir Archy.

3. *Phantom*, b. c. 4 yrs., by Gohanna, out of Imported Phantomia, (dam of Anna Maria.)

4. Ch. c. 3 yrs., by old Rattler, out of Magnolia by Mons. Tonson. See No. 14.

5. Ch. c. 3 yrs., by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Tenn. Oscar, g. d. by old Pacolet, g. g. d by Imp. Cœur de Lion, g. g. g. d. by Grey Medley (Barry's), g. g. g. g. d. by Celer, &c. &c.

6. B. c. 2 yrs., by Imp. Leviathan, out of Magnolia by Mons. Tonson, out of Juliet by Kosciusko, and she out of Col. Singleton's Imp. Psyche.

7. B. c. *Chevalier*, 2 yrs., by Imp. Chateau Margaux, out of Minerva Chance, by Multum in Parvo; Minerva Chance is also the dam of Black Knight, who ran with Boston a four mile race at the Washington City Spring races; for her pedigree in full, see list of Hon. Daniel Jennifer's stock.

8. B. c. *Harry Hill*, 2 yrs., by Imp. Chateau Margaux, out of Imp. Anna Maria.

9. Ch. c. 1 yr., by Imp. Leviathan, out of Lady Clifton, by Wickham's Richmond, and she out of Lady Teazle, by Imp. Peter Teazle; her dam Cora, by Dr. Wm. Thornton's Imp. Driver, out of the full sister to the celebrated race-horse Nantoaka, by Hall's Imp. Eclipse. Lady Clifton is the property of Col. Bowie, of Md.

BROOD MARES.

No. 10. *Black Maria*, by Eclipse, out of Lady Lightfoot, and her br. f. foal by Imp. Luzborough, called *Great Western*—stinted to Imp. Leviathan.

11. *Maria Shepherd*, (dam of Lilac,) and her b. c. foal *Hector*, by Imp. Priam—stinted to Imp. Leviathan.

12. Imp. Anna Maria, out of Imp. Phantomia, and her ch. c. by old Rattler—stinted to Imp. Philip.

13. Ch. m. by Eclipse, dam by Sir Archy, g. d. by Imp. Bedford, g. g. d. by Imp. Shark—Goode's Twigg—Fearnaught—Jolly Roger—Mark Anthony—Imp. Monkey; and her foal by old Rattler—stinted to Imp. Philip.

14. *Magnolia*, now stinted to Eclipse, and her foal by Imp. Leviathan. Magnolia is by Mons. Tonson, out of Juliet by Kosciusko or Saxe Weimar, and she out of Col. Singleton's famous mare Psyche—a racing pedigree on both sides.

15. *Bernice*, b. m. out of old Madame Tonson, by Sir Archy, Junr., and her foal by Anvil—stinted to Marshal Ney [see Edgar's Stud Book].

16. *Pantinelli*, b. f. 2 yrs., by Imp. Luzborough, out of Pocahontas by old Pacolet, referred to in No. 5.

17. Ch. f. 1 yr., by Imp. Priam, out of No. 13.

18. B. f. 1 yr., by Anvil, out of Imp. Anna Maria.

19. Ch. f. 1 yr., by Imp. Leviathan, out of Magnolia (No. 14.)

20. *Tennessee*, b. f. 2 yrs., by Imp. Felt, out of No. 15.

21. Br. f. 1 yr., by Anvil, out of same (No. 15).

22. Ch. h. 5 yrs., Livingston by Crusader, out of Patty Puff by old Pacolet (dam of Angora), belonging to Rev. H. M. Cryer, R. S. Wooding, and B. Peyton.

23. B. f. 1 yr., by Imp. Leviathan, out of Minerva Chance. See No. 7.

24. *Minerva Chance*, b. m. by Multum in Parvo, etc. see No. 7.

Applications, if by letter, to be addressed to me until 1st July, to New Orleans, and after that time to Gallatin, Tennessee.

BALIE PEYTON.

May 27, 1839.

THE ALABAMA STAKES.

THE undersigned agree to run a Sweepstakes over the Nashville Course, at the October meeting, 1843, on the day after the "Peyton Stakes," for colts and fillies then 4 years old, for $2000 each, half forfeit; or $500 if declared the 1st January, 1841; *Three Mile Heats*, to be governed by the rules of the late Nashville Jockey Club. Ten or more entries to make a race, the second horse to be entitled to his stake; to close the 1st January, 1840. Nominations and forfeits declared, to be made known to the Secretary of the Nashville Jockey Club, who with the President shall have power on the complaint of any three responsible subscribers, previous to the 1st of January, 1841, to declare any nomination void, on proof of the insolvency of the subscriber, unless said subscriber gives security for the forfeit, within one month after notice of said declaration.

James Jackson,	R. K. Polk,	Jas. W. Camp,
T. Watson,	Samuel Ragland,	E. H. Boardman,
Lucius J. Polk,	Nicholas Davis,	George Elliott.

The Trial Stakes.

The undersigned agree to run a Sweepstakes over the Nashville Course, at the October meeting, 1843, on the day previous to the "Peyton Stakes," with the produce of mares covered in 1839, for $1000 each, half forfeit, or $250 if declared the 1st January, 1842; Two Mile heats, to be governed by the rules of the late Nashville Jockey Club. Ten or more entries to make a race; the second horse to be entitled to his stake. To close the 1st January, 1840. Nominations and forfeits declared, to be made known to the Secretary of the Nashville Jockey Club, who with the President shall have power on the complaint of any three responsible subscribers, previous to the 1st January, 1842, to declare any nomination void, on proof of the insolvency of the subscriber, unless said subscriber gives security for the forfeit, within one month after notice of said declaration.

James Jackson,	Lucius J. Polk,	Nicholas Davis,
Samuel Ragland,	William H. Polk, by }	E. H. Boardman,
T. Watson,	Lucius J. Polk, }	James W. Camp,
Willis H. Boddie,	R. K. Polk,	Hickman Lewis.
L. P. Cheatham,		

Gentlemen wishing to subscribe to either of the above stakes should address HUGH KIRKMAN, Esq., Secretary of the Jockey Club, Nashville, Tennessee, to whom the nominations are also to be forwarded. [j22.]

VETERINARY SURGEON.

JOHN COLLIER, Artist, Veterinary Surgeon, student of the Royal Veterinary College of Alford (near Paris), late resident Veterinary to the menagery of the Botanical Garden at Paris, professor of Hippiatrique; he has in his possession the highest recommendations from Messrs. Chataubriand, Geoffrey Saint Helaire, De Jussieu, Valencienne, Boyer, and other learned men of the art; besides, an encouraging letter from the Minister of War, for his having brought to the utmost simplicity the castration of horses, and by that way lessened the fatal accidents which very often result from a vicious method of treating it.

J. C. begs leave to inform the public that he has just arrived in this country, with the determination to devote his time to the cure of horses and other animals.

J. C. will with pleasure exhibit to those who may desire it, the skill that he has acquired by study and practice in the art. Being assured that he is enabled to prove to the most fastidious that he is fully qualified to treat with success all the various diseases which horses and other animals are subject to.

References.—Messrs. De la Forrest, French consul-general; Chevrolat, Freres, & Co., 114 Pearl st.; Dortic, 172 Front st.; Leclerc, 18 Liberty st.; Wisdom, 40 Duane st.; Duft, 38 Duane st.; Cowan, New York Bazaar, Crosby st.

J. C. resides at No. 140 Duane st., where he has a large place destined to the treatment of horses. [j22-2t.]

WE, the undersigned, agree to run a Sweepstake with colts and fillies dropped the Spring of 1839, over the Nashville Course, Tenn., Two mile heats, on the first day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said course, the Fall of 1843, being the day previous to the Great Peyton Stake of $5000 entrance. Subscription to this stake, $2000, $400 ft., the rules of the Nashville Jockey Club to govern said race. If subscriber, colt, or filly dies, no forfeit to be claimed. Three or more to make a race. Stake to close the 1st of August.

Address HUGH KIRKMAN, Esq. Secretary, Nashville, Tenn.

1. James Kirkman, of La. names br. c. by Imp. Glencoe, out of Imp. Lady Fly by Bustard

NEW ORLEANS FALL RACES, ECLIPSE COURSE.

THE following Sweepstakes are open over the Eclipse Course, New Orleans, at the Fall Meeting of 1839, to commence first Tuesday in December.

Sweepstakes for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, Mile heats; sub. $500 each, $300 ft. To name and close 1st of July, 1839. Now 6 subs., viz.:

Y. N. Oliver,	Duncan F. Kenner,	George M. Long.
Fergus Duplantier,	W. J. Minor,	A. L. Bingaman.

Spring Meeting, 1840.

Sweepstakes for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, Mile heats; sub. $500 each, $300 ft. To run at the Spring Meeting of 1840; and close the 1st of January next. Now 6 subs., viz.:

W. T. Minor,	Fergus Duplantier,	T. J. Wells,
Y. N. Oliver,	G. N. Sanders,	A. L. Bingaman.

Sweepstakes for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, subs. $1000 each, h. ft. To name and close 1st of Jan. 1840. Now 2 subs. Address (post paid)

[my4] J. R. STERRITT, New Orleans.

BERNERS' COMUS.

THE *Imported Stallion*, BERNERS' COMUS will stand in 1839 at Boardman's Mills, near Huntsville, Ala., at $80, insurance $100, $10 discount for prompt pay.

The plantation at the Mills is arranged for the express accommodation of blood stock, being divided into a great number of lots and paddocks, with convenient shelters and stables; and abounds with pasturage, shade, and water. Every care which the personal attention of the owner, aided by faithful grooms, can bestow, will be given to mares and their foals at a reasonable price.

Berners' Comus is a brown, 16 hands, of unexceptionable form, and entirely sound. His trainer, who had the management of Lord Berners' stock for 18 years, says, "Lord B. never had a better horse, or one that could run a long distance better than him. There was one or two of his year could beat him for *speed*, but he could beat nearly all the rest." It appears from the Racing Calendar that he was a winner at all distances, from 1200 yards to four mile heats.

Huntsville, Ala., Dec. 8, 1838.—[d29-tf.] E. H. BOARDMAN

TO ALL WHO KEEP HORSES.

WADE'S WORM AND CONDITION POWDERS FOR HORSES have been notorious upwards of 37 years in England and France, as the best and only prepared to promote the condition of horses. They destroy the worms and botts, loosen the hide, fine the coat, purify the blood, so as to do away with the necessity of bleeding, render the food more nutritive, prevent the animal taking cold after exposure to heat, and are at all times a great restorative after a hard day's work. They have been tested by the first Veterinary Surgeons, and certificates granted as to their efficacy in the above named cases. Since their introduction in this country the first owners of valuable studs have given them to their horses, and acknowledge that they are not to be surpassed by anything else.

☞ These Powders used when horses come off a journey, or are wet and cold, or exceedingly fatigued, will be found in the highest degree beneficial. They require no trouble in giving, as it is simply throwing the fourth part of the powder into the horse's feed at night.

☞ Sold wholesale and retail by Dr. W. H. Thurston, 260 Bowery, Dr. J. H. Hart, corner of Broadway and Chambers street, and Messrs. Blackwell & Clarke, corner of Grandenrand & Camp streets, New Orleans. [o13]

S. J. SYLVESTER.

STOCK AND EXCHANGE BROKER, 130 Broadway, and 22 Wall Street, has NOT Removed, but continues at his old establishment as above, where he has been for the last 13 years, and has *no other office in this City*, or elsewhere.

All kinds of Southern and Western Certificates of Deposite, and Bank Notes purchased at the very lowest market rates.

Virginia, Pennsylvania, District of Columbia, Maryland, Connecticut, Rhode Island, and Eastern Notes discounted on the very best terms.

Bills of Exchange on all parts of England, Ireland, and Scotland, in sums of 5*l*., 10*l*., 15*l*., 20*l*., to 1000*l*., (with fractional parts of a pound sterling) always for sale.

Sovereigns, English Silver, Bank of England, and Drafts on any part of the Continent of Europe, bought and sold.

Checks at Sight on Philadelphia, Baltimore, Boston, and Washington City, and most of the other cities in the United States, can be obtained, and persons remitting funds to New York can draw at sight, or if left, interest will be allowed at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum. Those remitting uncurrent money can have it changed at the lowest market rates, and funds returned in current bank notes, or it will be subject to their order. Orders, however distant, meet the same attention as personal application.

☞ All communications for Sylvester's Reporter and Counterfeit Detector must be addressed to S. J. SYLVESTER, 130 Broadway and 22 Wall-street.

EQUESTRIAN EXCHANGE.

VAUXHALL GARDEN, 408 BOWERY.—The subscribers beg to inform their friends and the public that they have opened the above splendid establishment (late Cooke's Circus) as Livery and Sale Stables.

The Sales will take place every Tuesday and Thursday, at 11 o'clock. Horses, &c., must be entered by six o'clock the evening previous to ensure a number on the catalogue.

The long experience and knowledge of the Proprietors, coupled with their determination to devote their personal attention to every department of the business, will not fail, they trust, to secure a liberal patronage.

[d8 tf.] ROCKENBURG & BANCKER.

STOCKHOLDER.

MR. EDITOR—This will inform you that I have purchased the celebrated Race-Horse and Race-horse Getter, old STOCKHOLDER, by Sir Archy, dam by Imp. Citizen.

He will make his next season at my residence, in Wilson County, 8 miles from Lebanon, on Cumberland River, 15 miles from Gallatin, and 35 miles above Nashville, at $75 the season, $125 to insure, and $1 to the groom. Mares will be pastured and grain fed at $1 per week, which must be paid when the mares are taken away. The season money will be due on 1st Jan., 1840. All mares sent to my care will be well treated, and every precaution used to prevent accidents or escapes, but no liability for either. The season will commence on the 15th Feb. next, and end on the last day of June.

His character as a Racer and a Stallion is too well known to require puffing.

The performances of his colts at all distances, from One to Four mile heats, are equally well known, and the cross between Imp. Leviathan and Stockholder is considered equal, if not superior, to any other in America.

The pedigree of Stockholder, for the satisfaction and interest of all concerned, has been made a matter of record, and is registered in the Registrar's Office of Wilson County, Tennessee.

From the untarnished character of Old Stockholder, and the great pains I am taking to give general satisfaction, I shall expect a liberal share of public patronage.

His stable is well worth the attention of all horsemen.

Tuscaloosa, Ala., Dec. 9, 1838.—[d29-tf.] A. B. NEWSOM.

MAZYOUBE AND OMBARK.

MAZYOUBE, imported by Capt. James Riley, from the Empire of Morocco, October, 1835, a cross-breed Arabian and Barb, 7 yrs. old in May next, 16 hands 1 inch high, dark iron grey, and of lion-like form; stands at Troy and Piqua, Miami Co., Ohio, $25 insurance pasturage gratis. For sale at $5000.

OMBARK, imported by Capt. Riley, from Mogadore, Sept. 1836; a pure blood Arabian race horse, 15 hands 1½ inches high, jet black, long round body, and finely formed from ear to hoof, 6 yrs. old in June next, stands at St. Mary's, Mercer Co., Ohio, at $15 the season, pasturage gratis; he is for sale at $3000.

March 17, 1839.—[M30] J. W. RILEY.

MEDOC.

THE services of this fine horse are again offered to the Breeders of Kentucky. He will remain at his old stand at Col. Wm. Buford's, Woodford County, where he will be let to mares at *One Hundred Dollars* each, to be paid in the season, which will end on the first of July next. He will be limited to seventy-five mares. Every attention will be paid to mares sent to him, and excellent blue grass pastures furnished gratis. We recommend him with great confidence, believing that he has proven himself equal, if not superior as a breeder, to any horse that has ever appeared in the United States. His first season was made when he was only five years old, and last year his colts appeared on the turf for the first time, at 3 yrs. old, and numbered *Sixteen Winners at all distances, from One to Four mile heats.* The time made in these races will compare with any upon record. (See the race of Maria Duke and Curcilia at Louisville last Spring, Mile heats best 3 in 5, each heat run in 1:48—Picayune and Musedora's race at Crab Orchard, in August, Three mile heats, run in 5:57—5:55—5:54,—Curcilia's race at Lexington, Two mile heats, 3.52—3:52—3:54, distancing the field, track heavy.)

Out of the dams of these 16 colts, not one, except the dam of Curcilia, ever produced a race-horse before. Nine of his colts have been sold for $23,500, viz; Curcilia, $5000, Maria Duke $4000, Medoca $3000, Sthreshley $2500, Picayune $2000, Musedora $2000, J. F. Robinson $2000, Filly out of the dam of Ironette, $2000, and Ben Harrison $1000, when a yearling.

His colts are remarkable for their gaiety, beauty and symmetry, and as a strong evidence of their fine appearance, they have had awarded to them more premiums at the Fairs in this part of Kentucky, than the colts of all other horses together have received. Medoc's blood and performances on the turf, have been published in all the sporting journals of the United States, to which reference may be made. We wish, at this time, to present him as a very distinguished breeder, and hope that he will receive that consideration and patronage to which he is entitled.

Woodford County, Ky., Feb. 20, 1839.—[m2-t1J.] WILLIAM BUFORD & Co.

ENVOY.

THIS thorough-bred and magnificent imported horse will stand next season at the stable of LEWIS K. GRIGSBY, near Winchester, Clark County, Kentucky, and will be let to mares at Fifty dollars the season, and $1 to the groom. Enclosed and extensive pasture of the best kind has been provided, and all possible care and attention will be paid to mares left with the horse, but no responsibility for accidents or escapes, should any occur. The season money will be due and payable when the mares are taken away.

ENVOY's *Pedigree.*—Envoy was got by Memnon, out of Zarina (bred by Lord Anson, and foaled in 1827,) by Morisco—her dam Ina (bred by Sir John Byng in 1821) by Smolensko—Morgiana by Coriander, out of Fairy by Highflyer—Fairy Queen by Young Cade—Routh's Black Eyes by Crab. [See Skinner's General Stud Book, page 657.] Memnon, the sire of ENVOY, was bred by Mr. Watt in 1822; he was got by Whisker, (brother to Whalebone, Wire, Woful, etc.,) out of Manuella, the dam of The Abbott, Belzoni, Margellina, Nitocres, Belshazzar (lately imported to this country) and other first raters. Manuella was got by Dick Andrews, her dam Mandane by Pot-8-o's, out of Young Camilla, sister to Colibri. [See General Eng. and Am. Stud Book, page 687.] It will be seen that *Envoy's* pedigree combines the purest and most fashionable blood on the side of both sire and dam; his distinguished ancestry were celebrated as winners at long distances, carrying heavy weights; the stock of both his sire and dam are remarkable for their beauty, speed, and stoutness, winning at all distances, and training on.

Description of ENVOY's *Sire, the renowned* MEMNON.—He was foaled in 1822; in 1824, when 2 yrs. old, he won his two races, and the next year, at the York Spring Meeting, he won the St. Leger Stakes, and at Doncaster, on Tuesday, 25th Sept., he won the *Great St. Leger Stakes* of 25 sovs. each, 88 subscribers, of which 30 started; he won it so easily, that none but he and his great antagonist, *The Alderman*, were placed. He won many other races at all distances

Description of ENVOY.—He is now 5 years old, and was imported from England by the Hon. WM. WILKINS, late Minister to Russia, before he was 2 yrs. old. He is much improved, and looks remarkably well, with his points now finely developed. He is of the richest bay color, without a white hair upon him, and is over 16 hands high. The Proprietor has, at his stable, a colt by him, out of his old Moses mare, 18 months old, and now between 14 and 15 hands high, that is said to be one of the finest colts in the country; also, at the stable where he stands in Clark County, Ky., a filly foaled on the 14th April, 1838, out of the same mare, which is very large and very fine. To judge from these colts Envoy must breed well. Breeders and Turfmen would do well to call and examine Envoy and his colts [F2-tes]

PENNOYER.

THIS Thorough-bred Horse will stand at the subscriber's stable, at Augusta, Ga., and will be let to mares at $50 the season, and $1 to the groom. The season will commence the 1st of March and end the 15th June. Mares fed at 50 cents per day. Good and extensive and well enclosed pasturage has been provided, and all possible care and attention will be paid to mares left with the horse, but no responsibility for escapes or accidents if any should happen. The season money will be due and payable when the mares are taken away.

PEDIGREE.

Pennoyer was sired by Henry (the competitor of Eclipse), out of Ariel by Eclipse. For purity of blood, and as a distinguished runner, Ariel has never been surpassed, having started 57 times, and was winner 42 times, (17 of which were four mile heats.) His grandam was by Financier, out of Empress, who has also been regarded as one of the most renowned race nags and brood mares of the North. Empress was got by Imp. Baronet, her dam by Old Messenger, grandam by Strap, out of Jenny Dator by True Briton. Jenny Dator was out of Quaker Lass, got by Juniper, out of Molly Pacolet by Pacolet—her g. g. dam was got by Old Spark, g. g. g. g. dam Queen Mab, g. g. g. g. g. dam Miss Caldwell. For further particulars see Am. Turf Register, vol. 6.

Henry was sired by Sir Archy (son of Imp. chesnut Diomed), his dam by Diomed, grandam by Bell-air, g. g. dam by Pilgrim, g. g. g. dam by Valiant, g. g. g. g. dam by Janus, g. g. g. g. g. dam by Jolly Roger. The four last named are imported horses.

DESCRIPTION.

Pennoyer was foaled in the Spring of 1834, is a beautiful brown bay, stands full 15¾ hands high, and in point of blood, high racing form, style and action, is excelled by none. While training at 2 yrs old, his owners were flattered with the highest expectations of him, as a first-rate race horse (having tried him sufficiently to test his superior speed), and had he not received an injury in one of his ore legs, just above the knee, while in training, which prevented his appearance on the turf there can be no doubt, from his trials, that he would now have been one of the most distinguished racers of the day.

Augusta, Ga., Jan. 1, 1839.—(J5-tf.]

VOLNEY.

THIS highly bred and beautiful young race horse, acknowledged to be one of the speediest horses of his day, will stand the ensuing season at the stable of J. W. T. REID Esq., four miles east of Montgomery, Alabama, at Forty dollars the season, and Eighty dollars to insure a foal.

The following letters and certificates from the most distinguished Turfmen of Virginia, relative to the pedigree and performances of Volney, are respectfully presented for the perusal of the Turfmen and Breeders of Alabama.

The Pedigree of Volney.—Volney was got by Col. WM. R. JOHNSON's horse *Monsieur Tonson*, out of Mr. WILLIAMS' brood mare by *Sir Archie*, and was four years old last Spring. A copy of the certificate of the pedigree of his dam, furnished by Wm. R. Johnson, Esq., is given below, the original of which was found among the papers of Mr. Williams, deceased. RICHARD LOGAN, Executor of Samuel Williams, dec'd.

The sorrel mare, purchased by Samuel Williams, Esq., of the estate of Edmund Irby deceased, was got by Sir Archie, her dam Weazle by Shylock, out of Captain Sallard's celebrated old mare by the imported horse Dare Devil, dam by old Wildair, the best son of Col. Baylor's imported horse Fearnaught—her grandam, a chesnut mare called Picudella, was got by Batt's & Maclin's Fearnaught, who was foaled in 1777, and bred by Mr. Edwards, of Hicksford, Va. Batt's & Maclin's Fearnaught was got by the old imported Fearnaught, out of an imported mare, who, in the Spring of 1776, was purchased by Mr. Edwards of the widow of Col. Maclin, on Elizabeth River, near Norfolk, Va.—her g. g. dam was got by Col. Baylor's horse Godolphin, who was got by the Imp. Fearnaught out of Col. Baylor's imp. mare Jenny Dismal—her g. g. g. dam was by the imp. horse Hob-Nob, (this fine Hob-Nob mare was the property of Col. Archie Cary, of Chesterfield County, Va.)—her g. g. g. g. dam was by the imported horse Jolly Roger, known in England as Roger of the Vale—her g. g. g. g. g. dam was got by the imp. horse Valiant—her g. g. g. g. g. g. dam was by Tryall, why was by the Imp. Morton's Traveller.

The said sorrel filly, purchased by Mr. Williams, was a great favorite of Mr. Irby—so much so, that he entered her in a sweepstake, for whichrace she would have been trained, but his death made the entry void. W. R. JOHNSON.

Chesterfield, June 1, 1831. RICHARD LOGAN.

The above is a true copy of the original of Mr. Johnson.

Charlotte County, Va., Dec. 1, 1838.

Mr. P. A. PRINDLE,—*Dear Sir*—In relation to your enquiry respecting the running qualities of your fine horse Volney, I can inform you that I trained him the Fall after he was three years old, and run him in one sweepstakes colt race, Mile heats, which he won with great ease at two heats, in 1:51 each heat. I then sent him home to his owner, who died in a short time after. Volney was then sold. Mr. Phillips was the purchaser at $2500. In the Spring of 1837 he won the Proprietor's Purse at Lynchburg, Two mile heats, with great ease. The following Fall I met him at the same course. I started a fine filly against him, Two mile heats—he beat her in fine style in 3:47; no contest for the 2d heat. I then offered his owner $4000 for him, but he seemed at that time not willing to sell him. I believe he was a race horse of the first order, at any distance, and am truly sorry that his lameness has prevented him from showing his powers to the world.

In haste, yours respectfully, WM. MCCARGO.

In the Fall of 1837, at Oxford, N. C., Mr. PHILLIPS sold Volney to Mr. P. A. PRINDLE, of Richmond, Va., his present owner, for $5000 cash. He is the horse on whom the match against *Target* was made, for $10,000, single dash of Two miles. [F9]

MOBILE JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE Fall Meeting of 1839, over the Bascombe Course, will commence on the last Tuesday, 26th November, and continue five days.

First day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $500, $200 ft., two mile heats. Four or more to make a race. To name and close by 1st Oct., 1839. Now 3 subs.

Second day—Jockey Club Purse $500, Two mile heats.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $700, Three mile heats.

Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats.

Fifth day—Jockey Club Purse $300, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Same day—Post Stake for 3 yr. olds, sub. $500, P. P., Mile heats. Five or more to make a race. To close 1st Oct., and name at the post.

Entries to the Sweepstakes may be enclosed to either of the Secretaries, or to the proprietor, at Mobile (*post paid*).

Good stabling and litter furnished gratis. D. STEPHENSON, Proprietor.

Mobile, 4th April, 1839.—[tOct1]

EAGLE COURSE, TRENTON, N. J.

THE Fall Meeting will commence on the 2d Tuesday following the Fall Races over the Kendall Course. Purses, $1500, four mile heats; $1000, three mile heats; $600, two mile heats, &c. &c. One third of each purse is to go to the 2d best, if more than two start. [june 8]

GREAT PRODUCE STAKE

FOR FALL, 1843.—We, the Subscribers, agree to run a Produce Stake with colts and fillies dropped Spring, 1840; over the Louisiana Race Course, near New Orleans, four mile heats, on the first day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, the Fall of 1843. Subscription $5000 each, $1000 ft. If subscriber, colt, or filly dies, no forfeit to be claimed; three or more to make a race. Stake to close on the 1st day of January, 1840.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Isaac Van Leer names produce of Janette and Eclipse.
2. R. H. Long names produce of Ringlet and Marion.
3. Henry A. Tayloe names produce of Hortense and Imp. Leviathan.
4. John J. Burton names produce of Black Sophia and Stockholder.
5. Col. James Lankford names produce of Multiflora and Imp. Leviathan.

Post Stake for Fall, 1839.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Post Stake, free for all ages, over the Henry Course, near Greensborough, Ala., four mile heats, on the Monday previous to the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, the Fall of 1839. Subscription $2000 each, $500 ft., three or more to make a race. Stake to close on the 1st day of September, 1839.

Jno. J. Burton | Rich'd H. Long
Henry A. Tayloe

Post Stake for Fall, 1839.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Post Stake, free for all ages, over the Henry Course, near Greensboro', Ala., two mile heats, on the second day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, the Fall of 1839. Subscription $1000 each, P.P., four or more to make a race. Henry A. Tayloe.

Sweepstakes.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, over the Henry Course, near Greensboro', Ala., Mile heats, on the 5th day of the Jockey Club Meeting, on said Course, the Spring of 1840. Subscription $300 each, $100 ft., four or more to make a race. Stake to close and name 1st day of March, 1840.

Dr. Robt. W. Withers.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, over the Henry Course, near Greensboro', Ala., two mile heats, on the fourth day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, fall of 1839. Subscription $500 each, $200 ft., three or more to make a race, stake to close and name on the first day of October, 1839.

Henry A. Tayloe | Jno. J. Burton

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, over the Henry Course, One mile, on the second day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, Fall of 1839. Subscription $100 each, h. ft., three or more to make a race. Stake to close and name on the first day of October, 1839.

Dr. R. W. Withers | Jno. J. Burton
Col. Jas. Lankford

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, over the Henry Course, Mile heats, on the 5th day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, Fall of 1839. Subscription $300 each, $100 ft., three or more to make a race. To name and close on the 1st day of October, 1839.

Dr. R. W. Withers | Henry W. Reese
J. J. Burton

Nominations to the above stakes are to be addressed to

[June1] HENRY A. TAYLOE, Macon, Marengo Co., Ala.

THE PEYTON STAKE.

WE, the Undersigned, agree to run a Produce Stake with Colts and Fillies dropped the Spring of 1839, over the Nashville Course, Tennessee, Four Mile Heats, on the second day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, the Fall of 1843. Subscription $5000 each, forfeit $1000. The Rules of the Nashville Jockey Club to govern said race; if subscriber, colt, or filly, dies, no forfeit to be claimed; three or more to make a race. Stake to close on the 1st day of January, 1839.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Hon. Balie Peyton & Dr. J. G. Chalmers of La. name the produce of Black Maria by Eclipse and Imp. Luzborough.
2. Hon. B. Peyton & A. Henderson of La. name the produce of Maria Shepherd by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
3. James Kirkman of La. names the produce of Imp. Eliza by Rubens, and Imp. Glencoe.
4. Col. Wm. Wynn of Va. names the produce of Isabella by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
5. Also, the produce of Trumpetta by Mons. Tonson, and Imp. Priam.
6. Maj. Thos. J. Wells of La. names the produce of Imp. Pickle by Emilius, and Imp. Glencoe.
7. James Jackson of Ala. names the produce of Imp. Delight by Reveller, and Imp. Glencoe.
8. Col. Thos. Watson of Tenn. names the produce of Giantess by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp. Glencoe.
9. John Boardman of Ala. names the produce of Imp. Miss Golborne by Lottery, and Imp. Berners' Comus.
10. Wm. G. Haun of Miss. names the produce of Rattlesnake by Bertrand, and Imp. Hedgeford.
11. Col. Geo. Elliott & H. & J. Kirkman of Tenn. name the produce of Hibernia by Sir Archy, and Imp. Leviathan.
12. Also, the produce of Imp. Florestine by Whisker, and Imp. Leviathan.
13. Maj. A. J. Davie of Tenn. names the produce of Imp. Doris by The Colonel, and Imp. Lurcher.
14. Henry Wilkes of Md. names the produce of Flirtilla by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
15. James Long of Va. names the produce of Flirtilla Jr. by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
16. P. A. Prindle of S. C. names the produce of Aggy-Down by Timoleon, and Imp. Priam.
17. Hon. Alex. Barrow of La. names the produce of Lilac by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp Skylark.
18. Col. A. L. Bingaman of Miss. names the produce of Own Sister to Betsey Malone by Stockholder, and Woodpecker.
19. Henry A. Tayloe of Ala. names the produce of Howa by Imp. Luzborough, and Mingo.
20. John C. & Hugh Rogers of N. C. name the produce of Polly Peacham by John Richards, and Imp. Priam.
21. W. D. Amis & M. Hunt of Miss. name the produce of Eliza Drake by Shawnee, and Imp. Chateau Margaux.
22. Col. Wade Hampton of S. C. names the produce of Imp. Delphine by Whisker, and Plenipotentiary.
23. W. H. E. Merritt of Va. & L. P. Cheatham of Tenn. name the produce of Alice Riggs by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp. Skylark.
24. John C. Beasley of Tenn. names the produce of Kathleen by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp. Skylark.
25. Maj. W. R. Peyton of Tenn. names the produce of Black Kitty Clover by Eclipse, and Pacific.
26. John Blevins and Samuel Carter of Ala. name the produce of Miss Medley by Medley, and Wild Bill.
27. J. Morrison Pindell of Ky. names the produce of Marcella by Alfred, and Eclipse.
28. Wm. H. E. Merritt & Brother of Va. name the produce of Robt. C. Williamson's Imp. mare Pera by Sultan and Imp. Priam.
29. Also, the produce of Imp. Bustle by Whalebone, and Imp. Priam.
30. John C. Rodgers of N. C. names the produce of Maria West by Marion, and Andrew.

☞ Subscribers to this Stake losing their colts will please make the fact known at once through the Spirit of the Times. [F2] H. KIRKMAN, Sec'y Nashville J. C.

JOHN DAWSON AND CRAZY BILL.

JOHN DAWSON was got by Pacific, dam by Grey Archie—g. dam by Berry's Medley—g. g. dam by Old Truxton—g. g. g. dam by Imp. Mousetrap. Grey Archie was got by Old Archie, his dam by Pacolet—g. dam by Wonder, and he by Imp. Diomed. John Dawson will stand for mares the present season at the stable of FRANCIS GORDON, one mile from Spring Hill, Maury County, Tenn., at $50 the season, and $1 to the groom. John Dawson is a deep bay, full 16 hands high, 9 years old this Spring.

CRAZY BILL was got by Imp. Leviathan, his dam by Clay's Sir William—g. dam by Pacolet—g. g. dam by Imp. Sterling—g. g. g. dam by Medley. Crazy Bill is a chesnut, full fifteen hands high, and 6 years old this Spring. He will stand the present season one half of his time at my stable, in Dallas County, 12 miles above Selma, and the other half at DANIEL KIRKLAND'S, in Autauga County, Alabama, and will be let to mares at $50 the season, and $1 to the groom. R. B. HARRISON.

Benton, Lowndes Co., Ala. March 9, 1839.—[M30-3m]

KNICKERBOCKER HALL,

N. 19 PARK ROW.—The subscribers having opened the above house on the *European Plan*, are now ready to accommodate their friends and the public in superior style. The house is furnished with every convenience, and all the luxuries of an unrivalled market. The lodging-rooms are airy, and well furnished, and in perfect order; the ordinary is spacious, neat, convenient and well-furnished; and the tables shall always be supplied with all the rarity the market affords, served up by experienced cooks.

Gentlemen visiting the city will find this a most desirable and central situation, being nearly on Broadway, fronting the Park; and, in short, concentrates the beauty and elegance of local and transitory objects of attraction and splendor with which New York abounds.

EDSALL & JONES.

N.B.—For the accommodation of travellers, this house will be open at all hours of the [Mar16-tf.]

THEATRICAL.

PLAYS, OPERAS, and FARCES, No. 52 Chatham-st, New York.—TURNER & FISHER import direct from London every Play, immediately on being issued from the press, with the utmost possible regularity and despatch, and keep always on hand the largest assortment of theatrical works in the country.

Managers of Theatres, Ladies and Gentlemen of the profession, Clubs, Amateurs, &c. will find it to their interest to call before seeking elsewhere, as the advertisers assure them that nothing in the play way can be purchased, but which will be found at their establishment, and which will be disposed of on the most accommodating terms.

Now publishing in numbers, "Turner's Dramatic Library of Acting Plays," embracing the most popular pieces of the present day.

Cumberland's British and Minor Drama, Duncomb's British Theatre; Miller's Modern Acting Drama; Strange's edition of Buckstone's Dramas, and Bayly's Farces—complete sets always on sale.

Wholesale orders attended to with promptness.

New plays done up in strong wrappers, and sent by mail to any part of the Union. [d17

JOHN BASCOMBE.

THIS renowned and ever memorable horse will occupy his old stand at the Hampton Course, in the vicinity of Augusta, under my direction. Col. Crowell, his owner, after returning from his tour through the North East and West, has come to the conclusion to allow him to remain with me another season. Applications were made in various sections of our country; unlimited business was guaranteed; large sums offered by various gentlemen for the service of the horse; but Col. Crowell threw aside all minor considerations, all pecuniary motives, when on his return he found so many solicitations, from various quarters of the South, to allow the horse to remain with me, that he at length yielded and gratified their wishes. In fact, Bascombe has so many warm admirers, that they nearly view him as their common property. Bascombe has attained his end in one point, he has put to rest all those little petty slanders relative to *impotency*, as he has proved himself as sure a foal-getter as any

Play Bills for the Week.

PARK THEATRE.

THIS EVENING, June 29—Last night of the engagement of Monsieur and Madame TAGLIONI; THE NATIONAL GUARD—LA SYLPHIDE—and EVERY BODY'S HUSBAND.

MONDAY, July 1—Mons. TAGLIONI'S Benefit, on which occasion a new ballet, composed by Mons. Taglioni, will be performed, called LA NAYADE—and other entertainments.

TUESDAY, July 2—RICHARD III.; Richard, Mr. George Frederick Cooke, being his second appearance on any stage.

WEDNESDAY, July 3—First night of the engagement of Madame LECOMTE and Monsieur MARTIN.

THURSDAY, July 4—Second night of Mad. LECOMTE and Mons. MARTIN—The Ballet of LA FILLE MAL GARDEE—and other entertainments.

FRIDAY, July 5—Mr. CHIPPINDALE'S Benefit.

Things Theatrical.

So little novelty has been produced at either of the theatres during the week, that the *collaborateur* of "things theatrical" would be necessitated to draw upon his imagination for any *facts* particularly deserving of notice. The great event of the week was PLACIDE's benefit at the Park on Thursday; the house, although not a *very* crowded one, was fashionable, and the benefit substantial. The TAGLIONIS are as attractive as ever, and will close their engagement next week. They will be succeeded by Mad. LECOMTE and Mons. MARTIN.

The National closed last night for the season with the benefit of Miss CHARLOTTE BARNES. It is now given up to "an effective and powerful company" of painters and carpenters.

The Committee who have in hand the benefit of *la belle* AUGUSTA are making the necessary arrangements, and will be able to report progress next week. In the meantime the admirers of this charming artist whose witching grace and radiant beauty, not less than her sterling accomplishments, and exemplary character have won for her troops of friends in a strange land, are invited to unite with the Committee in furthering the object for which it was organised.

Mr. GEORGE FREDERICK COOKE, whose performance of Richard III. at the Park, on the 18th instant, met with so flattering a reception from the audience, will repeat the character on Tuesday next, when we trust he will be enabled to confirm the favorable impression already produced.

The "Grand Musical Solemnity" on Tuesday last, in The Tabernacle, for the benefit of the family of the late Mr. SCHLESINGER, the pianist, was one of the most sublime and thrilling exhibitions ever witnessed in this city. This vast church, one of the largest in the Union, was crowded to overflowing; the tickets of admission were two dollars each; the receipts over $3,500.

Madame CARADORI ALLAN, whose sweet voice and brilliant talent, volunteered to the great *Schlesinger Benefit*, so richly enhanced the charm of that solemnity, and who embarks for England in a few days, gave a brilliant concert last evening at the City Hotel. It is well remarked by a writer in yesterday morning's "Courier," that "had she not already a powerful hold upon public feeling as an accomplished artist—as a charming woman—and as an illustration of operatic glory, alike earned and merited, beside the SONTAGS, the PASTAS, and the MALIBRANS of Europe, after the vocal splendor of Catalani had become an echo, and before death had eclipsed forever the sweet star which took its rise in our western horizon—had she not, we repeat, these titles to our admiration and respect, her cheerful co-operation in the musical celebration of the 25th of June, as a brilliant in the setting of the lustrous gem, in which WEBER's spirit will live eternally, were alone sufficient to fill her Concert to overflowing with some of the hundreds who shared in that memorable triumph of art, of taste, and of generous feeling."

NIBLO has eclipsed himself this season; the attractions offered at his Garden are so novel and diversified, that it is nightly crowded with the beauty and the fashion of the town. The great saloon is now appropriated to the use of the promenaders as a refreshment room, while a theatre as large as the Olympic, and larger than the Franklin, has been erected nearly opposite, fronting upon Broadway, for the representation of Vaudevilles, etc., the side towards the garden being thrown open. It is unnecessary to add that it is fitted up in fine taste, and with every regard to public convenience. The RAVELS and BURTON are playing on alternate nights to immense houses, that throw the legitimate establishments quite into the shade. JOHN SEFTON is expected in a week or two with a strong force of recruits for the campaign, and the present promises to be a most gay and brilliant season. But for Niblo, half the town would be depopulated during the summer months. May his shadow never be less.

WESTERN THEATRICALS.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., June 13, 1839.

To the Editor of the "Spirit of the Times."—I have frequently wondered why your paper, which, without flattery, I can safely call a *National periodical*, has no regular St. Louis correspondent. This city—the last great mart of civilization and commerce which the eye falls upon in tracing our vast empire from the Atlantic to the Pacific—surrounded with the traditional and historical wealth of nearly three centuries—with her magnificent cathedral, her polished circles of wealthy and refined aristocracy—her splendid theatre, and her extended commerce—should certainly occupy a more distinguished position in the great fashionable journal of America than has yet been allotted to it; and since no abler hand than mine will set about the task, I must e'en to it, with such good will and little skill as it has pleased God to endow me withal. It is now too late in the season to give you a regular account of our theatrical doings during the summer, and I will only mention that we have been presented, by the indefatigable exertions of "OLD SOL," with a constant and brilliant succession of stars, from the commencement of the season.

ELLEN TREE, who made so decided an impression here last summer, appeared in the early part of May, and played two short engagements, with the most distinguished success. She was not so enthusiastically greeted, however, as on her first visit. We are a fastidious people here; and whenever we imagine that a star considers a mere ordinary exertion sufficient to dazzle and astonish *us*, we become more exacting than ever. In regard to Miss Tree, a word in your ear—a mere whisper, mind, that must go no further—she is approximating towards "a certain age"—"falling into a sink pace," indeed.

Well, after her, we had FORREST. He had never been here before, and the sensation created by his acting was immense. His benefit was the largest which has ever been taken in the city, the receipts amounting to upwards of eleven hundred and fifty dollars. Well, then there has been Madame CELESTE, who passed off with her usual éclat,—and then Mr. and Mrs. FARREN, who were first stars, then mere luminaries, and at last subsided into common stock actors, and have been engaged, as the bills say, "for three years." Farren is tolerable, but the lady, *entre nous*, can't act. We had TOM LENNOX here, at the commencement of the season, and an excellent actor he is, too. His Scotchmen are irresistibly true and touching. He opened in Bailie Nicol Jarvie, and very few men in this country could have acquitted themselves more creditably.

FORBES has also been here, and made his final disappearance in a most miserable piece of trash called "Nick of the Woods." The novel itself, is common-place enough, Heaven knows—but the piece—oh Lord! Mrs. MCLEAN, a very capital comedian, but mediocre in tragedy, was obliged to maintain all the heavy characters, during Forrest's engagement. We have no tragic actress here—a fault which I am informed, will be corrected in the Fall season. MAT. FIELD has left the stage forever, and gone to Santa Fé. A more industrious, correct, and indefatigable actor I have never known; and his private worth was fully equal to his professional excellence.

But all this, being "sung or said," let me introduce you to DAN MARBLE, and his exquisite performances, which held us all in a continual stretch of intense admiration, and left an impression on the minds of all, in his favor, which can never be eradicated. He has endeared himself to us equally by his professional excellence, and his gentlemanly bearing and address, in his private intercourse. No man, in any place, could have become a more sudden, general, and permanent favorite. His impersonations of the Yankee character, so true, so natural, so irresistibly ludicrous, and so abounding in true pathos—so redolent, (defend me from JOHN NEAL!) of those beautiful characteristics which distinguish the genuine Yankee, above all other living and breathing creatures—take the spectator by surprise, and hold him a willing captive to the combined influence of broad humor, sterling intellect, and true natural pathos. A critic in the "Commercial Bulletin"—*Quevedo*—the only real critic we have in town, said of his performances that he "could beat Hill and Hackett both together." This may be extravagant, but he certainly surpasses either one of them, far, very far. I was equally surprised and delighted, upon first seeing him. He played a short engagement, and is to return to us in October. I have just seen him off on the boat for Buffalo. If he comes among you this summer, and you do not use him well, you deserve to "suffer salvation body and soul." I understand that a literary gentleman of our own city has a new play for Marble, which will be produced by him on his return in October. Marble himself told me that he expected it to be rather an extraordinary affair. I have heard various suggestions in regard to the author, but know nothing certain. The general impression is that it is a young gentleman from New York, of fine literary acquirements, who once made an experiment on the stage; but not succeeding to his wishes, abandoned it, and is now I believe, connected with the legal profession. He is, as I understand, the author of a very pretty farcical trifle, founded upon the old clock story, called "Here she goes—there she goes," which was brought out here the present season, and has been played some dozen nights very successfully. However, we shall see about the new piece for Marble, all in good time. If it should turn out to be a good thing, I shall, I assure you, be heartily delighted with the opportunity of shewing you denizens of the Great Metropolis, that the flowers of intellect bloom as luxuriantly here among our Western Prairies as by the banks of the blue Hudson; and that Genius is ever most free and beautiful, when she settles and sings on the extreme verge of civilization, in full view of the wild forest and the cloudy mountain-top, where every breeze brings to her ear the language of untameable and lovely things which haunt the wilderness in forms of natural grace.

Mr. and Mrs. BARRETT, J. R. SCOTT, W. F. JOHNSON, and Young BURKE, all came showering down upon us at once on Wednesday evening. They have thus far had poor houses, although they deserve every thing. Our theatre-going people have been too highly fed this season—they have become nice and dyspeptic; and, perhaps, there are some cases of collapse in the pocket. Last night we had the "School for Scandal." Barrett's *Charles Surface* reminded me of old times at the Park, when it *was* the Park! Poor dear old soul! haven't seen her for eight long years! Mrs. Barrett's Lady Teazle was *comme il faut*—indeed, a most excellent representation throughout. Of Scott and Johnson I shall tell you more, when speaking of some other play, where they can be properly cast. Scott in Julian St. Pierre to-night, and Mrs. Barrett in Marianna. 'Twill be a beautiful performance. Young Burke, although a very clever boy, when *I* was a boy, is a monstrously common-place man—and especially an *old man*. His Sir Peter Teazle—shocking!

But I am gossiping away, until it is time to go to the theatre. The overture (and a pretty little band we have got, under the direction of a regular [Western] maestro, WOLFF) is just begun.—Addio. ☞ *.

THE PUFF DIRECT, COLLATERAL AND COLLUSIVE!

NEW YORK, June 22, 1839.

Mr. P.—Permit a stranger to give you a specimen of the indirect, or collateral puffing, as lately practised in the southern cities.

"Astonishing Circumstance!—At the Theatre Royal, Dublin, on the night of the 17th Sept., 1836, during the representation of The Dumb Boy of Manchester, by that most wonderful of infant prodigies, Miss D————t, (the house being crowded to suffocation, and several thousand persons in a vast mass surrounding the building being unable to gain admittance,) at the conclusion of the description of the Dumb Boy's loss of speech, the effect was so thrilling, that the whole audience rose en masse, and lean'd forward in breathless expectation; when, dreadful to relate, the pillars supporting the boxes and gallery gave way, but so great was the elasticity of spirit caused by excessive excitement, that for several minutes the accident was unnoticed, and was not discovered until a fearful shriek from the sufferers below, who could no longer bear the dreadful pressure, announced the horrid fact. A dreadful scene of confusion prevailed, and vast loss of life; and it is confidently asserted had it not been from the pressure by the multitude without, the walls must have given way, and the whole building become one mass of ruins. After an hour's delay—the dead and wounded being removed—the body of the house became again crowded, and insisted upon the performance proceeding to its termination. Several persons who had only sustained broken limbs, were hoisted on other more fortunate being's shoulders, and witnessed the termination of the piece; affording a singular fact, that the excitement produced by witnessing the performance of this Infant Prodigy, being so great as to overcome intense bodily suffering. A subscription was raised by the Mayor and Corporation, and handsomely forwarded to the Youthful Prodigy, with a neat and appropriate address, condoling with her for the *affliction she* must have suffered to be obliged to continue her performance under such distressing circumstances."

"Copied from the Dublin papers."

I have been informed by those whose veracity may be relied on, that all the steamboats and other passage vessels, were compelled to remain several days in port during the Prodigy's performances, as no passengers would leave the city.

A LOOKER ON HERE IN VIENNA.

FOREIGN THEATRICALS.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Nothing new! *Lucia di Lammermuir*, *Anna Bolena*, and *I Puritani*, which renders remark superfluous, have been the only performances. Tamburini's benefit, *alias* Laporte's, was a failure, as these kind of affairs usually are. Why have we not some novelty? Lablache's *Figaro* was a funny piece of monstrosity: he moved about the stage like the American Mammoth ox now exhibiting at the Egyptian Hall. Taglioni will shortly appear in a new ballet, *I Gitani*, which has delighted the Court of Russia.

DRURY-LANE.—(————)

COVENT-GARDEN.—The favourite stock pieces have continued to attract. *As You Like It* was performed on Wednesday to a very full house. Helen Faucit's *Rosalind* was beautifully developed. Priscilla Horton and Mrs. Humby were equally excellent in their respective characters. Vandenhoff's *Jacques* was too artificial a performance. Anderson's *Orlando* was well sustained. With respect to Warde's *Adam*, the highest compliment we can pay him is to say that he forcibly reminded us of Chapman, who, we believe, still *floats* happily on the stream of life. The other performances have, as we stated above, been merely repetitions of the popular pieces.—Mr. Charles Mathews has, we hear, become the lessee of this magnificent theatre, in the name of his wife—Madame Vestris, that was. We should say that there was a good opening for Mr. Paumier, V. Brooke, or any other gentleman of enterprising spirit and adequate capital at Drury-Lane, as, under the changed circumstances of Covent-Garden, it is more than probable that *old* Drury might be again the true temple of the legitimate drama. We wish Madame and her supporters well; but we fear that his Grace, who has so liberally contributed to the Olympic games, will not recover his lost £7,000 in his new speculation. Age, May 19th.

HAYMARKET.—*King O'Neil*, the all-powerful comedy, a reproduction from the Covent Garden boards, has carried the Irishmen in London in crowds to this theatre. Power and Miss Taylor are the leading stars. Charles Kean makes his appearance the week after next. Ib.

NEW STRAND.—The *Lac des Fées*, Auber's opera, has been produced at this pleasing little theatre. Alexander Lee has, in the absence of the original score, done his utmost to produce a gratifying *petite* opera; and the scenic display and general arrangement reflects the greatest credit upon the spirited Lessee. He has done that on a small scale which some of his more bounceable contemporaries, *entrepreneurs*, had neither the courage or the honesty to do. Mr. Binge acquitted himself creditably. Mrs. Waylett was, as usual, the chief attraction amongst the female vocalists, if we except Miss Harrington, whose peculiar *mezzo soprano* tones admirably aided the dulcet tones of her compatriots in the concerted pieces. Ib.

ST. JAMES'S.—The monkeys have left, and have been succeeded by bipeds of the feminine gender, who lead the fashionable and play-going world to believe that the true Paradise lays in the *Valley of Flowers*. Ib.

OLYMPIC.—*Meet me by Moonlight* is the only invitation held out at this house to play *High, Low, Jack, and the Game*. Keeley's *Newsman Sweep* is a rich performance, as Vestris and Planche privately acknowledge. Ib.

ASTLEY'S.—The performances at this equestrian temple continue to attract crowded audiences. The races in the ring by juvenile jockeys produced a considerable degree of amusement, and no doubt will continue to draw. Ib.

Charles Kean has concluded his engagement at Liverpool, and will appear at the Haymarket, in Hamlet, on the third of next month. "Jim Crow" has been "getting up stairs" to a very good tune. He has made some money in Dublin, and done the like at Cheltenham. He is about to proceed to Edinburgh and Glasgow. Ib.

Wallack, we mean *James Wallack*, has made engagements with many of what are called our *stars*. In addition to *our own* Shirreff, Wilson, and Seguin, he has Vandenhoff, who is for a time to lead the business at the National. Ib.

The Grand Fancy Ball for the benefit of the Royal Academy of Music, on the 7th of June, will be honoured with the patronage of her Majesty, the Princess Augusta, the Duchesses of Gloucester and Kent, the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, and sixty-four Ladies Patronesses, from whom only vouchers are to be procured, which will be exchanged for tickets the first week in June. This ball is, we understand, to be the grandest affair of the season. Ib.

We learn, from an unquestionable source, that the brother of a noble Lord of great celebrity in the sporting circles will lead the fair daughter of a distinguished vocalist to the hymeneal altar on Tuesday next. Morning Post.

Her Majesty of France, has invested M. Berliez, the celebrated composer, with the decoration of the Legion of Honour, a reward his great and original talent well-merited; some of his compositions have lately been very favourably received in England.

Madlle. Lucile Grahn, who danced at the Academie with great success last year, and has since acquired great fame in Copenhagen, is shortly expected. She will succeed Fanny Elsler, who goes to London. Paris Observer.

VIENNA.—Taglioni has taken her departure for London, *via* Paris. Previous to her departure she was invited to a grand dinner by Prince Metternich, at which all the Ambassadors and personages of the highest distinction were present. The eleven representations of Mademoiselle Taglioni at the theatre were crowded to excess, though the price of admission was tripled; and the inhabitants of Vienna, not prone to enthusiasm, on this occasion indulged in transports of applause. Court Journal.

The Hon. Grantley Berkeley, M.P., has undergone a successful operation for the thorn, which was broken in his ankle joint at the commencement of the last hunting season. Mr. Berkeley is fast recovering. Examiner.

It is said, and we believe with some foundation, that a noble Lord, whose departure for India was threatened, means to postpone his visit or give it up altogether. The much sought daughter of a widowed countess, who this season has been particularly the fashion, is thought to be a greater attraction than foreign climes. Morning Post.

Mr. Bunn gives up Drury-lane Theatre at the end of the present season.—Standard.

Or does Drury-lane at the end of the psesent season, give up Mr. Bunn! Examiner.

YOUNG SINGERS.—A celebrated Italian teacher of singing, complains bitterly of young ladies who come to him for a few finishing lessons previously to making their *debut* in public, without informing him that they intend to do so. He says, "De young ladies are like de little pigs; if you vash de little pig, and smooth him hair down wid fine pomade, den make him sweet wid otto of roses; when you let him go, avay he runs into de first puddle he can find, and dere he vill roll himself in de mud! So wid de young ladies; I teach dem to sing bropper and correct, de cadenza, de ornament, de roulade, &c.; but ven dey get into an orchestra, avay dey run like mad, and roll demselves in the mazes of unmeaning *volati*, and dey squeak vorse dan de littel pig, ven he is vipt out of all puddle." Cheltenham Looker-On.

MARKET DRAYTON THEATRE.—An accident took place on Wednesday last, in the theatre, Market Drayton, now open under the management of Mr. Ridyard, which has caused a great sensation in the neighbourhood. The talented actor, Mr. H. Betty (son of the celebrated Mr. Henry West Betty, so well known as "the Young Roscius"), having entered into a short engagement at Drayton, made his second appearance on that evening as *Norval*, to a crowded house. During the afterpiece, the *Pilot*, a percussion gun, used by one of the performers in the piece, was accidently dropped, when it went off, and the muzzle at the time of its exploding, being only a few inches from the breast of a boy, named John Merrill, he was shot to the heart by the wadding, and instantly expired. The wadding was found in the left ventricle of the heart. Mr. Betty was leaning over the boy at the time of the fatal occurrence. The shrieks of the mother, on learning the fact, were heart-rending. The occurrence was purely accidental. Salopian Journal.

Mr. Butler, formerly of Covent-garden Theatre, is negotiating for the management. He promises, if he should succeed Macreedy, to tread in the steps of his predecessor. He has already proposed terms to Macready, Vandenhoff, Farren, Cooper, Harley, Mrs. Nisbett, &c. &c. It appears his closing with the proprietors depends on the talent he can secure. Sunday Times.

The father of the celebrated composer, Rossini, died on the 29th of April, at the age of 85. It was expected that Rossini would soon return to France. He had already sold his pretty house at Boulogne to Madame Bignami.

THE LATE MISS STEPHENS.—The present Earl of Essex is said to have obtained an accession of fortune to the amount of £8,000 per annum by the death of the late earl. The jointure of the dowager countess is £3,000 per annum, charged on the family estates. Her ladyship has taken one of her nieces, Miss Johnstone, to reside with her.

During the late storm, one of the check-takers, named Holler, of the Haymarket Theatre, whilst standing at the box-entrance, was struck by lightning, and so dreadfully injured that medical aid was immediately called in, and he was subsequently carried to his residence, where he still remains in so serious a condition as to be unable to resume his situation.

THE LATE H. HARRIS, ESQ.—The public will very much lament to hear that Mr. Harris, the proprietor of seven-twelfths of Covent-garden Theatre, is no more; he has been so mixed up with the theatricals of the last half century, to say nothing of his respected father before him, that we are persuaded our readers will partake of our sorrow in recording his loss. His father, in consequence of age and illness, relinquished the management of Covent-garden to him in September, 1809; in March, 1822, he assigned over his interest to Messrs. Forbes, Willet, and Kemble. During the 12 years Henry Harris conducted the theatre his success exceeded even that of "the golden days of Garrick," for the receipts (during said 12 years) actually amounted to nearly "one million sterling," thus averaging about £80,000 each season; his fine temper and urbane manners made him beloved by all around him, particularly the performers, who, during the most critical period of his theatrical life—viz., the O.P. riot, all rallied round him, and after three months' conflict, by his patience, firmness, and popularity, procured him an honourable and amicable adjustment of hostilities. He died at Brighton, May 12th, in the 57th year of his age. Sunday Times.

The Abbey-street Theatre, Dublin, which was destroyed a few nights ago, was insured for £1,400.

NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES;

A CHRONICLE OF THE TURF, LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

WILLIAM T. PORTER, EDITOR.

A NEW VOLUME (the Ninth) of this paper was commenced on the 9th of March, 1839 enlarged by the addition of FOUR EXTRA PAGES, printed on linen paper of the finest texture and on new type. The present volume will be embellished with not less than SEVEN SUPERB ENGRAVINGS ON STEEL, from Paintings by the most eminent Artists, with a variety of beautifully executed *Etchings* and *Engravings* on Wood. The Pictorial Embellishments on Steel are intended to consist of Portraits of Distinguished Winning Horses, and of the most celebrated "Stars" in the Theatrical World. In the first number (March 9) was given a Portrait of Mad'lle AUGUSTA, the popular danseuse, in the character of "*La Sylphide*," engraved on Steel by *Hinshilwood*, and a Portrait, also on Steel, of BLACK MARIA, engraved by *Dick*, from a Painting by *Troye*. Other Engravings are in hand, and will appear immediately.

The "Spirit of the Times" was established by its present Editor Dec. 10, 1831; the *Old Series* contained Five Volumes. On the 20th Feb., 1836, a *New Series* was commenced which closed on the 23d of Feb., 1839, comprising Three Volumes; a very few copies of the last two may be had bound at the Office, or they will be sent in sheets to order through the Mail.

☞ Great care is taken to forward THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES strongly enveloped and legibly directed by the earliest Mails, to its different Subscribers throughout the Union, the Canadas, and Texas, and particular attention is paid to its punctual and safe transmission by Ship, to Foreign Ports. Subscribers in Great Britain, France, and the British West India Islands, can rely upon receiving their papers with as much regularity as if residents of this country.

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